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[ Mrs E Selby ]

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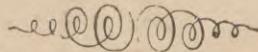
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“LONG BAY:”

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

The Lincolnshire Lass.



SYDNEY:

J. G. O'CONNOR, PRINTER, YORK STREET.

**LONG BAY.**

BY

**BESS OF THE FOREST,**

**THE LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.**

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I'm Bess of the forest, the Lincolnshire Lass,  
And I picked up a magic glass ;  
Bright and sunny had passed away,  
This was to be my magic day.  
I took the glass to have a spy,  
And I could read my destiny ;  
You will think I'm a curious lass  
To pick up a magic glass.

Upon my word it is no joke,  
For the glass of magic spoke ;  
I dropped a tear, and said " alas,  
When I do break this magic glass  
I shall be sent to Botany Bay,  
And that will end my magic day."  
You will think I'm a curious lass  
To pick up a magic glass.

## PREFACE.

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We are indebted sometimes to fortunate—sometimes to very unfortunate—events producing great changes in our life, while journeying through this wilderness.

Come sunshine or storm, come evil or good,  
We must fight on through life like a wild man in a wood ;  
For the belly must be filled each day with some grub.

I need not apologize, therefore, in offering “Long Bay” for sale. And it shall be sold cheap, cheap, very cheap ; doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, men of all trades and calling, are stimulated by the hope of gain, for they would soon cease to labour, so am I.

### THE LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.

Having cleared my throat, I now will try  
To sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye.

Oh, how I love a quiet nook,  
To sit and write a funny book ;  
For the Lincolushire Lass  
Knows gold from brass.  
If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

I can dance, and I can sing,  
 I can play with the fiddle string ;  
 To please you, I will be a cook,  
 To teaze you, I will write a book.  
 For the Lincolnshire Lass  
 Knows gold from brass.  
 If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

There is no harm in a little fun,  
 A pretty joke, or an innocent pun ;  
 Oh, how I love a little play,  
 It cheers a cold and rainy day.  
 For the Lincolnshire Lass  
 Knows gold from brass.  
 If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

I'm up and down, and this way and that,  
 From bottom to top, I'm through like a shot ;  
 From crooked to straight I take my flight,  
 All the way to Jerico to Terico.  
 For the Lincolnshire Lass  
 Knows gold from brass.  
 If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

Then back I fly, cry all my eye,  
 And old Betty Martin's night-cap ;  
 Oh, yes ! oh, yes ! I see you grin,  
 But what you think I don't care a pin.  
 For the Lincolnshire Lass  
 Knows gold from brass.  
 If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

For I cannot tell you why  
 I should make you laugh and cry ;  
 Perhaps Mrs. S. you've got the nack,

Oh, yes ! oh, yes ! you all say that.  
 For the Lincolnshire Lass  
 Knows gold from brass.  
 If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

And now I have no more to tell,  
 But from my heart I wish you well ;  
 I'm sure you are not offended,  
 So now my song is ended.  
 For the Lincolnshire Lass  
 Knows gold from brass.  
 If I don't, Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.

#### LONG BAY.

It was on a fine winter's day,  
 Soon after I came to Long Bay ;  
 No one there was but me,  
 So I sat upon a tree.

My thoughts they were of England,  
 My own, my bonny land ;  
 A tear at once came to my eye,  
 But what a silly thing to cry.

'Tis but to take a little look,  
 And I could write another book ;\*  
 Here is hill, and dale, and forest wild,  
 And pretty flowers to please a child.

\* I refer to a book I published at Weymouth, a short time before I left England.

And if there is but little grub,  
There is lots of sand, and swamp, and scrub ;  
Bugs and ticks, and lice and fleas,  
Toads and frogs, and centipedes.

Lizards grey, and bold guanos,  
Snakes, trianters, and adders ;  
Wild bulls and cows, and native cats,  
Some little birds that try to chat.

Stinging flies, and ants by millions,  
Mosquitos too are here by billions ;  
And they are ever blithe and gay.  
Sing merrily, cherrily, all the day.

And it is their hearts delight,  
To suck my blood by day and night ;  
With other odds and ends that funny,  
I might make a book like honey.

Says I the pretty thing might do,  
But I would like a job quite new ;  
A thought that instant took my noddle,  
So down the beach I once did toddle.

Some pretty shells I here will glean,  
To please old England's little queen ;  
And sing all day, I live at Long Bay.  
Tural la, qural, lural I day.

## INTRODUCTION.

And however frivoious it may appear, I spent a great deal of time while located at the forest, in this harmless amusement. Finding that the sea air invigorated my frame ; and picking up the little tiny shells\* filled my mind with delight, as I examined the different make and shape of the cast off abodes of those minute inhabitants of the mighty deep. I seldom missed a day, when circumstances would admit, going down the beach for an hour ; I collected a great quantity, the majority I gave away. I had been living at Long Bay about eighteen months, when an idle, wicked man, who was prowling about the bush, robbed me five times of my provisions, coming the third time late in the evening, saying he should stay all night, thinking I would like company, took a seat by the fire, lifted off the cover of a large saucepan, asking if I had got soup, as he would like to have some. " I have," I said, " but for the pigs ; Indian corn, odds and ends of bread, potatoes, &c., &c.

\* I gave a peck to Sir William Denison, when he was leaving the colony.

I would not treat you like one of them, you shall have a cup of tea ;” so saying, I took the tea-kettle in my hand, telling the little girl that lived with me, to get in some more wood ; when we were both out of the hut

I said to her, “ come with me, but hush,  
The devil, my girl, is now in the bush.”

I took a circuitous road to Maroubra Bay through the bush, passing through the large swamp that separates it from Long Bay ;\* I then slacked speed, saying, “ I am not afraid now of that villian ; he would not have the courage to go through the swamp, for the wicked are generally cowards, so we can have a chat now.”

I went to Randwick, brought back a policeman, who kept in advance until we arrived at the wood. The midnight hour, and the gloomy appearance of the forest, seemed to affect him ; for turning to me, he said, “ do you know, Mrs. Selby, if the scoundrel has any firearms ? he must be a base coward that would molest a poor woman, living in a place like this.” I replied, “ he has a table knife that he robbed me of ; but don’t think he has any other weapon.” He then gave me a pair of iron bracelets, saying, “ If I am fortunate to catch the thief, I will hold him tight never fear, while you put those on his wrists. We then commenced searching behind the bushes and scrub about the track, but in vain ; we then got to the hut, but the robber was gone. He had ran-

\* There is a bridge now over this swamp, on the new road to Long Bay. It was then partly made from Coogee to Maroubra Bay ; I was passing Mr. Daintrey’s, as the clock struck 10.

sacked my drawers, thinking of finding, I expect, some money, for he took nothing but tea, sugar, butter, bread, bacon and beef. Two mounted police came the next day, but failed in their endeavours to catch him. He paid me another visit in the day time, staying only a short time, and seemed to be in haste ; he helped himself to what he could in the eating line, scarce spoke, and departed. My husband had been several days searching for him in the Long Bay bush without success, he then thought he would take a turn in the Maroubra Bay road ; he had scarce been gone a quarter of an hour, when the thief came creeping and trembling, and said, “ give me bread.” I gave him half a loaf ; he said, “ this will not do for me.” He then went to our cart, where I had hid half a dozen loaves, and took three ; he then said, “ I want meat.” I answered that I had not any, but a small piece of salt beef that is on the fire cooking. “ I will have that,” so saying, he took a fork out of the safe, and began taking it out of the pot. I then turned the pot with the contents upon him, saying, “ you may as well have the broth too.” Believe me, I did not stop long in the hut, but scampered off in the track to Maroubra Bay, fast as my legs could carry me ; I was quite alone, and in the power of this wicked man, expecting that if he could catch me, he would be revenged, having sent the little girl to look for my husband. This was his last visit. My husband was so infatuated with Long Bay, that though working in Sydney, I could

not prevail upon him to take a house there for us to live in, consequently I was five nights in a week in Long Bay, with only a girl eight years old, living in a miserable hut, very little better than a tent—a piece of grey calico for a door. I cannot describe my mental sufferings, for some nights, and even days, when my husband was away; without any protection, at the mercy of every wicked being, who thought proper to molest me. My imagination conjured up every scene of horror, the sound of footsteps and human voices alarmed me; the shells on the beach lost their beauty. Morning, noon, and night, I raised my streaming eyes in fervent prayer to Heaven that God Almighty would baptize me with his Holy Spirit, support me under my trials, and wait patiently until He would in mercy take me to a better home above. I did not pray in vain; big, bitter tears rolled abundantly down my cheeks, as I thought of my rigid instructress at Fleet; of the bright and sunny days—though few they were—which I spent at “Tyddgoat,” with my dear “Sister Mary,” before I was a wife; that I had been on terms of the greatest friendship with the rich and good, as well as of the poor and humble. Tossed from one end of England to another, and at last kicked across the great Atlantic, where I was a total wreck,—

Having lost mainsail, topsail, mizen-mast and jib,  
Nothing had I left, but a wretched, wretched old crib.

I also thought of pretty hymns and little songs, I occa-

sionally composed, to please my young friends; that while living at Weymouth, I had written the “Careless Gleaner.” Then said I to myself, is there any just cause or impediment that poor “Bess of the Forest, the Lincolnshire Lass,” should not beguile away those wretched hours in the same sort of thing. The thought was congenial—I again felt happy. For I will, yes, I will; upon my word I will write another book, and it shall have as many turns in it as there are hairs on my head, and puzzle Solomon, if he was living, to find it all out; but never mind, it will amuse me. The next morning I went on the beach and gathered shells; the sun never shone brighter, nor the sky more serene; the trees, the rocks, the sand, the ocean that rolled in its foamy white bed, greeted me as their fairy queen, and we communed together. I rejoiced in being a part of the happy creation, that the fine wrought [tabernacle of the human frame, whether clothed in velvet, or satin, or calico, the rich casket of the human soul was the same; the thief, the murderer, might destroy the body, but the vital spark of “Heavenly Flame” was out of their reach. Before the day was gone, I composed the following little sonnet:—

#### BESS OF THE FOREST.

Poor Bess of the forest, all tattered and torn,  
Knocked at my door, one cold winter's morn.  
Come in little lass, I know you quite well,  
Although in a forest you are destined to dwell.

With my silver wand I'll make you a sweet flower,  
And set you as queen in my own fairy bower;  
I'll deck you with diamonds, my own pretty Bess,  
For of all my old friends, I like you best.

But you've been a big donkey all the days of your life,  
And no Mr. Wiseman would like you for a wife;  
But prick up your long ears, and make a loud bray,  
That the people may know that you live at Long Bay,  
And when you are dead, you shall have a snug grave,  
In that quiet spot near the blackfellow's cave;  
Where the curious will come to laugh and to chat,  
Saying here sleeps poor Bess, what a big donkey was that.

The bliss of being a poet is in the superlative degree; it elevates the mind far above all the vexations and trials of this world, proving that man shall not live by bread alone. It was my meat and drink a balm for every wound, a cordial for my fears? I studied by night, and wrote by day, and soon forgot the thief. But another monster of the bush, far worse than the robber, under the pretence of wanting matches, greatly insulted me, but the Angel of Heaven protected me from him, he harmed me not; but I was so unnerved for several days, that I scarce knew what I was doing; for on the third day the little girl going to some small drawers belonging to a tool chest, found a large pocket knife, half opened, close by the door-way, were this man stood, so that he must have put it in while standing there. Then I exclaimed with horror, "the cold-blooded villian did really intend then

to murder me." I have the knife still in my possession, and intend keeping it while I live. I poured out my soul in thanksgiving to God, in the Gratitude Prayer.

#### GRATITUDE PRAYER.

Great maker of man, wilt thou deign to hear  
My voice of thanksgiving—my Gratitude Prayer.

When the cowardly thief robbed me of my bread;  
That in terror one night from the forest I fled.  
No mischief befel me—no anger nor strife—  
The Angels in Heaven preserved my life.  
Great Maker of man wilt thou deign to hear  
My voice of thanksgiving—my Gratitude Prayer

But there was a monster, blacker than "Hell,"  
Who stealthily crept to where I did dwell;  
He thought to destroy me; in my humble lot,  
I trusted in God, and the man harmed me not.  
Great Maker of man wilt thou deign to hear  
My voice of thanksgiving—my Gratitude Prayer.

When the stormy winds in great fury blow,  
And the proud old trees of the forest fall low.  
When the lightnings flash and thunders roll,  
Through Heaven's wide arch, from pole to pole.  
Great Maker of man wilt thou deign to hear  
My voice of thanksgiving—my Gratitude Prayer.

When I gaze with delight on the sweet evening star,  
I think of Old England, and friends that's afar.  
And when to Heaven I bend the knee,  
I pray that they all may blessed be.  
Great Maker of man wilt thou deign to hear  
My voice of thanksgiving—my Gratitude Prayer.

When death is commissioned to call me away,  
 Most cheerfully the summons I hope to obey.  
 My poor mortal frame shall decay in the dust,  
 But God is my refuge, my anchor, and trust.  
 Great Maker of man, will thou deign to hear  
 My voice of thanksgiving—my Gratitude Prayer.

But however thankful to a Divine Providence, and confident of His protection, for great, indeed, is my faith in the guardianship of ministering Angels, still I should have been nothing better than an hypocrite if, after this, I had not taken better care of myself. I had a door made to the hut, which was not to be opened to strangers, under any pretence whatever, in the evening. For without any discrimination, I had given to all strangers in the bush, shelter from the storm, rest to the weary, and food to the hungry. I had thus rendered myself an easy victim to be entrapped by the wicked; contrary to my disposition, I began to be suspicious of my fellow-creatures, which is a sentiment I greatly abhor, making it one of the golden rules of my life not to think evil of the human race until I see it.

I have another golden rule, or rather fixed principle—“owe no man anything.” I consider getting into debt one of the great evils of civilised life. I strictly adhere to the good old proverb, “Cut the coat according to the cloth.” If I want anything, and have not the means of getting it, I make myself content until I have. When money was short, I have often walked from Long Bay to Sydney and back in a day, with a swag, in the summer,

when the sand has scorched my feet, and the sun my head; in the winter, when the swamps was full and flowing, and three parts of the track to Randwick under water. To avoid some of the worse places, I have taken a circuitous road; by so doing, have got out of the track altogether, not getting to my journey's end until ten or twelve o'clock at night, and then half way up to my ankles in mud and clay. One night I had great difficulty in saving my life, and the things I was carrying, for the little swamp at the bottom of the last hill to Long Bay, owing to the previous floods, was swollen so extensively, and the water so deep at the foot of the hill, where I was forced to pass—it was nearly up to my shoulders, and night, and getting dark. I did get lost in the bush one night; it was in the middle of winter, having started from Long Bay about eight o'clock in the morning, walked from there to the Flag-staff, Church Hill, to William-street, Woolloomooloo, to Crown-street, Surry Hills. I was passing by the Barracks to go home to Long Bay as the clock struck three; it came on a mizzling rain, and had all the appearance of continuing; I looked across to Paddington, and had a great mind to go to my good friend, Mrs. Burch's, but thinking again that it might rain for a day or two, pushed on. When I got to the old water-works, I made up my mind to go the old Botany Road, which was very unwise, as I had never been that way, but had often heard my husband say it was the shortest. I went on very well for some time,

but the rain came on faster, and the night approaching ; as for tracks, there were so many, that I did not know which to take to be right, so I gave it up at last, and made a bold effort to find the Long Bay track, taking a survey as well as I could, and on I went over the hills, through swamps, creeks, and scrub, but all in vain, I could not find the track I wanted, for it was getting dark. Wet and weary, I sat down on a hill, not to cry and repine at my lot, for I do not believe in that sort of thing, but to rest a few minutes and to consider, as it was very evident I should have to bush it for the night. I was soon on the move, but with great care and caution, as it was so dark I could not discern any object distinctly ; after walking some time, finding I was on a track, I was determined to follow it up, regardless of where it might lead me, so kept in the wheel rut ; listening, I thought I heard a bark—yes, though at a distance—the bark of a dog. Big tears of gratitude voluntary flowed down my cheeks ; no music ever sounded so sweetly as the bark of that dog, to the lost and forlorn one. Hearing it again, and again, I doubled my speed, almost forgetting that I was tired. Though raining very fast, it was getting lighter, for it was full moon, so there was a glimmering, though the sky was murky. Finding I was getting to a large creek, I hesitated not to pass through, but it was so deep, and the current so strong, that it took a small market basket, containing a little tea, sugar, &c., off my arm, and in an effort of regaining it, was taken off my feet ; I gave a cry

for help, as I could see some men drawing a net to shore, but whether they heard me or not, I cannot tell, they did not come to my assistance ; but, however, I got out of the creek, basket and all, without any demur. I made up to the fishermen, telling them who I was, where I lived, and how I lost my way, enquired where I was ; at “ Botany Bay,” was the laconic reply. “ Oh, dear me !” said I, “ where can I get shelter till the morning.” At length, I thought of a man\* who had often been to Long Bay, looking for horses, to whom I had given refreshment, that he had said if ever I was at Botany Bay, and would call at Potter’s, that they would make me most welcome ; and that as I was now there, and under such unpleasant circumstances, I should be glad to avail myself of their hospitality. They told me that Potter’s was about two miles off, and that the first light I should see past the jetty would be the house. With this information, I pursued my journey. It was high water, the rain was falling down fast, and the fearful sea-weed, underneath which was large holes, that I had as many falls as there are moons in a year ; it was quite a miracle that I did not lose my life in them fearful creeks, such a night as that, wearied as I was, but hope kept me on. The jetty I knew nothing about—but the light, the light, how anxiously I looked for the light ; at length I saw it, but at a distance. My heart, my eyes were full, but had no time to weep ; hope grew strong, with the

\* This man was Tom Senior, but I did not know at that time but what his name was Potter, that is the reason I enquired for Potter’s.

light in view, but it was in the bush. I had to climb a fence, and another, and another, which I did nimbly enough, regardless of man-traps, or anything else that might be underneath the long grass. I arrived at the cottage, knocked at the door, it was opened by a tall, thin young man, cautiously to whom I told my story, and asked if his name was Potter, and if I could get shelter until the morning. He said he knew no one of that name, but thought I could get shelter at the "Sir Joseph Banks' Hotel," it was close by, and then shut the door. Here was another miracle. There was no glimmering light to guide, but I went straight to the back door, and knocked, just as Mr. Beaumont was turning the key; that gentleman opened the door. I told him the same pitiful story. "Come in, Mrs. Selby," said the good man, "I am truly sorry to see you in such a plight." He called up two female servants to attend and take care of me, and provided me with everything I required. I need not say that I was quite exhausted, and unable to help myself; in truth I could not have kept on much longer. I should have died in the bush if it had not have been for the kindness of Mr. Beaumont. I had not then—neither have I had since—the means to reward him for his humanity, and I am afraid never shall; but goodness has its own reward in the human heart. I stayed at the "Sir Joseph Banks' Hotel" two nights and a day; had all my clothes dried, and made comfortable. On the second morning was again on the tramp; I could not miss the road to Bunarong, but when I got in that wood did not know which

way to go. I got in all that low swampy land between Botany Heads and Little Bay; there I was for hours, wet and miserable before I got on the right track to Long Bay, which I reached in the middle of the day. When walking through them wretched swamps, I did not forget the Botany Bay fisherman, amusing myself with singin

#### BOTANY FISHERMAN.

Botany Bay fisherman, how do I look?  
 Your name shall be honoured in my foolish book.  
 Fisherman! fisherman of famed Botany Bay,  
 Harken to me. I have something to say.  
 I will sing you a song, and it is a true song,  
 Neither merry nor sweet, nor yet very long;  
 Poor Bess of the Forest, one wet winter's night,  
 Was lost on your beach, and in a great fright.  
 She fell in the creek, and was drowned very near;  
 She called you to help, but you would not come near.  
 So sad and so sorrowful I knew was her lot,  
 For money or marbles indeed she had not;  
 But ministering Angels that float in the air,  
 Commissioned by God, of her did take care.  
 Safely they brought her to "Sir Joseph Bank's Hotel,"  
 Mr. Beaumont was the landlord, you know him well.  
 He saved her life, be it known to his praise;  
 Poor Bess she will thank him to the end of her days.

I had many painful things to contend with while living in the forest, but had also many, many blessings;

the greatest and best of all earthly blessings, good health, and never wanted for food and raiment. I also increased my number of good friends, among whom are some of the most respectable, both in Sydney and its environs. I know that I need not solicit, for I am quite sure they will come, with willing hands and hearts to assist me in disposing of "Long Bay." A place, with all its losses and crosses, is endeared to my heart as being the favourite spot of him who now sleeps among the silent dead. Dependant on what little I can do for support, I am content with what I can get; a quiet home, and sufficient to supply my few wants. The gay world had never any charms for me—it is not likely it has now. Still I do not believe in being melancholy; the fruits of the earth are matured by sunshine and storm. Many days we laugh—how few we mourn; so it is quite evident that our good Heavenly Father designed that joy should preponderate to his creatures.

The brevity of the few extracts I shall make from "Bess of the Forest," will deprive her of her casket of jewels; you will only get the garret of loose lumber, but it must be so, or I should swell the pamphlet beyond the price of many friends who would wish to purchase it, which is not my intention. I shall, therefore, conclude the Introduction with a few verses I composed while living at the Tower, on the public pic-nic that was to have taken place in honour of Captain Cook's first landing in the colony.

## CAPTAIN COOK.

Brave Captain Cook! good Captain Cook!  
Mighty spirit now come and look;  
Ninety-three years have passed away  
Since first you landed in Botany Bay.

Tu, ru, rall; tural, la, la, la, la.

Great men like you will never die;  
You only live above the sky.  
When you hoisted Old England's flag,  
For storms you did not care a mag.

Tu, ru, rall; tural, la, la, la, la.

It was worth a bold and gallant pull,  
Such a slice for poor John Bull,  
His sons can work, and laugh, and play,  
And often have a holiday.

Tu, ru, rall; tural, la, la, la, la.

Come all ye merry souls to Botany Bay;  
This is the Anniversary—the Anniversary.  
Good Governor Young will grace the feast,  
And bring the nobs, oh! what a treat.

Tu, ru, rall; tural, la, la, la, la.

Loudly echo from every tongue,  
Advance Australia! is the song;  
While Peace and Plenty is our lot,  
Old England shall not be forgot.

Tu, ru, rall; tural, la, la, la, la.

Brave Captain Cook! good Captain Cook!  
Smile upon this little nook;  
For we bless the day—the happy day—  
When first you landed at Botany Bay.

Tu, ru, rall; tural, la, la, la, la.

Come, my boys, now fill your glasses,  
 Drink to Sydney's pretty lasses ;  
 Have a dance upon the green,  
 And a shout for England's Queen.

Tu, ru, rall ; tural, la, la, la, la.

Have a blithe and merry day,  
 Dance and sing your time away ;  
 Now you are at Botany Bay,  
 For it is the Anniversary—the Anniversary.

Tu, ru, rall ; tural, la, la, la, la.

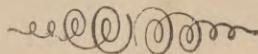
THE

“ LANDSCAPE : ”

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

*The Lincolnshire Lass.*



SYDNEY :

J. G. O'CONNOR, PRINTER, YORK STREET.

THE  
“LANDSCAPE,”

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

THE LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.

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With her old rigid instructress at Fleet, poor “Bess of the Forest” first breathed the pure air of intellectual knowledge, and became from an ugly, creeping, loathsome reptile, to be a well-behaved child, and to expand her mental powers; learning the pleasing art of sipping sweets—sipping sweets from every bud and flower; for my soul rides upon the sunbeams, and drinks of the dews of Heaven. I claim affinity with the multitudinous ocean, the purling stream, the craggy rock; the rich and variegated landscape, the stately lily, the fragrant rose, the modest violet, my own, my pretty blue bell. Nay, hath not God given into my ex-

tended arms, His own beautiful universe ; for the white  
 silvering of the sow-thistle, or the gauze wing of a butterfly  
 fills me with delight. And when bright Phoebus  
 mounts his golden car, and invites me to ramble in the  
 green and lonely bush ; then in the poetic language of  
 Holy Writ, "the everlasting doors are lifted up, and the  
 King of Righteousness enters in, arrayed in purple and  
 gold." Then to my ravished vision He reveals the beautiful  
 panorama of His own fair works, and here He  
 crowns me with glory and honour,—

"And weaves me a garland to lay at my feet,  
 With evergreen laurels and roses so sweet"

For every twig and leaf that trembles in the breeze  
 every bulb and tender petal that imerges into its flower  
 existence, welcomes me with a smile.

By the still water side I love to stray,  
 When the pale moon sheds her bright silver ray ;  
 Then I laugh all my sorrows and vexations away.

#### AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN AT LONG BAY

Exhaustless source of wonder—mighty deep—  
 My soul enraptured hither comes to greet  
 Thy much loved surface.  
 Emblem of the first great works of Deity,  
 Me thinks I could bend to worship thee,  
 And smile in thy embrace.

Ten thousand beauties in thy curling spray ;  
 As many different forms thy billows play  
 Upon thy breast.  
 Receding back, then foaming lifts it high,  
 Then flashing turns, and sinks again to die,  
 But finds no rest.

When evening gives the much loved shadowing light,  
 And pleasing fancy revels in delight,

Here will I trace  
 The silver moon, and orbs of glittering gold,  
 Worlds upon worlds, as they in ether roll,  
 Reflecting in thy face.

On thy glassy bosom the gallant barque glides,  
 Bearing in triumph the fruits of all climes ;  
 For infinite wisdom ordained

That nation by nation, with intercourse sweet,  
 Should live by each produce in plenty and peace,  
 As a parent its offspring maintains.

I will sing, yes, I will sing praises unto my God, for  
 he hath regarded the lowliness of his handmaiden.

#### ALL THINGS PRAISE GOD.

The starry decked Heavens, His wisdom display,  
 The earth with its verdure so beautiful and gay ;  
 The ocean that laughs in its foamy white bed,  
 And volcanic matter that plays with the dead,  
 And man with a soul so mighty in thought,  
 Enclosed in a net-work, so curiously wrought ;  
 The ministering angels that float in the air,  
 And the little wee sparrow that's blest with his care.  
 The summer and winter, the day and the night,  
 In one band of harmony all nature delight ;  
 In this anthem of praise my voice it shall blend,  
 I will praise God for ever, world without end.

Whether we are living in a forest or a city, it matters  
 not, we can worship our Creator ; and he will give peace  
 to the mind, and if Christianity was properly under-  
 stood, it would banish from the mind all pride and  
 envy. Some people may laugh at a poor woman like  
 me being a poet, who is meanly clad, and with scanty  
 board ; but what do I care, for I scarce notice, as I pass

through the streets, the song of the drunkard, the oath of the swearer, the jest of the ignorant. My intellects have been fed with the finest of the wheat, that has protected me, like a coat of armour, from many vexations, sorrows, and evils. I assure you that I would not exchange the powers of my mind to be made the proud mistress of a great empire: My thoughts are ever on the wing, for when the day is fled, and all nature wrapped in sweet repose,—

I mount the wooden horse, and setting right the pin,  
My midnight journeys I begin ;  
But where I go sir, I'll not tell,—  
But it's where the fairies dwell.  
There we make a pretty ring,  
Around it we do dance and sing ;  
They ask me of my love, 'tis true,  
I wave my hand, and say adieu.

You see, now, that I belong to those curious little geni tribes called fairies ; and by living in the forest so long, have become very ugly, and know something of the black art of necromancy ; therefore, be not surprised if you see my crooked horns, my fiery eyes, my cloven foot, my long and ugly tail. You are now sure that I am related to the little imps, as well as the fairies : I strike my silver wand, and several of my departed friends arise out of their quiet graves, at my bidding, and we talk together. But even more than this, people whom I never knew or saw, speak to me in the same mysterious manner ; for when I call them by their name they answer me with a shrill tone, saying like the boy

on the step-door of an omnibus, "All right," and on I go. There is also a little danger that the living will be caught by my magic spell ; perhaps you will, therefore, refuse to take my friendly hand, but be it even so, I will hold on by the skirt of your garments, for with me you shall go, whether willing or not, far over land, and far over sea, on the mountains high-top, down the deep ravines below. But should I even take you to the bottomless pit, fear not, for not an hair of your head shall be singed, my arm is invulnerable to fire, and my golden chain cannot break. I will bring you out from thence and sit you in fair sunshine ; nay, more, I will lift you up to the skies, and open the gates of the New Jerusalem, into which you may enter, if you will.

"For Hark ! they whisper, angels say,  
Sister spirit come away !"

This analogy is correct, not only of man, but of all the different kingdoms of creation ; for according to Sir Isaac Newton, who came to more concise views of the laws of gravitation, than any of his predecessors in wisdom, discovered, by seeing an apple fall from a tree, that nearer to the ground, the greater the velocity. And that vapour, as it arises out of the ocean, and mounts its aërial car ascends until it reaches the same specific gravity with itself, it then unites with the atmosphere. But as I know very little of philosophy, shall at once change the subject.

For a twister there was, and a twist she did wist, a twist that was twisted three times with a twist, if the twist that she twisted, untwisted the twist that was twisted, three times with a twist.

I have assumed many names, taken many different characters, yet one and the same individual. And there are so many twists and turns, that I scarce know which cord to pull, to make them all harmonize in so small a compass as a few pages. Had I continued at the forest till now, I should have kept twisting; I would never have abandoned my pen and ink, while living there, had it have been for twenty years, and my eyes not failed me.

Little Peter Pindar was almost as conspicuous a character about Sydney, as the ladies Flying Pieman. Getting old and grey, without any trade or profession, he earned a little crust by singing songs about the streets, it was much better than begging after all. I will give you a sample to laugh at.

#### PETER PINDAR'S SONGS.

The life of a Poet—the life of a Poet—  
And I'll let the world know it;  
The life of a Poet is jolly and free.  
The life of a Poet for ever for me.

I was fighting one day, and got a big kick,  
And away I went across the great Atlantic;  
Come sunshine or storm, come evil or good,  
My home is a hut, and in the wild wood.

For Paddy's a Poet—for Paddy's a Poet;  
But I am a blockhead to let the folks know it.  
The life of a Poet, so jolly and free,  
The life of a Poet for ever for me.

Though my dwelling is quiet and lonely,  
"Home is home if it's ever so homely."  
"A rolling stone it gathers no moss;"  
By changing about, I have had nothing but loss.

Now Paddy's a poet,—now Paddy's a poet;  
How Ellen will laugh when she comes to know it.  
The life of a poet is merry and free,  
The life of a poet for ever for me.

I'll keep to my home like a jolly old brick,  
I'll cross no more the great Atlantic;  
At parson land view\* I'll remain all my life,  
If it's only to vex little Ellen, my wife.

For Paddy's a poet,—for Paddy's a poet;  
But Ellen will laugh when she comes to know it.  
The life of a poet is merry and free,  
The life of a poet for ever for me.

The plague of life is that little Ellen,  
I wish she was dead, as dead as a herring.  
When I go with a friend, in my boat to fish,  
She'll roar all the day, if I don't fill her dish.

But what do I care, for Paddy's a poet,  
And I'll let the whole world know it.  
The life of a poet, so jolly and free,  
The life of a poet for ever for me.

At parson land view I'll remain all my life,  
Free from all anger, mischief, and strife;  
To my home in the wood for ever I'll stick,  
No more I'll cross the great Atlantic.

For Paddy's a poet! for Paddy's a poet!  
The Queen of England, she shall know it,  
That the life of a poet is merry and free,  
The life of a poet for ever for me.

\* Long Bay is Church and School Es ate.

## THE CABIN BOY.

This great big world I want to see ;  
 You need not stare, I will go to sea.  
 The fresh, the blue, the ever free,  
 Is the element for me.  
 I'll have jacket, trousers, cap ;  
 I shall make a nippy chap,  
 To be a little cabin boy ;  
 So for me you need not cry.  
 For I will be a cabin boy,  
 A bold, brave, merry Cabin Boy.

The captain's boots, I'll make to shine ;  
 I'll help him to his grog and wine.  
 The knives and forks I'll clean so bright ;  
 The towels I will wash quite, white.  
 The cabin shall be nice and clean,  
 Fit for England's bonny queen.  
 So for me you need not cry,  
 For I will be a cabin boy ;  
 A tidy little cabin boy,  
 A bold, brave, merry Cabin Boy.

And I will go to Botany Bay,  
 To hear what the villians have to say.  
 And if they should give me any blows,  
 I'll put my thumb on to my nose,  
 And tell them I do not care a fig,  
 They are not worth my granny's wig.  
 For I am a bold brave cabin boy,  
 So for me you need not cry ;  
 For I will be a cabin boy,  
 A bold, brave, merry Cabin Boy.

## JOHNNY GILPIN.

This is my yearly wedding day ;  
 I will be merry, blithe, and gay,  
 And drive dull care away,  
 And drive dull care away,  
 Said funny Johany Gilpin,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin.  
 I'll have a merry song and dance,  
 If I have to go to France.  
 I get a living as I can,  
 And strive to be an honest man,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin.  
 Now mounted on his hobby horse.  
 Away went Johnny Gilpin.  
 You'll lose your wig ! you'll lose your hat !  
 I don't care a straw for that,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin.  
 I don't care for hat or wig,  
 I'm going to a merry gig ;  
 For while with you I'm prating,  
 The witches are awaiting,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin.  
 I must make the fairy ring,  
 For there we dance, and there we sing  
 I turn about and jump Jim Crow,  
 All among the witches—the witches oh !  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin.  
 I have tore my coat, my breeches are a rending,  
 I have but one shoe, and my shirt wants mending,  
 So I fell down, and broke my crown,  
 The jades came tumbling after ;  
 Then we cracked our sides with laughter,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin,  
 Said funny Johnny Gilpin.

## THE PARSON'S WIFE.

It chanced one day, I was out of town,  
I called to see old Squire Brown ;  
And he was so jolly and gay,  
He took my hand and then did say,  
I know a nice girl for a parson's wife,  
I know a nice girl for a parson's wife.

She's not very fat, she's not very thin,  
She always is as neat as a pin ;  
She's got a purse with a little gold,  
Upon my word she cannot scold.  
She's a nice little girl for a parson's wife,  
She's a nice little girl for a parson's wife.

And she can both read and write,  
Your sermons too she can indite ;  
She'll make a Sunday school teacher,  
Or if you liked, a preacher.  
She's just the girl for a parson's wife,  
She's just the girl for a parson's wife.

Look up my boy, and do not frown,  
It is the truth said old Squire Brown.  
Now in she came, all dressed in white,  
Oh, dear, how she blushed, as well she might,  
At the thoughts of being a parson's wife,  
At the thoughts of being a parson's wife.

And as the truth I need's must tell,  
I liked the little lady well.  
My little love, don't take it amiss,  
If I should give you one little kiss,  
And make you a parson's wife,  
And make you a parson's wife.

My dear Miss B., how can you sing ?  
Oh, yes, she says, a pretty thing.  
Oh, then, oh, then, I found her out,  
It was a song, a song of a clout.  
Oh, Miss B., upon my life,  
That would not do for a parson's wife.

You'll be an old maid, to the —— you'll go,  
I very well know, and there to sew  
Without a thimble, the breeches, oh !  
Without a thimble, the breeches, oh !  
So at once, to end the strife,  
You shall not be a parson's wife.

Oh, no, she said, and with a grin,  
For what you say, I don't care a pin :  
For married I'll be—for married I'll be—  
And that you'll see—and that you'll see.  
But I won't be a parson's wife,  
But I won't be a parson's wife.

To-morrow by noon—to-morrow by noon—  
And that will be soon—and that will be soon ;  
I will no longer tarry,  
The coach-maker's lad I mean to marry.  
So I shan't be a parson's wife,  
So I shan't be a parson's wife.

## ESQUIRE BROWN.

Esquire Brown was not only jolly and gay, but rich and liberal. His house, his purse, his hand and heart was open for all comers, so no wonder that he was a universal favourite. Nothing ever troubled him but the Reform Bill ; he was so attached to his own jogged-trot mode of living, that any change in either men or manners, was to him, a great bore. His wife, Lady Fanny Brown, was as generous and worthy as her husband. She encouraged all the little tradespeople in the neighbourhood spending three or four pounds every week—for she was

a ready money customer—with grocers, drapers, shoemakers, &c., &c., for she said, and that with great truth how was it possible for poor folks to keep themselves and families, pay rent, rates, and taxes, if they were not encouraged by the rich. Many ladies of her acquaintance would not buy even pins, needles, cotton, or tape at a little shop. A few might be seen going in their carriages on a Monday—but it was more for a gossip than anything else—to the large shops at Long Sutton, to spend a trifle. Lady Fanny Brown was often joked for her simplicity, but she did not care; she would not be laughed out of doing good, and was as much beloved as the Squire, for when they were out for a walk, the women smiled, the men nodded, the boys made a bow, the girls curtised. Esquire Brown lived at Lutton, about two miles from the little market town of Long Sutton, Lincolnshire. His house was large, old, and thached; it had been the residence of his father and grandfather, but little improved for the last fifty years, this was his only fault; but as Fanny and himself were happy, what did it matter to other people.

## MR. ROBINSON, THE LINCOLNSHIRE FARMER.

—o—

When I first became acquainted with Mr. Robinson, he was about forty-three years of age; there might have been here and there a grey hair in his head, but you must look very close indeed to perceive them. Rather dark, but very good looking; a gentleman both in appearance and behaviour. His dwelling was a good substantial farm-house, a pretty flower garden in the front; roses, honeysuckles, and jessimine trained round the door-way, forming an arch; a pear tree grew at one end of the house, and a cherry tree at the other. Farmer Robinson lived about half a mile from Squire Brown, who very much esteemed him, for he said he had always been a good boy to his mother, who was a widow. Mr. Robinson's father broke his neck, by driving tandem through Long Sutton streets, one fair time, leaving his family over head and ears in debt. His property mortgaged nearly to its full value; fond of gaming a great radical ring leader, and principal speaker at political meetings. Up half the night, in bed half the day; he walked about his garden with a pair of gloves on, a cigar

in his mouth, a cane in his hand; as for looking after servants on his farm, he had no time to spare. When dead, he was neither missed nor wanted. As soon as Mrs. Robinson discovered her situation, she discharged her two female servants, took her daughter from boarding school; made the best use she could of poultry, milk, butter, cheese, &c., &c. Her son, John, was only sixteen, but a very good boy, and when he was a man, never interfered either with Church, State, or his neighbours, but minded his own business, made the best use of his time, by working and improving his land; he also studied by night. You may laugh at the Lincolnshire Farmer—but I don't care for that; I tell you he did study by night how to improve his land, his cattle, his grain, and his garden; his head was always at work, as well as his hands. He paid all incumbrances off the farm, and his father debts; and when I knew him he was an independant farmer, but a bachelor, that was the only thing that made him unhappy; he had been courting ever since he was twenty, round Hobbeach marshes, Geding Hill, Tyddfen, Parson Drove, and all the little villages intervening, widows, young maids, old maids, fat and lean, but had failed to find one whom he would honour with the name of Mrs. Robinson. One Monday morning it was raining fast, the Farmer was thinking about commencing mowing, but he never grumbled at the weather, but he would not be idle, so he looked up some old water tubs, thinking he would give them a coat of

pitch. He had just placed the pot on a very large fire, when his mother began to sniff, and putting her head out of the dairy, said, "take off that pitch pot, Jack Robinson, and place the large washing boiler on, filling it with water." The son obeyed his mother. He then sat down on a chair, by the large kitchen table, rested his elbow on it, putting his hand to his forehead, looking serious. "A penny for your thoughts," said his mother. "You can have them for nothing, if you can guess."

What under foot we often tread,  
What some people use for bread;  
What the rich do greatly crave,  
Come tell me and your penny's saved.

Oh! oh! Johnny, you are up to some of your hanky panky tricks, as your queen B. says of pretty Bess, our little foal; as to your riddle, I have known that ever since I could toddle, it is Matrimony. I wish that you would not only think about it, but put it in practice. Your sister will be married this day three weeks, and what is the reason that you could not, on the same day; it is a great saving of expense, and we might just as well have two weddings as only one. Now we are so well off mother, there is no necessity for you to be so careful, or yet to work so hard. I will tell you the truth my son, that the more money I have, the more I want; this is the fruits of our industry. When I had but little, I spent with a liberal hand, so you see Johnny Robinson, that good and evil go hand and hand together in this world. The Farmer scratched his head, saying,—

I shall not marry dear mother for cash,  
You know that I love the Lincolnshire Lass.

All right my boy, Liza B. is young and ignorant, but good tempered: I can twist her round my thumb; I shall want her to perform all the household duties that your sister does, and I will make her a good farmer's wife, for a fortune in a wife, is better than a fortune with one. There never was such a clever girl as your sister, though I say it; she can brew, bake, reap, make butter, cheese, milk cows, dance, sing, and play a tune on the pianoforte, &c., &c. "Yes, mother," said Johnny, "and there is something else too she can do, she sweeps chimneys, and does it well, getting the long broom, and putting her head up to see if she has got all the loose soot down; if this duty was better attended to, there would not be so many fires, it would be a saving both of life and property; there are not many boarding school misses that would do that." "No, Johnny, my boy, you are right, or servant wenches either, for half of them are not worth a kick of the shins. This is the reason I do without a servant; but as to my daughter she is worth her weight in gold. I am glad she is going to be married to Jeremiah Townsend, the rich draper, he will appreciate her worth. "Perhaps he will," replied the Farmer, "but he is a miserable miser; he hoards up old shoes, old coats, old breeches to repair others with; joins broken cups, saucers, plates, &c., &c., mends pots, kettles, candlesticks, &c. He has more money than any other draper in Long Sutton, but look at his miserable shop windows, instead of improving his premises, he has

built half a dozen cottages; now his yard is so small, there is not room to swing a cat round." "All you say is quite right Johnny, but he pays ready money, and sells for the same; he will never turn bankrupt, and rob the public. As to his shop and yard, I don't care much about, but they ought to be improved; I intend talking with him to-morrow about his bedrooms, he must make two into one, or he shall not have my daughter for a wife. A sleeping room should be large, the bed in the middle; I know some bedrooms so small, that the bed is shoved close up to the wall, and boxes, dirty linen, old slippers, and lots of odds and ends, too numerous to be mentioned, put underneath. No wonder that bugs and fleas are so numerous, but Jeremiah is not so much of a miser as you take him for. I was in his shop the other day when Mrs. Smith came in, and asked for two yards and a half of grey calico, when he said you had better have three yards marm; the poor woman said she had only money enough for what she asked for; the draper gave her half a yard over. As she was leaving the shop, Jeremiah, thinking she looked very scant about the posterior, said "excuse me Mrs. Smith, I don't want to insult you, but will you accept of a flannel peticoat?" and the good man gave her four yards of flannel." The Farmer laughed. "I don't care about you grinning, boy, when you tell of people's bad deeds, tell also of their good ones." Johnny screwed up his mouth, and looked out of the window. "Now Jack Robinson," continued

his mother, "you had better move from here, I don't want to be bothered with you; go in the front room, like a good boy, and get a book." "All right, mamma," answered the Farmer, and went to Miss Robinson's work-basket, and took one; he had scarce time to open it, when a door opened, and in came his sister with a basket of linen, for the wash; she bawled out what in the world are you doing here, sitting and rubbing your muddy shoes on my clean table, upsetting my work-basket, and turning the things topside turvy; and got the ladies' magazine, what do you want with the fashions, I should like to know." Johnny hummed, and shrugged his shoulders, and then said,—

I want to know. I want to know,  
With a very good grace,  
What it will cost for ribbons and lace.  
Feathers and flowers, to trim the face.  
That's the way the money goes,  
Pop goes the weasel.

For I am going to get married, oh! oh! For I am going to get married, oh! oh! and then began to sing, "I will go a courting."

#### I WILL GO A COURTING.

I will go a courting, a courting to Miss Liza B.;  
For that little lady is my queen B.  
With her I know I shall agree;  
I will go a courting, when I have had my tea.

But to pass away the day, I will go a fishing,  
If you will give my old coat a stitching,  
And the water tubs a pitching,  
Then I will go a fishing, a fishing.

My fishing tackle I will now prepare,  
Then mount poor Poll, the old grizzled mare;  
And little Bess will follow in the rear.  
I am a jolly farmer, for nobody do I care.

#### Miss Robinson's reply.

Oh, yes, my brother, you shall go a fishing;  
I will give your old coat a stitching,  
And the water tubs a pitching,  
And you shall go a fishing, a fishing.

But a courting, a courting you need not go,  
You've too many strings unto your bow,  
To please Miss Liza B. I very well know,  
For that little lady told me so.

You are a big donkey in her eyes,  
And our pretty foal she does despise;  
Perhaps you think that I tell lies,  
But it is true, as there are flies.

#### Mr. Robinson's answer.

I will go a courting, I don't care what you say,  
And will get married, without more delay,  
To Miss Liza B., she'll not say me nay.  
I will go a courting, fal, lal, la.

But to pass away the day, I will go a fishing,  
For you'll give my old coat a stitching,  
And the water tubs a pitching,  
And I will go a fishing, a fishing.

#### THE FARMER WENT A FISHING.

The farmer went a fishing, a long, long way,  
To that pretty place, it's called Long Bay.  
Nelly and her husband was drinking tea,  
And they were as happy, as happy could be.

Now Paddy says, it's not too late,  
I will go on the rocks and get some bait ;  
For I will go this day to fish, fish,  
And fill, my dear, your big tin dish.

Nelly says, hush, hush, harken, harken ;  
A stranger is coming, the dog is barking.  
Paddy replied, I will go and meet him,  
And give him a greeting, a greeting.  
Then clapped his hands and said,  
Wonders will never cease.

Here's farmer Jack Robinson, I do declare,  
The queen of the fairies must have brought you here.  
You are welcome my boy, here's my heart and my hand,  
Though Paddy's my name, I'm a true Englishman.

At my home in the wood, how happy I dwell,  
Nobody I care for, but my wife Nell ;  
How I came to love her, I cannot tell,  
For it is my greatest wish,  
To fill every day, her big tin dish,  
And I will go this day to fish, fish.

---

“ COOEY, COOEY, COOEY.”

What unearthly noise is that to make ?” said Mr. Robinson. “ I have two or three friends here,” answered Mr. Fairburn, that are going to fish with me, and that word is the signal in the bush, that they are wanted. You cannot have been long in New South Wales, not to have known that you must be what we call a new chum. The farmer opened his eyes, and mouth too, looking round with amazement. Dash my old wig at New South

Wales, aye, I thought it was a long, long journey.

On a very fine gander, I've rode through the air ;  
I've lost poor Poll, the old grizzled mare,  
And her foal, little Bess, I do declare.  
My mother will beat me, oh, dear, oh, dear ;  
But we will go to fish, fish, fish,  
And fill old Nelly's big tin dish,  
And they all went a fish, fish, fishing.  
The farmer did not go home till morning,  
Till daylight did appear.  
Like poor Billy Barlow, he was stuck in the mud,  
He got out to be sure, as soon as he could ;  
But then, oh, dear, he was lost in the wood.  
Got dancing with the witches,  
Got dancing with the witches.  
Gave them all his fishes,  
Gave them all his fishes,  
And hundreds of kisses, and hundreds of kisses,  
And did not go home till morning,  
Till daylight did appear.  
His mother was a crying.  
His sister was a sighing ;  
They dreamt that he was dying,  
And would be eaten with the fishes,  
And would be eaten with the fishes.

But he said no fear, I have bid a final adieu to fishing excursions, and Parson Land View. He kept his word, I never saw him afterwards at Long Bay.

**C O N T E N T S .**



THE LANDSCAPE.

PETER PINDAR'S SONGS.

ESQUIRE BROWN & LADY FANNY.

MR. ROBINSON, THE LINCOLNSHIRE  
FARMER.

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J. G. O'CONNOR, PRINTER, YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

**SQUIRE BROWN**

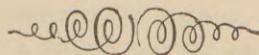
AND

**MR. ROBINSON'S RIDE:**

BY

**BESS OF THE FOREST,**

*The Lincolnshire Lass.*



SYDNEY:

J. G. O'CONNOR, PRINTER, YORK STREET.

SQUIRE BROWN AND MR.  
ROBINSON'S RIDE :

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

THE LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.

---

The birds sang, the flowers looked gay,  
It was a bright and sunny day.

But the farmer was asleep ; his midnight revelry had unfitted him from attending to his mowing. I did not see him out until ten o'clock in the morning, and then in his flower garden. He plucked two very small rosebuds, one white, the other pink—a sprig of lad's love—put them into the button-hole of his coat. He was dressed in all his best ; a walking stick and gloves in his hand, coming out of his little garden gate. When Squire Brown was passing, he stopped his gig, saying, " Good morning, Farmer Robinson." The farmer returned the compliments of the day, and, at the request of the Squire, got into his gig. His head was full of future plans of wedded bliss ; he was going to Tyddgoat, a courting to Miss

Liza B. The Squire to Wisbeach, his mind tormented ; there had been an election—the whigs were again in power. He exclaimed most bitterly against Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel, whom he called “Slippery Bob,” and then enquired of the farmer if he had seen the newspaper this morning. “Indeed, Squire Brown, it would not do for me to waste my time, especially of a morning, in newspaper reading ; what knowledge I have of men and manners is derived from thinking, consequently I save both time and money.” “All right, farmer,” answered the Squire. “I was at a public supper last night—was chairman, and made a speech ; I was long and loudly cheered ; the newspapers have made as much more of it, I assure you. I got Miss Alice A’Beckett to write it out for me. I don’t mind telling you she is inclined to the Reformers ; but will twist and turn about to please a friend ; she is a good sort of a girl for all that, and will some day make a clever woman. She takes after her cousin, Mr. Hallett ; he wrote for years all the leading articles in Drakard’s newspaper, and one of the principal reformers of the day. So you see, Mr. Robinson, that I am not blinded to peoples abilities, if they are in opposition to me. Miss Alice is related to my wife, Lady Fanny Brown.” “I know the young lady,” said Mr. Robinson. “Last week she paid me what she called a morning visit ; but we were at dinner. She had scarce time to take a seat, when I asked her when she was go-

ing to be married. She commenced making a noise something like an old sow at a gate.”

I’LL NEVER BE MARRIED, I VOW.

For the men are so cross and queer,  
But I will match them never fear.  
I would punch their ribs, and pull their hair,  
If I was married, I vow.

I’ll join the tribe of witches,  
And mend the leather breeches,  
With rotten thread and big stitches.  
I’ll never be married I vow.

My sister was fond of rhymes, so said to the lady,—

“Come my friend, now come and try,  
Some of our black currant pie.”

Seeing the ladies merry, I followed their good example,  
and began to sing,—

“Black currant pie. Black currant pie,  
Is all my eye—is all my eye.  
To my belief—to my belief,  
There’s nothing like beef, beef, beef.”

And suiting the action to the words, I commenced cutting away at the beef, beef, beef, presenting the plate to our fair visitor. The young lady, putting both hands round her little narrow waist, began sighing, and singing,—

To my belief—to my belief,  
I should find it only grief,  
To put in my belly that beef, beef, beef ;  
So I will try—so I will try—  
Some of the black currant pie,  
For that is pleasing to my eye.

“Really, Miss Alice A’Beckett, had I noticed your very slender waist, I would not have been so vulgar as to have offered you anything so substantial as beef, beef ;

for I am sure you could not have had room, in so small a compass, for it properly to digest, without great pain, perhaps a fainting fit or two might have been the result. I hope you are not offended." "Offended, no, not I; but I suppose you think I am laced up—I assure you that I do not wear stays; I neither add nor diminish to my size. I am as good Dame Nature made me; and, though I say it, am as genteel a little lass as there is in Lincolnshire. I also eat and drink what I think is necessary; not too much, nor too little, wishing to live long, have good health, make myself useful while living, and leave a good example when dead. Now I think you will agree with me, that I have made a very sensible speech." "So you have, Miss; I wish all females, young, old, rich, and poor, would follow your example, and throw their stays away. But you know it's of no use talking to the ladies, for they will have their own way, so shall you."

So Miss Alice, you shall try.  
Some of my sister's black currant pie."

The young lady having taken up knife and fork, commenced cutting away at the crust, singing,—

"A contented mind, and a smiling face,  
In my opinion, is a very good grace."

"So it is, I said, and all that is requisite or necessary either for the welfare of the soul or body. As for forms and ceremonies, they are often only the result of a sanctified, hypocritical, pharisaical heart." "There is a great

deal of truth, farmer Robinson, in your remarks," said the Squire, "but were all forms and ceremonies to be abolished, we should [soon lose the substance of true religion; good and evil go hand in hand together in this world. It is for us to choose the right road; forms and ceremonies are only the door-posts of the Heavenly Kingdom, but those that go no further, will never enter into the New Jerusalem." "All right, Squire Brown," said Mr. Robinson, "they never, never will;" and there was a pause for a few minutes. Squire Brown then enquired of the farmer where he bought his dumpling dust, it is though a very impertinent question. The farmer smiled, and replied, "at Howard's five sail fantail mill; he liked to trade at home; he was not one to be running about from place to place, where he was well used, he continued his custom." "Then you are very foolish," said the Squire, "why don't you go to Wisbeach, to Boucher and Jack's steam flour mill, that's the place for business, and cheap flour. "A penny saved, is a penny earned." There is nothing like steam, my boy, and going to the cheapest market with the ready money. If I had my own way in the house, as I have out, I would not spend a penny a year at Lutton, or Long Sutton, except with the butchers, and then only because I sell them bullocks and calves, and sheep, and lambs, old pigs and suckers. I am compelled to spend a little cash where I take a good deal; for every other article I would go to the large towns, where I get the best for the least money.

It was the plan of my father and grandfather ; I would like to follow their footsteps, but Fanny Brown, you know, rules in the house, and myself out of doors ; and as she is a good wife, and sews my shirt buttons on strong, I let her have her own way, so she does me. Husbands and wives, living in harmony with each other, will produce the sweetest music, and the strongest cord that can bind them together is concord." "All right," said the farmer, "I will remember your words when I am married, and shall also follow your example, to a certain extent, by trading at large towns—getting the most for ready money. If all our neighbours were to do as your good lady does, buy all their goods at the little shops at Lutton, and Long Sutton, the tradespeople would get so saucy, rich, and proud, by overcharging, that they would scarce care to wait upon their customers. Besides, it is by well circulating money, that multiplies ; take only, for example, the small market town of Wisbeach ; see on a Saturday how thronged are the shops—the inn-yards with vehicles of every description ; men and women of all trades and callings, are benefited by the great influx of country people. Then go to Lynn, the number of ships in that harbour, from almost every port in England, and often foreign vessels ; but, but Squire Brown, to see shipping, go to London—go to the river Thames—ships from all parts of the world, laden with goods,—the produce of every clime under Heaven, enriching and improving the earth. You may as well attempt stopping

the ebb and flood of the tide, as Free Trade, for it will flow on to the end of time."

"Stop, stop, Farmer Robinson, not so fast," said the Squire ; "I have got a pain in my stomach, I took one of Doctor Melbourne's pills, this morning. If I had my will, I would have a large bonfire made of all the American tubs, buckets, brooms, chairs, spider spindled carriages, with other things too numerous to be mentioned, that are always deluging the land. Then there are French milliners, French governesses, French cooks, French this and French that. Then comes a long list of Germans and Swiss ; and this is not all either, for three parts of the nobility go on the Continent to spend their money, because they can live cheap, and bring home some half stupid fellow of a servant to lisp broken English. Why, you know that Lord William Russell had his throat cut by a foreign valet ; and I said, when I read the account in the newspaper, to be sure it was a very disagreeable thing, but why have those foreign servants ? are there not plenty of our own land wanting situations, whose forefathers have fought, bled, and died in the battle field ? I say that John Bull is both rogue, fool, and blackguard, for he pampers every bastard that likes to come to his tables, and turns his own children, born in his own land, out in the streets, to starve or to beg.

Were I to do the like, every boy in the town,  
Would throw a big stone at old Squire Brown."

"Now, Squire," said the farmer, "there is a great

deal to be said on both sides of the question. When we go to large towns to buy cheap, we only follow the example of the nobility. The small villages make the towns what they are; and it is the ships from all nations of the earth, that has made Old England queen of the world. According to your views of Political Economy, if you was a member of Parliament, you would bring in a Bill to close the ports against all oreign goods; if it was passed into a law, would stop shipping; we should soon then be reduced to barbarism, grosser by far, than when Julius Cæsar first invaded Britain. As to foreign servants, no one more than myself reprobates the system, but when English servants are worthy of the name they bear, it is seldom that they want situations long. You remember, no doubt, that Squire Churchhill, of Colotan house, was robbed to a great extent by a favourite servant; the villian had lived with that gentleman for some years; Miss Churchhill, his worthy daughter, had clothed, and partly educated the man's children, so what is to be said if there are some foreign servants? they may be as good as many of our own; the only thing to be done is for each and all of us to do as we please. If the nobility like to go on the Continent to live cheap, and make the best of their money, I cannot see that we, who go to the large towns for the same sort of thing, can find fault. It is something like the porridge-pot calling the tea-kettle black bottom." The Squire laughed. "It is right that we should have sometimes a Whig ministry,

sometimes a Conservative one, that every party may be benefited; for I like to see the political gentry twist about, and turn about, and jump Jim Crow, for it is surprising how many will change their views with the change of ministry. I do not want to condemn, for we cannot see the under current. But one thing I know, that a change is absolutely proper for the welfare of society; "stagnant water soon turns putrid." I do not know whether the Squire heard or not, he made no answer, but pulled a large silk handkerchief out of his pocket, blew his nose, wiped the perspiration off his face, complaining of the troublesome flies. Mr. Robinson saw a large envelope drop from the handkerchief and presented it to the Squire. "Thanks, thanks, farmer, I would not have lost that small piece of paper for fifty pounds; for it contains several letters that are highly valued by Lady Fanny Brown, and I am going to take them to "Wisbeach" to show them to some of her friends, one from Buckingham Palace, one from Lord Villers, one from Brinsley Sheridan, Esq., one from Charles Porcher, Esq., four from Lord John Russell; so you see farmer, that my wite is not only esteemed by the poor and lowly, but by the rich and good.\* When I take her to Heffleton

\* Mr. Selby having a good business at Weymouth as a coach builder, I learnt the trimming of carriages, also the caning, which at that time was very fashionable, consequently, I spent a great deal of time in the coach factory, so I had a constant intercourse with the rich and noble, who always treated me with great kindness; many were subscribers to the "Carless Gleaner." A lady of title whose name I do not feel at liberty to make public, asked the

Hall, near Wareham, the country seat of J. C. Fyler, favor of reading the manuscript before it was printed. I received a note of thanks from her with a promise of being a subscriber, and sending copies to several of her friends, among whom was Lord John Russell, accompanied with one for her Majesty; this will account for those letters in my possession, I had some thoughts of establishing a boarding school at Weymouth, but, not seeing my way clear, abandoned it. I then thought of coming to those colonies, but, when I named it to my friends at Weymouth, they very much disapproved, asking me at the same time if I had lost my senses. Lord Villiers was then M. P. for the Borough, and those friends without my knowledge, interested themselves, and spoke to his lordship in my behalf, as they wished to procure me a situation in a public school in London, thinking it would be more in accordance with my mind. One very fine morning, just as I came out of my front door accompanied by a friend, the postman brought me a letter, I said to him with a laugh, I have no time to read letters for I am going to Portland; another five minutes and I shall be too late for the steamer. To Portland I went—spent a very bright and sunny day with Captain Van Z——n, Esq., and family, going to the top of the light-house and down to the bottom of the stone quarries, and returned at 6 o'clock to Weymouth;—went home with my friend, and did not think of the letter until 9 o'clock; this letter was from Lord Villier, who was then staying for a few days at Weymouth. It was a very polite request from his lordship, that if I would call at the Royal Hotel, where he was staying, at 7 o'clock that evening, he would have much pleasure in seeing me, and that it was his last night, as he should be away very early the next morning. If ever in my life I thought I was a donkey it was then; not that I felt so much for myself, but the disrespect and neglect I had manifested to my good, kind friends; I returned Lord Villiers his letter, and one of my own, with as good an apology as I could. From that very hour my mind was made up on leaving old England, and to Sydney I came, where I have drank the bitter cup to the dregs, without a murmur. Having now no earthly attraction, I live between this world and the next, rejoicing at the close of each day that I am one nearer to

That land of pure delight,  
Where Saints immortal reign,  
Infinite day excludes the night,  
And pleasure's banish pain.

Had I read his lordships letter when I first received it, I never, oh! never, never should have put my foot in Australia; and I only relate the circumstance to show on what a very small pivot the destiny of man rests in this world.

Esq., and to Geo. Churchill, Esq., Buckland, she is treated as one of the first ladies of the land. William Hunter, one of the alderman of the city of London, once honoured my tea table with his presence; he was so taken up with Lady Fanny Brown, that he absolutely invited her to London, to spend a month with his family. Alderman Hunter has since been Lord Mayor of the City of London, Mr. Robinson." "Lady Fanny Brown, I have heard, is very fond of poetry." "Poetry, poetry, farmer, her whole soul is made of harmony and knitting, it is no trouble to her to indite a song. The other day I was smoking my pipe in the kitchen—I am very fond of a pipe, but cannot endure the disagreeable practice that some men have of puffing the weed in a sitting room, annoying the fair sex. So, as I said, I was just making myself very comfortable, when Fanny came down stairs, dressed for the afternoon, looking so smart, good-tempered, and happy, took up her knitting, and began to sing in her way,—

Come here my knit, knit, knitting,  
My pretty knit, knit, knitting,  
O how I love my knit, knit, knitting.  
Pearl, pearl, twist, twist, slip goes the stitches,  
I'll never, never mend, the leather breeches,  
For I hate the tribe, the tribe of witches.  
I would sooner be a wife, wife, wife,  
All the days of my life, life, life,  
If I lived in toil and strife, strife, strife.  
Then join the tribe of witches,  
For I hate the leather breeches,  
I'll never mend the leather breeches.

When I am knit, knit, knitting,  
 My fancy is a flit, flit, flitting.  
 And the witches whip, whip, whipping.  
 Come here my knit, knit, knitting,  
 My pretty knit, knit, knitting,  
 O how I love my knit, knit, knitting.

and Fanny knitted away with all her might. Count Matachka, I think that was his name, it was some long, ugly word for a nobleman, being in our neighborhood, I had a great deal of business to transact with him. One day I was in my counting house showing him carriage-lamps, lace, &c. &c. 'Excuse me, your Lordship,' said I, 'for a few moments, I have just received a splendid lot of carriage drawings from London, which I should like you to see, my wife has taken them into the house, she says she can take the best care of things, so I will just step in for them.' 'Excuse me,' said the nobleman, 'I will follow you, I wish to speak to your wife.' He had seen Fanny several times with me in the counting-house. When we entered the room, Lady Fanny Brown was up to her old tricks writing a few lines of poetry on the death of Mr. Gregory's child. Mr. Gregory keeps the large livery stables in George-street. 'Excuse me, madam,' said the Count, taking up the paper, and reading the verses; I never heard a foreigner read English so well. I will repeat the verses to you farmer Robinson.

ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD, TWO YEARS' OLD.

Sweet prattler, no more thy infant smile,  
 Thy playful tricks, the lonely hours' beguile  
 Of thy fond parents,

Thy bright blue eyes, thy coral lips are closed,  
 Silent thy tongue, and in one sweet repose  
 Thy happy spirit rests.

Who would not drop the sympathetic tear,  
 That tender babes death will not even spare,  
 But nips the little bud,  
 Scarce warm with life it drops its lovely clay,  
 Then wings its flight to God—to everlasting day,  
 Where all is pure and good.

Then grieve not for the child—she's but asleep,  
 And ere 'tis long both her and you shall meet  
 To part no more,  
 In Heaven above, where one triumphant song  
 Of victory over death, shall animate the throne,  
 And God, and Christ, adore.

The Count then asked my wife who was her favorite poet, to which she replied, 'Byron, your lordship, in my opinion, none to equal him.' To this we all agreed; the Count then informed us that Lord Byron died at his father's house in Greece, and that he knew him personally. The next morning the Count came again, bringing with him a servant, carrying a basket with choice fruits and sweetmeats, a present for my Fanny, and two bottles of wine, one claret and one champagne. As he entered our sitting-room he began singing,—

Now my friends, before you dine,  
 Drink with me a glass of wine.  
 And so we did, and I will let the world know it,  
 Drink to the memory of England's great poet.

When he was gone, I said to my wife, upon my word that is a very nice gentleman; if all foreigners were like that good Count, I should soon be fond of them; I wish I had something good enough to give him in return for all his kindness, particularly in bringing you, my dear,

the fruits and sweetmeats; I know that you are fond of those things, but I seldom see you indulge yourself now-a-days, you are getting too stingy Lady Brown.' 'You are mistaken, Squire,' said my wife, 'though fond of nick-nacks, I know the value of money better than to spend it in what I can do without; I am glad that you are thinking of making this good Count a present. 'Tis true, we have not anything good enough to give him, still the value of a gift is the feeling of respect that alone makes it valuable; now, Squire, I will tell you what the present shall be—that beautiful, white, carriage-mat that came with a quantity of other upholstering goods from William Hunter and Sons, of London, I shall never use it, it is too costly, we will give that to him.' 'All right,' I said 'my dear, I will not be in opposition to you, I am something like Johnny Gilpin,

Of woman-kind I do admire but one,  
And you, my dearest dear, are she,  
Therefore it shall be done.'

Fanny laughed, pulled my hair, and punched my ribs, replied:—

'Excuse me, Squire Brown, but you are getting an ass,  
You've had a lesson, I know, from the Lincolnshire Lass.'

'Now,' said Lady Brown, 'when the Count comes to see us, he is always taking about his carriage, which, you know, is getting painted, lined, and new wheels, at S—y's Coach Factory, Weymouth; the Count says Mr. S—y is taking a great deal of pains with his carriage; he is quite proud, and will recommend him to all

his friends. Now, Squire Brown, you are always talking about poor old Mr. Howlett, of Wisbeach, but I will tell you that Mr. S—y, the coachmaker, is far superior to him.' 'What do you know,' said I 'Fanny Brown, about Mr. S—y the coachbuilder?'

The next day the count came as usual, and, I think, I was never prouder of Fanny Brown than I was then, her face glowing, not with beauty, for my wife is not handsome, but with health, gratitude, and respect, as she presented the nobleman with the carriage mat; and, farmer Robinson, it was a real beauty, white as the driven snow, and of the finest texture. The worthy Count received it with the same feeling as it had been given, and turning to me, said, 'Now, Squire Brown, oblige me by taking your wife and this mat to S—y's coach factory at Weymouth,

For Lady Brown's little foot shall first tread the mat,  
Or I will not take it my friends that is flat.'

I replied with great courtesy—

'I am a big donkey, your lordship, I very well know,  
To S—y's coach factory, at Weymouth, we really shall go;  
If my wife is not willing I will give her a slap,  
Fanny Brown's little foot shall first tread the mat.'

And I assure you that we went all the way to Weymouth, to S—y's coach factory, and Lady Brown, with her own hands put in the mat, for the carriage was going home. That day we all three got into it, my wife first, so she was the first to tread the mat. Now, Farmer Robinson, you may think I am telling you a fable, it is no

such thing, quite true, only twisted, that is all." "Everybody knows your respectability, Squire Brown," said Mr. Robinson, "I will not dispute your word, although you might be something like the political gentry who twist about, and turn about, and jump Jim Crow, all among the witches oh!—to suit your purpose; ah, ah, farmer, that is something like it, we are tar'd with one brush, self-interest, self interest is the order of the day." "You know that old four-wheeled trap of mine, it is now in dock, at Howlett's, to be painted, lined and trimmed, and a new set of wheels put to it; I expect seeing it on its legs to day. When I was there last week, soon as Mr. Howlett caught sight of me, he said 'I am glad to see you, Squire Brown, you are just in time to see your wheels before they get a coat of paint, that's the time to judge of a wheel, Squire.' 'All right, Mr. Howlett,' said I, feeling the spokes, felloes, and stocks, 'all over they are smooth as a lady's satin dress, neither hump nor bump, the queen could not have a better set of wheels to her carriage than I shall have to mine; I would sooner have it, old as it is, than all the spider, spindled traps they now send from America; the only good belonging to them is that they will not last long. I hate the free-trade principal.' 'Oh, never mind,' said Mr. Howlett, 'let the Americans', and every other nation of the earth, if they like, send carriages to England, what do I care, I will do my work well; the best of us might get rather slovenly if it was not for a little

opposition.' I replied, 'your right Mr. Howlett, but I had forgotten that you were a liberal, so we shall not agree as well about politics as about carriage wheels, which does you a great deal of credit.' 'Not so much Squire Brown,' said Mr. Howlett, 'as to the lad who made them, he will be one of the best coach-makers in the world, and shall not want a job while old Tom Howlett has a piece of wood in the yard; I have doubled his wages from the first year he has been apprenticed to me.'\* 'That is an encouragement,' said I, 'and you do something else to encourage him, you are very attentive to your business, generally to be found in your shops, no running here and there when wanted, and when boys see their master diligent, it makes them mind their work, especially when they are so kind to them as you are, for good words, and a smiling face, goes a long way with young lads. I wish masters, generally, would follow your example. I will give a proof of my approbation, to both master and apprentice said I, throwing the youth, who was called Jim S—y, a sovereign; for I think we ought to reward merit; what do you say farmer Robinson?' "Quite right, Squire Brown."

I know the youth, alas, alas,  
I've seen him walk with the Lincolnshire Lass;

\* Those words were spoken by Mr. Howlett, to my good and worthy guardian Charles Hursthouse, Esq. who thought it his duty, as I was a minor, and my intended husband only an apprentice, to make some enquiries respecting him, he called at the millers house as he returned from Wisbeach, and gave his consent to my marriage; it is not likely that I should forget what he said.

I shall break my heart—it is something like glass—  
 If he should marry the Lincolnshire Lass.  
 I know I am a silly old ass  
 To love that girl the Lincolnshire Lass,  
 I soon shall be laid beneath the grass,  
 If he should marry the Lincolnshire Lass;  
 But talk like that is nothing but trash,  
 For I will marry the Lincolnshire Lass.

So you shall said old Squire Brown,  
 He stopped his horse and they both got down  
 At Birch's Hotel, and took a friendly glass,  
 And drank to the health of the Lincolnshire Lass.

The Squire was soon in his gig again. The farmer went up to him, shook hands, saying, "as you are going to Howlett's, the coachmaker's, you might see that apprentice boy of his; if you do, tell no tales out of school,

For the Lincolnshire Lass has won my heart.  
 Any when I go to Wisbeach mart  
 I'll make myself uncommonly smart,  
 And buy her a bun and a gooseberry tart,  
 If I don't Jemmy Johnson squeeze me.'

The Squire smiled, promised to keep all secret, whipped his horse very slightly, and was off on the Wisebeach road, and I saw him no more. The farmer was within five minutes walk of his destination; he very nimbly leaped the three steps that led to the miller's house, and gave a rat-a-tat-tat-tat with the brass knocker. The door was soon opened, he shook hands with sister Mary, my brother-in-law, the good miller of Tyddgoat, and their visitor Charley Goodman, then looked wistfully round the room, saying,

"My own queen B! my own queen B!  
 I want to see, I want to see;  
 O tell me, tell me, where is she."

Sister Mary replied,

"She will be here, she will be here,  
 So don't despair, so don't despair,  
 Come, my friend, now take a chair."

The farmer did so; pulled out his cigar case, presented it to the gentlemen, took one himself, looked again round the room, "Dear, oh dear," said he, "what a lot of daisies and butter-cups; I suppose your children have been picking them, ma'am," "No, indeed," said Sister Mary, "good Mr. Goodman has been gathering them to please his wife, out of what was once, her father's meadows; she is going to take them home to Wisbeach to ornament their sitting room, Mr. Robinson." "Excuse me, sir, excuse me, Mr. Goodman, I had really forgotten to enquire about your little wife, I hope she is well." "Very well, I believe," said Mr. Goodman, "but

She can neither dance nor sing,  
 Like my old fiddle she lost a string,  
 A short time since she was with me,  
 She's gone, I think, to your queen B.

But never mind there's nothing broke yet;" and Mr. Goodman helped himself to a small portion of Geneva, filling the glass up with water, drank it off, asking his friends what tree pinched a Jew. Sister Mary, "juniper, juniper, ju-ni-per, brother-in-law." "Really my dear, how quick you are, I was just beginning to consider." Sister Mary, "why is my sister Eliza always bothering

me with her silly questions. I am getting quite an adept at puzzles, Mr. Goodman, I will puzzle you now. "Why is a sick jew like a diamond, and like my wife?" I may as well tell you. "A sick jew is a jew-ill, a diamond is also a jewel," but like all those silly things, the spelling is not correct, brother-in-law." "But you have not told us, Goodman, why a sick jew or jewel is like your wife." "I will then, with much pleasure. Soloman says, and we will not dispute his word, that a virtuous, or prudent woman, which supposed is the same thing, is a crown of glory to her husband, and I tell you, gentlemen, that the name of Eliza Goodman, my jewel wife, shall shine with great beauty, casting a dazzling halo round the dim vista of her weak and simple old husband;" and bitter tears rolled down the good man's cheek, as thoughts of future sorrow filled his mind, brother-in-law. "Now, Goodman, you do really surprise me; you have been finding fault with your wife for being sentimental. You are like many more of us poor mortals, reproving others for their faults, and doing as bad or worse ourselves; but cheer up my boy, Cheer boys cheer! give us one of your favorite songs." Mr. Goodman shook his head. "Well, well, Charley oblige me with my favorite song, if you please—

Long may the yellow harvest glad our happy land,  
Long may her wooden walls repel each hostile band."

Mr. Goodman shook his head; the tears were still flowing down his cheeks, as he sat with his handkerchief to his face. "Brother-in-law, I see, I see, you

are like your old fiddle, out of tune; oblige me, my friends and fill your glasses, for I yield a willing obedience to the powers that be, and we will drink the health of her Majesty, God bless her.

We'll drink in a bumper, three times three,  
With a hearty, loud, and merry glee,  
To her who rules the brave and free."

Mr. Robinson and Mr. Goodman rise, and long and loudly sings, here's a health to the Queen, God bless her.

May she be victorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
Happy and glorious,

All join in the chorus—

God save the Queen.

Brother-in-law, "again my friends

We'll take our glasses,  
Here's to England's pretty lasses,  
Hoping they soon will married be,  
And with their husband's well agree."

Mr. Goodman and Mr. Robinson reply, yes, that we'll drink with three times three, three times three, three times three, with a loud and merry glee. The gentlemen then sat down and all was silent.

CONTENTS.

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SQUIRE BROWN & MR. ROBINSON'S RIDE.

MISS ALICE A'BECKETT.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

FANNY BROWN'S LETTERS AND POETRY.

COUNT MATASKA AND LORD BYRON.

THE CARRIAGE MAT.

THE COACH MAKER AND HIS APPRENTICE.

FARMER ROBINSON'S SONG.

SISTER MARY.

MR. GOODMAN.

MY GOOD BROTHER-IN-LAW, THE WORTHY  
MILLER.

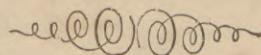
THE

FORTUNE-TELLER

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

*The Lincolnshire Lass.*



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Charley Goodman was right ; his wife was gone to Miss Liza B., she always knew where to find her. As soon as Mrs. Goodman saw her young friend, she threw her arms round her neck, sobbed aloud, as if her heart would break, " my poor Charley, my poor Charley ! " " What is the matter, said Miss Liza B. with your poor Charley ? " " I shall loose him, I know I shall, " and the poor little woman wept aloud ; big tears streamed down her pale face, but the storm was soon over ; she then said to her friend, " I had a dream the other night, and thought that my sister Miss Hardiman gave my Charley something that deprived him of his reason, and he became a wanderer upon the earth. "

I saw him in the deep ravines below,  
On the mountain's high top,  
My Charley, my husband, my fond one,  
But I found him not.

Miss B. did not answer her friend, but took a very pretty little silver wand from her bosom, struck it three times on the table, and out popp'd from a cupboard, a little old woman in yellow. Mrs. Goodman started back in horror. "You need not be frightened Eliza Goodman, said Miss B., it is only poor old Mrs. Twist, the fortune teller, she will not harm you." Mrs. Goodman gave a violent scream, saying, "no, no, it is not a female at all, you are deceived, you are deceived for once Liza B., for it is the d—, I am sure it is the d—, for I see his cloven foot, his crook'd horns, his fiery eyes, his long and ugly tail." Mrs. Twist went towards Mrs. Goodman, attempted to take her hand, but the little woman drew it back, and shrunk into a corner. But Mrs. Twist would approach her, saying, "yes Mrs. Goodman, I know you had a dream, about your husband, and it will come true too." You dream't last night about your teeth falling out; that is a sign of death. Put out your tongue, the terrified little woman obeyed. "It looks very white," said Mrs. Twist, "and what a length to be sure; but as you have a large mouth, it might not be much too big. Let me feel your pulse, madam?" Mrs. Goodman very reluctantly put out her arm. "Yes, Yes, I was quite sure your pulse is feeble; a cold sensation is felt at your heart, and throbs an icy-shivering through your frame; your face is the hue of Miss Liza B's white muslin dress." Mark my words;—

To-morrow, you shall have  
A long long run,  
A thousand miles perhaps beyond the sun.  
Ere long on your proud face,  
The worms shall creep in, the worms shall creep out,  
They shall haunt your eyelids and temple about.

"Believe me, those nasty ugly crawlers will be the size of penny candles. You have fed them upon lolly pops, instead of giving your loose coppers to Bible and Missionary Societies." Mrs. Goodman trembled. "'Tis true," she said "that I now and then spend a trifle to help a poor neighbour, in barley sugar, or something else that is nice to suck; and, in my humble opinion, there is no evil in circulating coppers. It keeps the gold and silver from rusting. Neither do I forget the cause of religion, and the claims it has upon all, rich, poor, young, old, for what mite I give is with a hearty good will. But Mrs. Twist, good Mrs. Twist, if you really are a female do some pity, take——"

I should not like to die so soon,  
Why should my morning sun go down at noon?

I have been married but six months; I have worn but once my bridal attire; I should like to stop with my poor Charley, my husband, even if he was a fugitive, and a wanderer, on the earth. "Say no more, say no more," replied Mrs. Twist, "it's all over! your doom is cast! the coffin shall be thy husband, and the shroud thy wedding garments." Mrs. Goodman heaved a sigh saying, "I am resigned to my fate."

Mrs. Twist then turning to Miss Liza B., said, "I

will now return to my lurking place ;” but the young lady said, “no, no, stay, stay, good mother Twist, I want to have my fortune told.”

Strange phantoms does my thoughts engage,  
I want to scan futurity's dark page ;  
Whether sweet, or bitter, the taste may be,  
I want an apple, from that forbidden tree.

Mrs. Twist smiled and courtised to Miss Liza B., said,

You are a sweet and pretty flower,  
You shall deck a fairy bower ;  
Not far distant is the day,  
And you shall be the Queen of May.

Yes, Liza B., you are a nice little girl, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks. You don't look like a paired turnip as you did when at Fleet, now Exercise is both proper and necessary for health.—Put your collar straight, pull the bow of your neck-ribbon down ; draw the buckle of your sash a little tighter ; put both hands to your sides and squeeze in your waist. The young lady obeys Mrs. Twist. That will do. Now turn round, and let me see how you look behind. Walk past me two or three times. Yes you are quite genteel ; you will do very well ; all right for the butterflies of Tyddgoat to pitch upon. Liza B. :—Don't think, Mrs. Twist, that the butterflies are going to suck my blood. No, no, I have a little common sense, and can discern between a cockscomb and a true lover. Now I come to consider, Mr. Robinson is to be here to day. My sister has a great wish I should marry him, but matrimony is rather a serious matter,—life and death job. I don't intend to

see him to-day if I can help it. I hope I shall not have him for my husband Mrs. Twist.

That knotty question I'll decide,  
You shall not be the farmer's bride.

But don't turn up your nose at every decent young man that may honor you with an offer, for they might be as good as yourself. I don't wish to insult you, Miss Liza B., but you are really a poor finical, fal-lal thing. You cannot brew, bake, cook, wash, starch, iron, in fact, you have every thing to learn that is necessary for house-keeping. You may have made a—but not a shirt. 'Tis true you can read well, write a little, but you are too fond of poetry, and would amuse and keep a man awake all night, if he would listen to you, but that will not do for a poor man's wife, and that you will find out to your sorrow, or my name is not Twist.

Liza B. :—What you say is quite true ; but I am neither unwilling nor too old to learn the requisites of housekeeping. I have not seen the man yet that I shall call husband ; but whoever he is, whether rich, poor, young, old, fat, thin, black, white, I will make him a good wife ; giving him hand, heart, fortune, and that will not be much, (but we can't have any more of a cat than her skin), and will, by kindness and care, make up for what is lacking in other little matters, so we might jog on middling together. I acknowledge my partiality to poetry ; that is natural ; I inherit it from my creator, and hope I shall always appreciate it. I cannot change

my gift for rhyming, any more than I can alter the color of my eyes or hair; for, like the boy with the crooked mouth, I was born so; but if it annoys my husband, I shall have better sense I hope, than to torment him with it, but I will be an authoress; yes I will, old mother Twist. What do you think of that? Not that I like a long job, but I love love thinking, and often keep myself self awake all night, and that is preparatory to being an authoress; for I will not only write a book, but books; and Miss Liza B. struck the table with her silver wand three times with such violence, that it echoed through the miller's house. The little old woman in yellow smiled, and made another curtsy to the young lady. Permit me to speak miss:—

Do you intend to make the Lincolnshire laddy's,  
To grin and laugh at the Lincolnshire Lassy,

Authorship is of all things the worst to engage your attention; sleepless nights, often wearisome days. The learned will criticise, turn up side down, and tear to pieces; the ignorant laugh and scoff at you. A life of poverty, and vexation.

"Have you forgotten that seven cities  
Now contend for Homer, or dead  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread?"

And there was Hypatia, a beautiful learned lady, who sat in the platonic school of Alexandria. She was killed with the slates of a church, and afterwards her limbs were torn asunder and burnt to ashes by the ignorant, who supposed she had dealings with the evil one. I might here men-

tion one in your own family, Doctor Melbourne of Fleet and his pussy cat black Bill. Hush! hush! Mrs. Twist, no more of your witchery; and Miss B. shook her silver wand in the old woman's face. Mrs. Twist began to scratch the back of her head, and to whimper. Now, now, said Liza B., you know that will not do for me; it's all gammon, so none of your hanky-panky, tricks. I see that you have got a big onion in your handkerchief; but, I beg pardon, Mrs. Twist, for speaking thus, for you are a real lady, and have noble blood in your veins; so come my old friend tell me some more of my destiny; don't be vexed with me; here is a piece of plum cake; I will not insult you anymore, if I do, blow me! Mrs. Twist look'd very sulky; says, blow me! what do you mean by blow me? You talk about me having a wholesome onion in my handkerchief, and you make use of such an ugly, vulgar, low word! I am surprised! You did not learn that word at Fleet! You will soon loose your respectability by using nasty slang like that; for I suppose you think yourself a young lady? so remember that good language is a far greater ornament to a female, than all the gew-gaw trappings at a jeweller's shop; so turn a deaf ear to all foolish expressions.

Liza B:—I am much obliged for this gentle reproof, and will bear it in mind; but I have several merry-making companions, and cannot always wear a face like a miserable miser.

But tell me my fortune ; good granny be quick,  
You have so much preaching I am getting sick.

Mrs. Twist :—

Hearken, hearken, now to what I say,  
And think of me another day ;  
You shall be sent to Botany Bay,  
And that will end your magic day.

Miss B :—

That's worse, and worse, upon my soul,  
What strange events you do unfold ;  
What do you mean by a magic day ?  
I will not go to Botany Bay.

To Botany Bay all rogues are sent,  
That of their crimes they may repent,  
If again I have my fortune told,  
I hope to Old Nick I shall be sold,

Mrs. Twist takes up Liza B.'s silver wand, and shaking it exclaims aloud, hear me, hear me proud Miss ! Emigration, emigration, the bright star in the Horizon of human intelligence, by which mankind is wafted from one clime to another, carrying with him the germs of all that which improves, enriches, and advances in intellectual knowledge the human race, has led the most wise, and virtuous, and will lead you also, to the shores of Australia.

But poverty, and sorrow, will be thy portion,  
To the end of your voyage on life's stormy ocean,  
Yet the Maker of man, is both righteous and just,  
And children unborn, shall honor your dust.

I think, dear Liza, then of the words of Thomas Marshall, Esq., the rich Merchant of Tyddgoat. I am glad you have made his amiable daughter your chief companion, sometimes you spend an evening with her at her own house, and amuse her parents with your

poetry, and puzzles,—when you come away, they all accompany you to the front door, you have a parting kiss with the mother and daughter, but the worthy gentleman presses your hand affectionately, saying, “Miss B., when will you honor us again with your company ?” Yes, Liza B., you have commenced your youth with honor, so continue to the end of your days on the earth. Let the words be engraven with letters of gold on thy heart ; bind them like Phylacteries to thy forehead ; wear them as bracelets on thy wrists, for they will help you to carry your load through the long and dreary bush to Long Bay, When the sands burn your feet, and the sun scorches your head, keep your eye fixed on that bright star, and you, yes you, might return again to your home, an honor to your name, and to your father's house, and John Bull would not refuse you a crust at his rich table, but welcome you, saying,—“this is our child, she was dead, and is alive again ; she was lost, but is found.” Mrs. Twist then sat down on a chair to eat her plum cake ; Liza B. wipes the tears from her eyes, for they were falling in a stream down her face, and then says ;—

“The Maker justly claims the world He made,  
In this the right of government is laid.”

And I meekly bow submissive to the will of Heaven !

“Knowing that whatever is right and just,  
And when I can't unriddle, learn to trust.”

"Blind unbelief is sane to ere,  
And scan his works in rain  
God is his own interpreter,  
And He will make it plain."

Whatever trials await me in this world, I am confident that if I look to God in faith He will give me His Holy Spirit, that I may say to those large mountains of sorrow—be thou removed, and cast into the sea! and it shall be done; for man is not a neuter but an active verb; he consequently, must depend upon himself, whether the events of this life are for his good or not. But this little wheel of fortune turns round upon such a very small pivot, that some people either do not, or will not see it, so act as if the Maker of man had nothing what-over to do with His creatures. Others, again, think that they have no power of their own, but are compelled to do good or evil as God ordains. Now, thinking I have discovered the truth of this most important branch of theology, I intend laying it as the chief corner-stone of my religious faith. You know, Mrs. Twist, that I hate idleness and gossiping. When I am a wife I shall concentrate both mental and bodily energy in one great focus, for our mutual happiness and prosperity. I don't want grandeur, but the necessary comforts of life. I will possess, if I work until midnight to obtain them, I will also have a few pounds in the "Savings Bank." Everybody should strive to have that. Mrs. Twist rises, and speaks;—Oh! oh! Liza B. what! are you going to worship the golden calf, and devote the hours to scraping

up paltry pelf, that should be spent in recreation and improvement? Believe me that money thus earned will melt away like snow before the sunbeam. Your husband will look upon you as a slave, and treat you as a tool to be thrown away when worn out and useless. You will, probably, be a beggar, and not unlikely but what your poor miserable carcass will be found upon Botany Bay beach and buried without coffin or shroud, among the sands, by some kind-hearted fisherman. The fishermen at Botany Bay had they been acquainted with poor Bess of the Forest as well as myself, she would not have cried in vain to them for help.

Now, Miss Liza B. I bid you farewell,  
With you, little girl, no longer I'll dwell,  
For I'll mount, I'll mount the witches broom,  
At Long Bay I shall be soon.

There I play with shells and sand,  
That is my pretty fairy-land;  
I'll meet you then at Botany Bay,  
And that will end my magic day.

The little old woman in yellow then went into her cupboard, and I saw her no more. Soon as Mrs. Twist was gone Liza B., went to Mrs. Goodman, who sat pensively in the corner, throwing her arms around her waist, took her hand affectionately, saying, "Don't take any notice my dear Eliza of what that old woman says, I think she is wrong in her head." But language like hers, working on a weak and nervous frame, would probably produce the effects she predicted. Mrs Goodman replied, indeed my thoughts were differently engaged;

I have been composing a few verses of poetry.

Liza B :—Do let me hear them there's a dear. I know that when you were single you used to ramble the green lanes alone, and commune with the wood nymph "Egreia." But, now you are married, I heard you had given up this truly delightful study; and, like a good sensible woman, attended most diligently to your domestic duties. Now let me hear your poetry; I am so fond of poetry, and shall excuse all small defects for the little—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,  
How I wonder what you are,"

pleases me as much as Milton's blank verse; for this reason :—the millions can understand the former, and only the tens the latter. So now Mrs. Goodman for your poetry if you please :—

#### I WILL NOT FEAR.

I will not fear at death's alarm,  
Well I know he will not harm,  
But take me to that land of joy,  
Where I shall never weep nor sigh.

I'll not fear when friends forsake me,  
That so kind were wont to be,  
Although my heart it longs to love,  
For God delights in that above.

I will not fear the vulgar jest,  
Or when by cruelty oppressed,  
For well I know it is His will,  
Who maketh good come out of ill.

I will not fear when fortune's frown,  
And not a single hope is found,  
To cheer my dark and lonely way,  
Or tell me of a brighter day.

I will not fear the midnight blast,  
Although a wandering, poor, outcast,  
The angry billows, they may roar,  
But I'll be still and God adore.

I will not fear the ghost at night,  
Although array'd in sheet so white,  
He calls my name, I know the sound,  
I run to throw my arms around.

I will not fear the lonely walk,  
For the green trees learn to talk,  
And all the little birds agree,  
That Charley's wrote on every tree.

Why is my cheek then wet with tears?  
Why those gloomy doubts and fears?  
For God has given me this bliss,  
'Tis all I crave, one little kiss—

from Charley.

Liza B :—Yes, yes, I see Mrs. Goodman you are too fond of your husband. Remember if you become an idolater, you will soon loose the name of Mrs. Goodman, for they who worship husband or wife, or children, or pleasure, or dress, or gold, or indulge in excess of eating and drinking, are great sinners. Mrs. Goodman complained of a pain in her side; Liza B. would persist that her friend was laced up too tight;—therefore began unhooking her dress behind, and discovered a black ribbon round her neck that had been hid. What have you got here? Eliza you are not a Catholic to be sure, don't meddle with that, said Mrs. Goodman, it is a silver medal; my good husband had it presented to him as a reward of merit, for endeavouring to save the life of a young man who was drowned at Wisbeach while bathing in the river Nean. I would not part with it for

all I possess. I don't want you or any one else, to see that I carry it about with me. It is true then, what I said, you are an idolater; you think more of your husband than of your Creator, said Miss Liza B. I am your best friend Eliza, therefore shall take it from you; one tap of my silver wand will cause it to drop off from your neck and spring upon mine. The trick was tried, it proved true, and both of the friends laughed. That is really, Liza B., said Mrs. Goodman, the best piece of conjuring I have seen you perform; but, after all, I do feel very queer; that old mother Twist is a strange woman. You know Sall Sharp? Miss B. nodded assent. Well she told her her fortune before she went to Australia, and it all came to pass. Sall Sharp now migrates like a bird of passage, from one country to another for a crust. She has no settled home—poor old woman. Liza B.:—Do you know what Granny Twist told Sall Sharp? Yes; I have the paper with me. Miss B. read the lines aloud.—

In some far distant land, you are destined to dwell,  
But the name of the place, I cannot now tell,  
Yet one thing is certain, you'll live in a wood,  
(And some people will think you not very good,  
Without doors, or windows, you'll live in a hut,  
You'll look like an old witch, or a dirty old slut.

Sister Mary's pretty little tortoise-shell cat now came into the room, went up to Mrs. Goodman, singing, purring, and rubbing herself as much as to say, what is the matter with you little woman? Mrs Goodman stooped down to caress her, saying—

Pussy Cat? Pussy Cat? your coat is like silk,  
Come now you shall have a drop of new milk,  
She put down the saucer, for puss to partake,  
Puss gave the lady her paw and got a good shake.

Mrs. Goodman said—

What am I to understand by you making this fuss,  
You could tell me my fortune if you was a black puss;  
To know what is coming I should be very glad,  
For old mother Twist has made me quite sad.

My dear, said Miss B. to her friend, the color of a cat's coat does not make any difference to the working of cats brains, neither does the color of the skin make any difference to the intellectual capabilities of the human race, in either case depending upon cultivation and good friendly society. When a poor cat is treated with cruelty, her feet and tail wantonly tread upon, and then told to put them into her pocket, she swears, scratches, and becomes cross, and is by hunger often compelled to steal; for the more attentive a cat is to her business, the fewer the mice, so must help herself if she has no food given her. I once knew a most beautiful black cat that stole a small piece of meat, killed with one blow by a rolling-pin being thrown at her. Now if she had been any way related to the black old gentleman that keeps a warm shop down below, she certainly could have escaped that cruel death; there are some very curious stories about cats as well as birds, and other animals talking. There was a gentleman who had been paying his addresses for some time to a young lady, and he wanted to pop the all-important question, but the queer words stuck in his

throat, so he said to the cat, Please pussy, ask your good mistress if she will have me for her husband. The lady tapped grimalkin on the ear with her foot, saying—

Pussy cat be quick, open wide your big whiskered jaw,  
Inform the good gentleman I will be his squaw ;  
If he will be kind, and make me his wife,  
I will love and obey him, all the days of my life,

Now, said Miss Liza B. to Mrs. Goodman, give me pen, ink, and paper, I will write a short biographical sketch of Doctor Melbourne of Fleet. My feeble hand and feebler head, shall snatch from the shades of oblivion and ignorance, the name of that great good man, whose eccentricities was the effect of intense study. You know that the brain-pan of all adults are of the same size, from the great philosopher and astronomer, down to the poor idiot. Men of great minds, that think much, the brain forments and throbs, so becomes heated ; consequently, they require an air valve, or ventilator, that the effervescensary of the superfluous gas may escape ; for in proportion as this is affected, the individual is released ; but if it is not sufficient, they become Hypochondrical, sometimes insane. A person who studies much, ought to indulge in sport for a short time every day, it would relieve the over-rougth brain, contribute to their welfare, and prevent this great evil ; but generally, thinkers are too intent upon their work to do so. Doctor Melbourne was a self-educated man. I know nothing of his progenetors ; when seven years old, he went three days to school, and was turned out for being a ‘‘ dunce double d.

did not know his A B C.’’ He learnt himself the alphabet ; by intense study he not only acquired his own mother tongue, but Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He studied Chemistry, and was one of the best Physicians of his day ; he studied Algebra and Philology, and became a Mathematician, Astronomer, Physiognomist, and by studying Theology, he became a Unitarian. He spent many years and a great deal of money, in the execution of a Mathematical Clock ; the Scientific Society in London offered him two thousand pounds for it, but, as the Doctor had plenty of money, it was refused. King George the third sent one of his officers of state to Fleet to look at it, who expressed himself highly gratified by saying it was one of the completest of the kind he had ever seen. This clock portrays on its disc the twelve signs of the Zodiac ; the rising and setting of the morning and evening stars, and they alternately change their positions in the clock as they do in the heaven’s ; the Planets—Mercury, Venus, the Earth Mars Jupiter, Saturn, Herschel, each moving in its orbit, and the proper distance from the sun ; the changes of moon ; the ebb and flow of the tides, the hour of the day, and the day of the month, which are all figured by twenty-three hands ; now all this is completed in the circumference of nine feet, by three in diameter, which is the size of the clocks face. Doctor Melbourne was perplexed for some time respecting the proper position and revolution of the Planet Georgeum Sidis—called so in honor of George the third ; but it is better known by the name Herschel, who

was a great Astronomer at Hanover, and living at the same time that Doctor Melbourne was, engaged in deep study with his Mathematical Clock; therefore, when he was sitting in his arm chair by the fire of an evening with black Bill, his favorite cat on his knee, he used to ask him some strange questions about this planet, which gave rise to many ridiculous stories. Doctor Melbourne did not believe in witchcraft, or evil spirits of any kind, thinking that those expressions were Alegorical Metaphors, therefore, it is not likely that he had any assistance from any other power than that which God gave him. His might have been the gift of ten talents, which very much to his honor, he improved. Mrs. Goodman :—You are right Liza B., but this great man believed in good spirits, and that, occasionally, they were permitted to visit this Spheorid. Liza B. :—So do I, so do I; that belief has ten thousand charms for me; I also think that if our optics were sufficiently clear we might see them, and that if they were endowed with the faculty of articulation, would speak by beating the air, which I will illustrate by this simple fact. When we sleep we generally dream if we speak, our voice sounds hollow,—very different to when we are awake; and the effort of speech is attended by a quick and nervous exertion. But our All-wise and good Creator has ordained that we should walk in this world by faith, and not by sight. Mrs. Goodman :—Then with all your studying Miss B., you have not yet ascertained with accuracy the nature and capabilities of the departed

spirits. Tell me some of your ghost stories, now please. Liza B. :—No, no, I don't please, I shall overstep the boundary line; neither will I be bothered with any more of your questions, I have not yet done with Doctor Melbourne and his clock. We called it St. Paul's; its face was of silver, its case beautiful Mahogany, the pendulum the size of a common dinner plate, the little box that contained all the action of the planatory motion the size of a cigar box; it was covered over with green baize curtains, hiding its beauty from the eyes of the vulgar, but mine has often seen this wonderful clock; my hands handled the diagrams that this extraordinary man invented, it stood in the parlor, a room that we occupied nine months' in the year. My mother was living with Doctor Melbourne when he was labouring at this clock; the former Mrs. Melbourne, you know, was sister to my grandmother, her name was Alice a'Beckett, hence the appellation of Uncle and Aunt; the Doctor was very fond of my mother, and though angry because she married my father, who was a journeyman miller and baker, gave them the Tyddgoat Mill. Dr. Melbourne was a friend and colleague with Doctor Priestly, and several other scientific gentlemen of his day. After the death of our own Aunt, the Doctor went to London, and when on a visit to the Rev. Dan. Taylor's, a Baptist Minister, became acquainted with Miss Smith, who kept a small boarding school in London. This person was almost as eccentric as the Doctor; he made her an offer either to be

his housekeeper, or his wife, she of course preferred the latter; they got privately married; the lady being thirty four, the worthy Doctor seventy-two; he lived but two years; he is buried in a vault with pretty iron palisadings round, in the Lutton Unitarian Burial Ground, close here are interred all our own family; the Doctor bequeathed his widow nearly all his property, it was not known till then that she was his wife, of course, the will, with the marriage certificate was produced; there were a many disappointments and vexations about the property, my grandmother's family was an exception. I think it was owing to this circumstance that Mrs. Melbourne was so fond of my grandmother and mother, always speaking of the former as her good sister, and the latter as her dear, dear niece. I sometimes think they must have had an idea that she was married to the Doctor, but be that as it may, she took great interest in my mother's children, generally having one with her for company. After the death of my mother, she took my sister, Miss Maria B., whom she idolised, and adopted her as her own child, very much against my father's wish; but he was too proud and independent a man, to let her keep his child for nothing; therefore, he used to pay her in presents. After the death of my father you are aware, I was put under her care as a boarder to educate, but Eliza Goodman you know, that Mrs. Melbourne of Fleet was jealous of me; the poor little orphan child Elizabeth. I was always called by that long word, their! and big bitter tears ran down the cheeks of Liza B. Mrs. Goodman

wept too; kissed her friend, saying, do not weep, do not weep my dear Liza, it is one of your chief maxims, that God makes all things work out something for our good—if we put our trust in Him. So it is mine; you know those beautiful verses.—

“ Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
But trust Him for His Grace,  
Behind a frowning Providence,  
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,  
Unfolding every hour,  
The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flower.”

But my dear we've had enough talk about Mrs. Melbourne of Fleet; I am sure the recollections of your school days will often fill your eyes with tears. I hope you will soon be married, and if you have as good a husband as myself, you will not repent. Miss Liza B. :—That's true; Mr. Robinson is coming to-day to have a final answer; my objection to him, is, not that he is twenty-five years my senior, or that he has been courting ladies too numerous to be mentioned; a person whom he will call wife, will be something out of the common, as he is so difficult to please. As for his sister, no one could help liking her, she is one of the cleverest young persons I am acquainted with; but the farmer's mother and I should not agree; she is what I call a nigger-driver, and we should be quarrelling.

For I should be writing some pretty songs,  
In would come my mother all hammer and tongs,  
Now Bess, she would say, I wish you was dead,  
I'll throw that ink bottle at your head.

She pull'd my hair, and gave me a slap,  
Telling me to iron my night cap;  
And we should begin a quarrelling, a quarrelling,  
The boys and girls a hollowing, a hollowing.

Then in would come old Farmer Jack,  
With a big thick stick, to lay on my back;  
And would say madam, take this milking pail,  
You dirty, Dorothy dragaltail!  
I should reply you've no more manners than a bull,  
I'll throw the milk bucket at your skull.  
Then we should begin a quarrelling, a quarrelling,  
Boys and girls a hollowing, a hollowing.

Then in would come a policeman to take us off to quod,  
And that would be a disgraceful ugly job;  
The men would fight like pussy cat and toby,  
I'd stick a feather in my cap, and cry out maccaroni.  
To see the men a quarrelling, a quarrelling,  
Boys and girls a hollowing, a hollowing,  
When husbands and wives are quarrelling,  
Boys and girls a hollowing, a hollowing.

Really, Liza B. said Mrs. Goodman, that is a very coarse, vulgar, paltry song. I could not have thought you could have opened your mouth so wide for such ugly words to have come out. I can tell you that every village maiden ought to learn milking as well as A B C; I often wish I had been taught domestic work; I am happy to say that I can now iron Charley's shirts middling; we cannot expect to have good husbands if we don't do the best in our power for them. Liza B. humm'd and hah'd, and blew her nose; then said, do you know who is coming to day,—somebody of great account,—Lady Lucy and Squire Turner. The house, mill, bakehouse, stables, &c., &c., has been painted, the house from top to bottom has had a turn out; everything is in apple pie order.

even poor old Matthew Cook has made stalls for four additional horses; he told me he nursed Lady Lucy when a baby, and thinks as much of her coming to Tyddgoat as my sister Mary. Mrs. Goodman:—Then this grand lady and gentleman are coming to Tyddgoat in a carriage and four. Good gracious how the people will stare at poor old Bess. Liza B:—At poor old Bess, who do you mean girl? go to sleep, go to sleep. I will shake my silver wand, and the bells of Tydd St. Mary's shall ring a merry peal. When you hear them, awake, awake little woman, for you may be sure that the Squire and his lady are coming. Mrs. Goodman threw her small handkerchief, the size of a cabbage leaf, over her face, leaned back in her chair to take a nap. Liza B. walk'd round the room, playing with her silver wand.



**CONTENTS.**

---

MRS. GOODMAN'S DOOM.

MISS B.'s FORTUNE.

MISS B. IS DETERMINED TO BE AN  
AUTHORESS.

EMIGRATION.

MRS. GOODMAN'S POETRY.

THE IDOL DISCOVERED.

SAL. SHARP'S FORTUNE.

DR. MELBOURNE OF FLEET—

HIS MATHEMATICAL CLOCK.

BLACK BILL AND HIS FAVORITE CAT.

MISS B.'s SONG.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ARRIVAL OF LADY  
LUCY AND SQUIRE TURNER.

THE ARRIVAL OF  
SQUIRE TURNER

AND

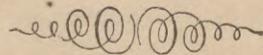
LADY LUCY.

MR. ROBINSON'S COURTSHIP:

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

*The Lincolnshire Lass.*



SYDNEY:  
J. G. O'CONNOR, PRINTER, YORK STREET.

THE ARRIVAL OF SQUIRE TURNER  
AND LADY LUCY.

MR. ROBINSON'S COURTSHIP:

BY

BESS OF THE FOREST,

THE LINCOLNSHIRE LASS.

---

"Hark the merry bells are ringing,  
Men and boys are loudly singing,  
What great wonder has come to pass?  
Here's Bess of the Forest, the Lincolnshire Lass!  
In a carriage and four, oh dear! oh dear!  
Women and girls, oh! how they stare, stare,  
At poor Old Bess."

OF all the throng assembled on the bridge, to welcome Lady Lucy, as the carriage passed, she knew nobody, all all were strangers. Poor old Matthew Cook stood by the stable door watching and waving his dusty miller's cap; the lady greeted him with a sweet smile. Miss Liza B., after setting the bells ringing, put the silver wand into her bosom. Mrs. Goodman was soon wide awake,

looking as brisk as bottled ale. Lady Lucy had scarce time to alight from her carriage, before sister Mary, with one spring, was down the steps. Such a meeting I never saw; it was, indeed, a beatific vision, as their arms clasped each others neck, heart to heart, throb to throb, pulse to pulse; joy, too great for utterance, vibrated through each soul, and could only find relief in tears. The Squire and my good brother-in-law turned their backs, so that the long-parted relations should enjoy this fond embrace. The gentlemen then shook hands; Charley Goodman, he, too, was out, looked at the carriage, felt the spokes, felloes, and stocks of the wheels all over; then stooped down to see the cap; he knew the engraving and the builder's name. Oh! oh! I have some knowledge of that good man; he understands how a carriage should be made. Yes, said the Squire, if you can use a spoke-shave as well as that coachmaker, you need not fear getting a job, go into what corner of the globe you may, that is if you will work at your trade. He then went up to my brother-in-law, who was patting the horses—and four handsomer little pie-bald cobs, fat and plump, were never harnessed to a carriage; they looked as if their owners knew how to treat four-legged animals. Lady Lucy had made pretty brown nets to shelter them from the flies; and, though they had had a very long journey, they did not sweat a hair. Carriage, servants, and gentlemen, now went into the yard, and the door was shut.

Lady Lucy followed sister Mary up-stairs. The first thing she did was to throw up the window, and, putting out her head, exclaimed, while big tears rolled down her face:—

“ How glad I am to see my dear father's mill,  
The creaking old wench is standing there still  
How oft have I thought when far, far away,  
I never should see such a bright sunny day.”

Now, my dear Lucy, said sister Mary, what's the use o' crying; let us eat and drink— “ For to-morrow we die,” said Lady Lucy, who was as quick as a cat springing on a mouse; we do not know “ what to-morrow may bring forth ”—great changes I have seen in less time.

Sister Mary then assisted her friend to remove her hat, veil, and travelling cloak; then, oh! what wonder met her gaze? A gold chain of such extraordinary beauty, that she could scarce give utterance to her surprise and delight. Where did you get this magnificent gold chain, dearest Lucy? From the gold mines of Australia, said the Lady; my husband bought a good claim at Parson-Land View, and I laboured at it myself, working day and night, twisting and turning it about; the more it is examined, the greater the beauty. I have a Magic Glass attached to it which I dilate or contract at pleasure, and it produces every object according to my wish, but useless to any one else; for I am

“ Bess of the Forest the Lincolnshire Lass,  
And I pick'd up this Magic Glass;  
You may think I am a curious lass,  
To pick up this Magic Glass.”

Sister Mary kissed her Lucy, again and again, saying, you always was very curious, my dear, when a child ; at least I thought so. She then commenced turning out boxes, drawers, &c., &c., showing Lady Lucy the contents, where we will leave them, for Mrs. Goodman is coming up stairs, and the conversation will not be so interesting. Miss Liza B. like a good girl, as she always is, went to see if there was anything wanted doing in the front room, where she knew the friends would assemble. As she opened the door, the first object that met her gaze was Mr. Robinson standing before the large looking-glass, putting on his hat, for he intended to depart, thinking that it was in vain staying any longer, as he would not have any chance of a favorable interview with the lady of his choice. But the mirror had shown the farmer Miss Liza B. coming into the room all smiles and in excellent health and spirits ; his "black billy" fell from his hands on the floor ; believe me he did not stoop to pick it up, but scampered to his Queen B., throwing his arms round her little slender waist, almost devoured her with kisses. He would have a waltz ; in vain the Lady said she could not dance any better than a cat in pattens. Never mind that darling, we are both alike, said the farmer, but we'll

"Twist about, and turn about, and jump Jim Crow."

So they did, and almost crack'd their sides with laughing. Mr. Robinson would then have a jig up and down the room, singing :—

"My own blue bell, my pretty blue bell,  
I never will roam where roses dwell ;  
My lips you view of your own bright hue,  
Then who'll ever doubt that my heart's true blue."

Kissing the little girl till the saliva was fast falling into her mouth. Now, now, upon my word, farmer Robinson, this is too much of a good thing, said the young lady, as she began wiping her face. Tell me, ducky-bird, said the farmer, what makes an old cow saliva ? Because she can't spit, answered Miss B. ; but you are a much worse donkey than I took you to be, Johnny Robinson ; a complete jackass,—and they both laughed. Pardon me, my dear, for being so vulgar ; you know that gentlemen in love are troubled sometimes with the simples. The farmer then went down on his knees, taking the hand of his Queen B., positively tried to whimper : in fact he could scarce articulate the words :—

"I'll put an end to my bachelor's life,  
And make you, my dear, a farmer's wife ;  
So now be quick, and don't delay,  
I want to fix the wedding day."

I must be quick and fix my collar and neck-ribbon straight, said the lady, blushing like a dog in a dark entry, or I shall have the ladies and gentlemen here before I am fit to be seen. She had scarce spoke the words when their footsteps were heard, and, in a few minutes more they were all seated and paired off. First couple : my good brother-in-law and sister Mary, dressed as she always was, in the fashion ; frills and flounces up to the waist—let the material be what it might, all the

colors of the rainbow, but she'd look well; black eyes, long black curls, six inches taller than her sister, Miss Liza B. Second couple: Charley Goodman and his little wife, Eliza, looking more like a school-girl than a married woman; her dress was black silk, made half high, with a very narrow muslin frill, pleated round the top; a coral necklace of four rows, with a very pretty gold snap; beautiful flaxen curls, hanging loosely, seemed to have lost their brightness, for after the excitement of seeing Lady Lucy was over, Mrs. Goodman became gloomy and languid. Third couple: the Squire and Lady Lucy; she wore a rich black silk velvet dress; no jewels or ornaments of any kind but her gold chain; indeed she did not require any, and if every lady would endeavor to weave and twist one like it, it would not only beguile away an hour, but contribute to their mental improvement. The Squire had on a travelling cap, the shape of a man's long night cap, made of worsted, blue, red, yellow, green, white; a long cord and tassel at the end, reaching to his shoulder, he begged that the company would excuse him not taking it off, as he had lost nearly all his hair by the burning sun of New South Wales. Fourth and last couple: Mr. Robinson and his sweetheart; of course they sat lover fashion, the gentleman's arm round her waist, looking very happy. Come, said my brother-in-law to the Squire, what will you have, my friend, to drink? Adam's Ale, nothing stronger for me,

thank you, was the reply. What, what, I hope you do not belong to the herring-gutted tea-totallers? I beg pardon, though, ladies and gentlemen, that is a slip of the tongue; I know many of those would be over-righteous that loudly exclaim against a man enjoying, in a moderate way, the blessings God has sent; so that when a friend comes to see them, they may very genteely dispense with the cost; it is nothing else but stinginess with half of them. I know some who keep grog in their bed-rooms, and take a jug of hot water with them going to bed; what do you call that but treating the old gentleman at the back door? But, Squire, I will not press you; each man shall please himself, when a guest of mine. My brother-in-law then handed the gentleman a long pipe, but he said, no, no my friend, I have declined both smoking and drinking, for this reason: I am a weak-minded being, consequently, cannot do either moderately, but I take snuff. The Squire then took a large round black paper box out of his pocket, a vulgar-looking thing, and handed it to the company, but all refused. There is then more for those that will, said the Squire, and shoved two or three pinches up his nostrils and commenced sneezing, his eyes and nose running; Lucy, Lucy, darling, my nose-rag, my nose-rag, be quick, be quick, that's a good woman; you see what a nasty plight I'm in,—nose and eyes running into my mouth. My dear, said Lady Lucy, after feeling the Squire's

pockets in vain, I don't know anything of your handkerchief; I have not got it; you have left it somewhere; you are always losing them; I have left off buying good pocket handkerchiefs. Well, if you do not find me a nose-rag of some kind or other, I will wipe my snuffy nose on your starched petticoat, I hate starch; and he commenced taking hold of the lady's black silk velvet dress. Squire, squire, said Lady Lucy Turner, I will not allow you to be so rude before company, as to take up my gown. Mr. Goodman very politely handed him his; the Squire made good use of it, blowing his nose, wiping his eyes, face and neck, and then examined the handkerchief, saying, I know this, it was once mine, I lost it twenty years ago; I went with a large party, in a steamer, to Sutton Wash Bridge—because Lady Lucy had never seen it; I lost my handkerchief there. I don't know, Squire, answered Charley Goodman, my mother bought it, I will tell you when it was; I was going to be married, and she had to do all the shopping; this little wife of mine was so bashful she would not. I gave my mother a sovereign to buy the padlock: she said she would treat me to a new shirt; so I said, here's another pound, get me three or four good silk nose-wipers, for I hate to see a fellow with a fine starched shirt and a cotton pocket-handkerchief. If you doubt my word, look into the corner, it is marked with my name in full with my wife's hair; is that yours? said Charley, exhibiting it to the Squire. I don't care

for your mark; I swear that pocket-handkerchief was mine, but, as I have lost it so long, I will not argue the matter. Come, Lucy, give me my apple. I met with poor old blind Cocket, last night, and he gave me the last golden pippin he had left, I had forgotten it till now, I gave it to you to take care of for me. Lady Lucy humm'd and hah'd, and began to giggle, and fumble in her pockets. I would bet any money that you have eaten it, said the squire. The Lady showed her husband the stalk and a small piece of the core. He was really a good-tempered man, so he only laughed, saying, I should have given you half, but as you have eaten all the apple you shall pay for it with a dance, so get up, old lady, and step it out. Lucy Turner complied, and the poor old Squire kicked up his heels singing as loud as he could brawl—

' My darling Lucy what a cheat ;  
No damask rose is half so sweet  
As thy fair and lovely cheek,  
    Tu la ral, la la la.

'Tis true you are a little sinner,  
But a bold and brave good swimmer,  
We've had a race but you're the winner.  
    Tu la ral, la la la.

The little ladies they are witches—  
Botheration take the stitches,  
Upon my word I've rent my breeches.  
    Tu la ral, la la la."

The Squire gave such springs, that off fell his cap,—his cap of many colors,—leaving his head as bare as his face. He picked it up and placed it on the head of Lady Lucy.

it so amused my brother-in-law that he not only joined in the merry laugh, but rubbed and clapped his hand, asking for a repetition of the song and dance; it would have made anybody laugh to have seen the Squire and Lady Lucy twisting and turning about, for they did their best to please the company, and the Squire really did cause the stitches of his trowsers to give way, by kicking up his heels so high, that his wife said

“Giddy, giddy gout,  
Your shirt’s hanging out,”

it is time to leave off dancing; so they did, loudly cheered; all were full of mirth and happy but Mrs. Goodman; not a smile visited her pale face; she was sitting as if in deep thought, brooding over imaginary evils to come. My dear, said her good husband,

“What ails thee, Eliza dear, my sweet adored,  
Is it not well with thee, well both for bed and board?  
I will ever be kind and good to thee,  
Be happy then Eliza dear, what is it that aileth thee?”

Mrs. Goodman replied, putting her hand to her heart—

“I have a secret sorrow here,  
A grief I’ll never impart,  
It breathes no sigh—it sheds no tear,  
But it consumes my heart.”

The Lady sang it with peculiar pathos, that her husband said, well done, my dear, you have greatly improved in singing since I learnt you the gamut; I am much pleased, so to please you I will sing your favorite, the “Chamois Hunter’s Song,” that goes to the same tune as the Swiss

Boy, which you know very well; you can join with me in the two lines of the last verse.

“And when the twilight rosy tints  
Has faded from the view,  
And he no more can track the prints  
Of Chamois through the dew.

Oh then, though weary be his toils,  
Toward his cot he roams, he roams,  
And finds in woman’s cheering smiles  
The sweetest, the sweetest welcome home.”

All the company joined in this pretty little song. Mr. Goodman putting his arm round his wife’s waist, and bending down his head to hers, a tear dropt from his eye, falling on his wife’s pale cheek, rendering one visible that had glided unseen from her eye, they both united in one little crystal pearl, falling on Eliza Goodman’s hand. The Squire said to his wife, Now, dear Lucy, be quick if you have any friends to enquire about, I shall only stay a day or two at Tyddgoat, a week at Wisbeach, and then to London: my first visit will be to Charles Ward & Sons, 164, Drury Lane, and a few others. Many years ago, if you remember, Lucy, Alderman Hunter, since then Lord Mayor of the City of London, was taking a friendly cup of tea with us, and very kindly invited you to spend a month with his family, and I will, upon my word I will take you with me there, and then to Weymouth, that is your favorite place; I will take a nice house, perhaps, at Upway or Wykeregis, for twelve months, that you may enjoy yourself with your old friends and neighbours; after that, back to New South Wales, build a grand

house at Parson-Land View, and name it after your good guardian—Hursthouse Lodge—and when I die bury me there; that place is my delight, my paradise, my all. The Squire began to weep. Lady Lucy put her arms round her husband's neck to comfort him, saying, My good old husband, nothing is easier than to paint those pretty, fairy pictures of future happiness, but I tell you, as I have often told you before, you make too great an idol of that place, you will never have any good from it. The Squire looking up to her face, replied—Why, you old rogue, did you not find a mine of wealth there and twisted that gold chain from it, the one you wear round your neck? It is a true saying that the women are never satisfied; it is useless to argue with you, so just enquire about poor old Ben Palmer and his wife Jessie. With all my heart, said Lady Lucy, looking towards Sister Mary, do you know anything about those friends of ours? I remember the night before Benjamin was married, my grandmother said to him, Now, my boy, you are a member of the Cricket Club, Tradesmen's Club, Odd Fellows' Club, and several singing societies, when you take a wife, you must haul down the royals, reef the mainsail and all the loose canvass, and be prepared for the shifting winds of fortune, so that you may find safe anchorage when you are moored; spend your evenings at home, read aloud to your wife and take every opportunity of improving your household, that a blessing may attend your union; a husband's vacant

chair looks very ugly in the eyes of his wife of an evening. All right, grandmother, said Benjamin, as he shook hands with the old lady, bidding her good night. I know but little, said sister Mary, about those friends of yours; a few months after they were married, they left Squire Grundrey's, and went into a large way of business for themselves. Mrs. Palmer did not get money so fast as she expected, so gave it up, and would leave good Old England, for at that time Jessie, not Benjamin, ruled their affairs, or they would not have left their native land. Mrs. Palmer was a strong-minded woman; persuasions and arguments were useless, she had set her heart upon going to the Cape of Good Hope, and they took their departure amidst the farewell prayers and blessings of their friends. To the Cape of Good Hope they went, and Jessie says she will end her days there, amusing herself and friends with singing—

“ At the Cape of Good Hope I ever will stay,  
It pleases me better than Botany Bay,  
My head shall be shaven,—my face painted black,  
If to my own native land I ever go back.”

Brother-in-law:—Mrs. Palmer was a very good wife and respected by a numerous circle of friends, a clever little body in her way, but—but—but— What do you mean by your buts? said sister Mary. Ah! I know now what it is, she opened all her husband's letters and knew to a shilling what he owed, and what was owing to him; it was all right, for Benjamin was never displeased because she did so, and if he was agreeable, what did it matter to any one else.

Brother-in-law :—It would not do for me ; let me catch a wife of mine opening any of my private letters of business, I would bang her with the fire shovel round the room at night ! What do you say gentlemen ? Mr. Robinson speaks.—

“ You are quite right, you are quite right,  
She ought to be horse-whipped day and night.”

Mr. Goodman :—I approve of the lady so doing, and hope if ever I get into business, my wife will follow her example. I knew a Mr. Fletcher, he was arrested on his death bed for debt ; they had lived in great extravagance, kept several servants. He supplied his wife liberally with money, being in a large way of business. She did not know but what she could well afford to wear silks and satins ; her husband died ; the creditors gave her one hundred pounds. She went to London, opened a milliner's shop, and in less than three months died of a broken heart, leaving seven orphan children to find a home where they could. Mrs. Fletcher was a most amiable woman, but quite ignorant of her husband's affairs ; had it been otherwise, in all probability, a great deal of this sorrow would have been saved. Captain Daws was gazetted last week, his liabilities were ten thousand pounds. His wife did not know, till a friend of hers showed it to her in the newspaper ; those two persons were both acquaintances of mine, and I do say if a man has a good wife she is entitled to know all his affairs. My brother-in-law did not like to be beaten, so

he called for a show of hands. Squire Turner, Charley Goodman, and all the ladies held up theirs in favor of the motion, that Jessie Palmer was in the right. Mr. Robinson scratching his back, said he really thought there was a flea on his flannel shirt. Miss Liza B. laughed, clapped him on the shoulder, saying, Oh, oh, Jack Robinson, you have lost, the ladies have carried the motion by a large majority, and I tell you Mr. Robinson without joking, when I am married, I will open all my husband's letters ; I do not intend to play a game of blind man's buff all my life, so you have only to say whether you will be agreeable or not. The farmer colored up, he was embarrassed. Well, he said, I should not like so simple a thing as that to part us, I will consent, for of course you will allow me the same privilege ? Oh no, oh no, said the lady, that is a horse of another color ! Then, said the gentleman, I will not marry you, neither will any one else, and you will be an old maid, you'll be an old maid, ah, ah, ah !

“ You'll be an old maid, to the devil you'll go,  
I very well know, and there to sew,  
Without a thimble the breeches O !  
To sew without a thimble the breeches O.”

The lady replied—

“ And you will be a bachelor,  
A fusty stinking bachelor ;  
If you had a wife you'd thrash her,  
If you had a wife you'd thrash her.”

Mr. Robinson took out his watch, and said he must go home, as he had promised his sister to milk the cows in

the evening; so shook hands with all in the room but Miss Liza B., that young lady held out her's in vain, saying—

“ I am truly sorry to provoke,  
I only spoke, sir, in a joke;  
To marry is an ugly knot to tie,  
We only undo it when we die.  
You said I was your own queen B.  
I wish to try your love for me;  
But do forgive, I humbly pray,  
And I will honor, and obey.”

Mr. Robinson's reply—

“ Forgive, the farmer replied, and swore,  
Pray of forgiveness, can no more,  
I vow as I stand by this door,  
I'll knock you down upon the floor.  
Sooner than have you for my wife,  
I'd take an knife and end my life;  
You fawning, canting, hypocrite.  
He clapped his hands, and said good night.”

*Exit Mr. Robinson.*

The Squire laughed, and said, I am blessed with a very good memory, for I positively remember a Lincolnshire farmer making himself such a donkey as Jack Robinson. Nonsense, nonsense, replied lady Lucy Turner. There was silence for a few minutes. Sister Mary then said to Miss B., I wish you to please yourself who you shall marry; but as you are the youngest of the family, I should like to see you fixed comfortable. Married, married, dear sister, I will be an old maid, but not to mend leather breeches. I will instruct the young, and write books. Sister Mary laughed. I don't mind you laughing, or anybody else, said the young lady.

“ I'll be an old maid, all the days of my life,  
Better be an old maid, than a sorrowful wife,  
I'll do as I like, and go where I please,  
I'll have no ill-natured husband coming to tease  
Poor Bess, Poor Bess.

I'll be a merry old maid, and I might'nt be alive,  
At the good old age of ninety-five, of ninety-five,  
And then, and then, I would wish to die,  
Oh dear, oh dear, how the people would cry  
For poor Bess, poor Bess.

I'll have coffin and shroud, and hearse so gay,  
What a crowd, what a crowd, on my funeral day,  
Now in the grave, now in the grave, I am gently laid,  
The people will say she was a good maid, a merry old maid  
Was poor Bess, poor Bess. Alas! poor Bess.

Miss B., said lady Lucy, you would not have been allowed to repeat a song, however well worded, much less write one, when living at Fleet with Mrs. Melbourne; she had a great dislike to music, and would not allow singing even in her chapel.

Sister Mary :—That old lady was very unwilling Liza, that you should learn to write, telling me, that when you was a woman she was sure you would make a bad use of it, but she did not care for that; I know she was afraid that you would supersede her idol, Miss Maria B.

Lady Lucy :—I do not like favorites in servants, or children, the former will generally become artful, and treacherous, the latter story tellers, disliked by their brothers and sisters, often bring sorrow to their relations. I could mention several cases, to prove the truth of what I say, but it would waste time.

Liza B. :—It was not only in writing, that Mrs.

Melbourne endeavoured to prevent me improving; she would not allow me any books to read but my school books; it is true I had a good assortment, my sister had Lord Byron's Poems given to her for a present, and Aunt gave her strict orders that I was not to have the perusal. However, I watched an opportunity before supper to secret it, by sitting upon it, and while at this meal to shade the book with the table cloth. I soon committed to memory the poetry that was congenial to my taste. I sometimes think this is the reason I am so fond of Lord Byron's poems.

Brother-in-law :\*—I never liked Mrs. Melbourne, and never shall, that is the truth. I was summoned on a jury, at Holbeach; it lasted three days; it was late in the evening, perhaps six o'clock, and being in the winter, nearly dark when I got to Fleet; of course I could not pass Mrs. Melbourne's, without calling to see the children, so I tied my horse to the white rails in the front of the house, and after knocking for some time, and asked over and over again who's there? was admitted. The tea was over, but the old lady against my wish would go into the kitchen to order another to be brought in; I was ushered into the parlour. Don't you remember Liza, you were only ten years old? I took you on my knee; after kissing you, I ask'd how you would like

\* This gentleman was Mr. Bowker, my good brother-in-law. In the "Careless Gleaner" I have given an account of his melancholy death, which has often filled my eyes with tears, even since I have been in New South Wales,

to be shaved; commenced operations by rubbing my rough beard on your little chin, saying, now give me a hearty laugh, I scarce ever see you smile. No, no brother, you said, Aunt will be very angry; what for? said I, for laughing; hearing the old lady, you were again seated on your high stool; after taking a cup of tea, I soon made my exit. I could scarce shake hands with the old lady, for I absolutely hated her afterwards, to think that she had the care of an orphan child, and refused her an innocent laugh. When I came home, I said to my wife, if I was sure that old woman was unkind to poor little Liza, she should not remain with her, though Charley Hursthouse is her guardian.

Lady Lucy :—Mrs. Melbourne is a woman of small capacity, narrow mind. I have heard her say, that when living in London, it took all she could earn from Monday morning to Saturday night to live genteel, and pay her way; she was punctual to the last farthing, and would give a trifle away to the poor and needy, and to the cause of religion. She married Doctor Melbourne, of course, for his money; when he died, she came in for the larger portion of his property; she became covetous, stingy, greedy of gain, often letting trades-people have a small sum of money for a few months, and charging them good interest; she thus increased her wealth. Joseph Harris was her sister's son, and a great favorite with his Aunt Melbourne; he paid her forty pounds rent for some land; the roll of notes were put into a drawer

by themselves. Hill's Bank of Wisebeach stopped payment three weeks afterwards, and as there was ten pounds belonging to that bank among the forty, she sent it back to him, to give her a good one for it; he of course refused. She scratched his name out of her will, and spoke to him but once afterwards.

Brother-in-law :—I knew Joseph Harris well, he is dead; a better man never lived. He had seven hundred pounds in the same bank; the loss broke his heart. He did not want his Aunt Melbourne's legacy. Do you know Lady Lucy, if that old woman gave anything to his orphan children? for their mother died twelve months before. Lady Turner shook her head, saying, no, no, she never, never did. The servant that lived with her was very careful, and had saved a little money. She let a cousin of her's have twenty pounds, who had a barge, and traded in coal on the canal, at Wisbeach; the man did very well, but he was taken ill of a fever and died, leaving a widow and four children. When the letter came to Fleet, informing Mary of the death of her cousin, now my good girl, said Mrs. Melbourne, what's the use of crying for the dead, or the living widow and fatherless children; you know that lawyer Johnson, of Holbeach, calls upon me on a Friday, when he goes to Long Lutton market, as I always have something for him to do; now he shall write a lawyer's letter for you at my expense, to the widow, demanding the money that you let them have. I hope the paper that you have got as security, is a proper one, payable on demand; the servant showed her

mistress the note of hand. Yes, yes, all right, said the good lady; the letter was sent. The poor widow in less than three weeks was deprived of her bread, having sold her barge for a fourth of its value, and came in Lawson's carriers cart, with a child three months old, one bitter cold day, and gave Mary the money. When Mrs. Melbourne had ascertained that the cash was all right, she sent Miss Maria B. the darling of her heart, into the kitchen, with some of the best Souchong Tea, with strict orders that Mary was to make the poor woman comfortable.

Brother-in-law :—I hope as Mrs. Melbourne was so generous as to pay for the lawyer's letter, she was equally so in defraying the poor woman's expenses coming with the money.

Lady Lucy :—Oh, oh, no, no; that is, as Miss B. says, a horse of another color; she walk'd back to Long Lutton the same evening, the next day to Wisbeach.

Miss B :—I know all that your ladyship says is true to the letter. I have been eye witness to both, and several other things equally cruel.

Lady Lucy :—Then I tell you that as your sister Miss Maria B., is so well trained in the art of covetousness, and oppression, she will, when a woman, supersede her Aunt Melbourne in heriting all her bad deeds, but very few of her good ones. It is because she is stingy, and ever careful, that the old lady likes her the best; she i

a stranger to the warm liberal heart that throbs in your bosom, still, I do not say but what she might be a little jealous, for I know she would not allow you to write upon any subject, not even on a slate, whereas your sister was indulged in that sort of thing when she was inclined. I will give the young lady her due, she was an excellent writer of blank verse, and that you will never be. Now Liza B., if you ever become an authoress, you have nothing to thank your Aunt Melbourne for, but be cautious, and have no dealings in money matters, either with her or your sister Maria; if you do, you will be caught in a net of destruction, and your path through life strewed with thorns, for wherever the Golden Calf is set up and worshiped, it anialates, withering, and blighting every tender emotion of the human heart.

Liza B. :—I know them too well, ever to have a shilling of their money.

Lady Lucy :—But your husband not knowing them so well, might be persuaded, for it is not likely you will be an old maid; if you have a husband, caution him against those worshipers of the Golden Calf, they are more to be dreaded than the wild beasts of the forest.

Sister Mary :—You are right lady Lucy, the worshipers of the Golden Calf have no respect of persons, they will offer their own children on its altar. I knew a Mr. Stephens, he lived in a beautiful villa, it matters not where; when he was a lad, was errand boy, then apprentice, then shopman, then partner, and eventually

owner of a large wholesale grocery business; he accumulated wealth amazingly. He had a large family; his eldest daughter and myself were true friends; we belong to the same christian denomination; visited each other as often as our business would permit. Miss Stephens married Mr. R. M., a very nice young gentleman, with a small fortune, but no trade or profession. Mr. Stephens therefore bought a very large Commercial Hotel, advanced two thousand pounds on the stock, fixtures, and furniture, not as a marriage portion for his good daughter, but to have good interest for his money, as well as rent for his house; at the end of seven years, they were in great difficulties, having to keep up a large establishment of servants, and business fluctuating, it prayed upon my friend's mind. I could see the canker-worm at work at her heart; she was rapidly going in a consumption. One day, feeling a little better, she thought she would go to see her parents, for a drive, who lived about ten miles distant; her father was in the garden; as she drove up he met her in the lawn, saying, well Martha, what are you going to do, live, or die? as I want to know what I am to do; the poor thing's heart was full; she said, turning to her servant, drive me back home to my husband. Old Stephens sent in the bailiffs' next day; the husband took ready furnished apartments for his sick wife; she died the following week. Mr. Stephens made a pompous funeral for his daughter; three coffins—

And hearse so grand, in feathers dressed,  
Convey'd her to her final rest,

In a new family vault.

I would not go to the funeral. I hate such mockery and pomposity for the dead. Last week I was taking tea with my good friend Mrs. Worthy; my servant girl brought me a dirty looking paper, folded up like a letter. I said to her, you need not bring that to me, it is a brief; I know by the look, and as we have so many, I shall not open any when brought. Mrs. Worthy went to the window and looked out, and informed me that it was poor Mrs. Nixon, she said that her husband had been buried the week before; she was left a widow with five children. You know old Squire Thompson? he is very rich, has hundreds of acres of land, several large houses; he owns all that long row of cottages, called Elizabeth Place; poor Nixon lived in one; the man was ill several weeks; they were in arrears of rent when he died; the parish buried him; the coffin had scarce gone from the cottage, when the bailiffs' were in to take possession of the few things that were there. Old Squire Thompson, with his own hands, cleared the table of a small piece of cheese, and part of a loaf of bread, put them into the cupboard, and the key into his pocket. Dear me, how sad, the ministers of every denomination were making collections last Sunday for the poor Irish. Was there not one to be found to plead the cause of this poor widow, and fatherless children? Mrs. Worthy shook her head. We sent the poor woman ten shillings each.

Squire Turner :—I knew them two brutes well; they are not deserving the name of men. I have transacted a good deal of business with both, and sold them carriages; I did not like them afterwards, particularly old Squire Thompson, they were close shavers, but ready-money customers.

Brother-in-law :—If I had my will, I would have them both tied to a cart's tail and horse-whipped from Weymouth to Dorchester, and back again. I will now have a pipe and glass of brandy and water.

Hoping the man will never get fat,  
That carries two faces under one hat.

Come my friends help yourselves, let us be merry, but wise and careful, not greedy, hospitable without excess. Mr. Goodman then took a pipe, saying, "champagne to real friends, real pain to sham friends"; the Squire took a pinch of snuff, and called upon Miss Liza B. for a song; the young lady said that her stock was nearly exhausted, but if Lady Lucy Turner would pardon her, there was one thing she wished to speak about, for her ladyship was mistaken when she said that I had nothing to thank Mrs. Melbourne for. I have much, I assure you, with all her oddities, to remember her with gratitude; she taught me to read properly, to behave properly, fed and clothed me well, and her servant waited upon me. 'Tis true she rarely spoke to me with kindness, never with affection, but I received no more correction from her than a box of the ears with a spelling book,

and being shut up in a room by myself, to kneel on the hearth-stone for several hours together.

Lady Lucy :—The strict discipline that you underwent at Fleet, will strengthen your mind to bear the trials of life with fortitude ; there is a great deal of credit due to you for remaining there so long.

Sister Mary :—Mr. Bowker was so troubled about Mrs. Melbourne's unkindness, and the partiality she always manifested between my two orphan sisters, whose hearts she was daily severing, instead of uniting them together, that I went to Fleet the next week with the full determination of speaking with her about it, and acquaint Mr. Hursthouse with the affair, for I was quite sure I had often seen your eyes full of tears ; but when I looked again there was a smile on your face ; the day I went to see Mrs. Melbourne, there was a private meeting in her chapel, it gave me a first-rate chance of speaking with you ; I called you to the window to tell me which balsam you liked best. I put my arm round your waist, pressed you to my heart, looked at your eyes. Yes, yes, the hearts tears were there ; mine were full, the words were on my tongue, is my little sister unhappy ? but they died away again, I felt as if on sacrilegious ground. I tried again to give utterance, but failed, for I think it a great evil to question children, so I said I should like to go into the garden, Liza, are there any gooseberries and currants left ? I must not go, you said, into the garden,

without first asking leave of aunt ; the gooseberries and currants are gone, except a few under the shade of the trees, and these Sister Maria and I are saving unknown to aunt, to surprise her with a plateful on her birthday. Then, said I, aunt Melbourne must be very kind to you, or you would not be so good to her. First, to do as she bids you, secondly, to save the fruit, which you could have eaten yourself. Don't you remember what a naughty girl you were at home, when poor father was living. As soon as the green-gooseberries were in, there was no such a thing as keeping you out of the garden ; father used to say to me, Mary, I am sure that Elizabeth eats the sour fruit although we are always telling her not to do so ; says I, she is in the garden now, I will watch her coming out. I did so, calling you to come to me into the parlour, as I wanted to try on a new frock. I am going to school, you said. Never mind, if you are a good girl, you shall have a holiday, and go with me to see Mr. Metcalf. I took hold of your arm and brought you in, untied your pinafore and frock, and out fell half-a-pint of sour green gooseberries. Now, said I, you can go to school, you are a very bad child ; if it was sister Sarah, instead of me, she would have given you a slap on the back, and boxed your ears in the bargain for not doing as you was bid. So, if Mrs. Melbourne has taught you obedience, my dear, she has greatly benefited you, as it is the best of all lessons. The sound of voices prevented further chat, for in came Mr. Hursthouse, Mr. Stanger, and Mr. Welch, the good

deacons belonging to Lutton Chapel, and several others that I knew ; the old lady was dressed in her best black satin, and the essence of politeness, as poor Mr. Bowker used to say ; she insisted upon all staying, and she did really make a most excellent cup of tea. I returned very little better for my visit, but made up my mind to keep a strict watch.

Squire Turner :—I recollect having a good cup of tea once with the old lady, she invited me to look at her clock, which was a great favor, telling me, as she said, as much about it as she knew.

Lady Lucy :—I remember that day, very well, I can also tell you of another very good quality belonging to Mrs. Melbourne ; she paid no respect to persons, she would as soon show her clock to the poor as to the rich, if she was in good humour, but if in a bad one, and a nobleman came in a carriage, soliciting the favor of seeing it, she would order the door to be shut in his face.

Squire Turner :—Yes, yes Lucy, you are quite right my dear, I could tell by the look of her physiognomy ; she could be as sour as a crab-apple when she liked, and I really wonder Miss B. how you could put up with her oddities so long.

Sister Mary :—So do I, that puzzles me.

Liza B :—I had a draw-bridge.

Sister Mary :—A draw-bridge my dear ; I do not understand you.

Liza B :—I will tell you. I had been living with Aunt Melbourne about twelve months, when one Friday morning, Mary having a great deal of work to do, got up half an hour before the time appointed, and it so annoyed her mistress, that she would not have the breakfast brought in until nine o'clock, which was half an hour past the usual time ; she was finding fault with everybody and everything ; at ten o'clock she ordered me to bring her up my school books, which were nine. Being in a bad humor, she set me about double the usual task ; as the clock struck twelve, she said to me, you ought to have learnt them lessons by this time. I was quite perfect in seven, but made a trifling mistake in the spelling and grammar, those books were returned to me with the tasks doubled. I was ordered into the next room till three o'clock, to kneel on the cold hearth stone ; at the hour appointed, I was called before her again, I had learnt the spelling, but not one word of the grammar. The old lady was very angry, she boxed my ears well with the book, and ordered me into the kitchen, to have my hands and face washed, and dinner, which she said was put down by the fire to keep hot, which was more than I deserved. When you hear the clock strike four, come to me again for the grammar book, and take your place as before until you have learnt it. I went into the kitchen, and Mary washed my hands and face, brushed out my curls, so nicely, gave me a kiss, set my dinner

down on the table, telling me to be a good child, and learn my books, repeating the old adage

“When house is gone, and money spent,  
Then learning is most excellent.”

It was a very good dinner: roast pork, potatoes, rice pudding; but my heart was full, I could not eat, but waited for the clock to strike four, I then went to the parlor, took the grammar, and then, to the hearthstone and opened the book. Mrs. Melbourne had added another page to the former ridiculous long task; I therefore shut the book and laid it down by my side, employed my mind in thinking of my sorrows, and planning how to get away. Mr. Smith, the minister at Luton Chapel, had said to Aunt Melbourne once, when she had been complaining about me not learning, that he would be most happy to take me for the same pay as she was receiving. She never told him any more tales about me; six o'clock my sister Miss Maria B., brought me a cup of tea and some bread and butter, and enquired if I had learnt the grammar, I answered no, I could not learn so much, and that Aunt was always so cross with me. She replied, of course she is, because you will not learn your book; aunt has no trouble with me; but, said I, there is a great difference between us, you are two years older, and was with aunt six years before I came. When poor father was living, and I went to Mrs. York's school, all I had to learn was about six words of two syllables,

and four of words and meanings; if I did not know them the first day, the next would do; I wish I was going to Mrs. York's school now! I dare say you do, she replied, and drawing out your words half a yard long, a-n-d b-u-t f-o-r, and we both laughed. Seeing my sister in a good humor, for she was quite as ill-natured to me as aunt, I said to her, do you know how long I am to remain at Fleet with Aunt Melbourne? It is Mr. Hursthouse's wish Elizabeth, she said, that you should stay till you are turned seventeen years old—if aunt thinks by that time you are fit for something else. Mrs. Melbourne called her darling away; I was to remain until I knew my task; the door was shut. Come here old Murray, said I, taking up the grammar book, you might not be so bad as I imagine. I love Mr. Hursthouse, he is a very good man, everybody says that of him, and what everybody says must be true; he was the draw-bridge. I looked over the lesson, and soon learnt it; then went with my book into the parlor, but Mrs. Melbourne was very angry, she said she would not be bothered any more with me, I might say the lesson to my sister. I did so, but the old lady would not allow me to remain in the room. I might sit on the bottom step of the stairs. Ten o'clock was the time fixed for Mary to have half-an-hour up stairs, to meditate and pray; Mrs. Melbourne told her to leave the parlor door three inches ajar which gave me an opportunity of hearing the conversation between aunt and Miss

Maria B., which I will give word by word, as I heard them.

Aunt Melbourne :—What a miserable day I have had through that servant girl of mine girl did I call her, a woman between thirty and forty years old, she ought to have known better, than to get up of a morning before seven o'clock ; it's not the early rising as I am always telling her, but the well spending of the time ; for gossipers, if they rose with the sun in summer, would not have their work done till it went down. I have said to her, over, and over again, that I would not have my fire burning, and chairs and tables reketing, I would not get about before seven o'clock of a morning, no, not to please the queen of England ; but she has not been any forwarder, as I have had several things cleaned that really did not want it ; she shall not gain anything by being contrary. I am very poorly my dear child to-night ; if I am not better by Monday morning, I shall send for Doctor Fraser. I paid him five pounds for only one journey, but what of that, what's money without health. Since my dear doctor Melbourne died, I never experienced such relief as from his red, red, red—what do you call it? I cannot think of that long ugly word ; red Jamacia sarsaparilla, dear aunt, said Miss Maria B., quick as lightning. Yes, my dear, that is it ; what a good child ; you are as useful to me as Moore's almanac. I wish my dear Doctor Melbourne had been living now for

your sake, he would have taught you algebra ; I shall never forget that good man. I have occupied his arm-chair ever since his death ; the peg rail in the passage I had removed, where his coat and hat used to hang, for the sight of them distressed me. Although I could not see the old lady, I knew she was taking a pinch of snuff, and wiping her eyes, she always did when talking about Doctor Melbourne in this way. Now, says aunt, to Miss Maria B., give me a box of pills, bottle of eye water, bottle of lotion, and a bottle of cough mixture ; the young lady brought the drugs. Aunt uses the eye water, takes a pill, three tea-spoonfuls of cough mixture, administers a similar dose to Miss Maria B., saying, your lungs are very much affected my dear, to-night ; you must have a skin of chamoise leather, four times doubled, and a large blister on your chest, the size of a dinner plate, the small things are of no use. I shall have one behind each ear next week, if my eyes are not any better—they are excellent things for strenghtening the eyes ; here's a pill for Elizabeth, and she must continue taking a cup of rheu tea for another nine mornings ; she is a poor sickly looking thing—it will not matter if she does not live. I dream't last night about your mother, but it had slipped my mind till now, my memory is very bad, but no wonder, considering what a wretched day I have had.

Maria B. :—Did you really dream dear aunt, of my

mother? I wish I could; I can scarce remember her. Yes, my dear, said aunt, I did indeed; I thought she came through the window, with a large piece of drapery thrown over her shoulders, and said to Elizabeth, come here my child to me, and live with your mother in heaven. I said a very good job to, for if she lives to be a woman, it is very doubtful if she gets there. Your mother took no notice of me, but departed with her charge. There is a pill for Mary, and lotion; tell her my dear, when you give her the lotion, to rub it well into her stomach, and to wear a piece of new flannel four times doubled on the chest, and insist upon her taking that thick ugly busk out of her stays. Aunt Melbourne now retires to her closet for a quarter of an hour, my sister comes to me, and we enter the next room in the dark, to pray, Eleven o'clock strikes; Mary comes to her mistress, telling her that all the doors and window shutters are fastened, under the beds have been well examined; there are no thieves inside, and she is quite sure that they cannot get in. If bolts and bars are of any use. That is all right, said the old lady, but the wind is blowing very strong; I am always so nervous about that large window up stairs. Doctor Melbourne had it made that size, and to face the east, when he was at work at his diagrams for his clock. I wish you would put the large kitchen-tongs, shovel, and poker against the door of the room, for there are so many thieves about on a windy night, and I have seven hun-

dred pounds in the house. Mary did as she was desired, and then placed, as was her custom, on a small tray, matches, two candles, one small pretty bell with an ivory handle, a big bell, which was called Tom of Lincoln, and a large watchman's rattle, something like a child's cracker. Mrs. Melbourne brought it with her from London. They were all placed on a stand by the bed side, and before twelve o'clock the house was in darkness. The wind blew stronger and stronger, and down came the big kitchen-shovel, tongs, and poker, with a loud clatter on the stairs. I never shall forget that night, the old lady rang the small bell. Who's there? said Mary, as loud as she could bawl. Lighting both candles, Miss Maria B. got hold of Tom of Lincoln. My dear child, said aunt, it is quite impossible for you to ring that big bell. The young lady took both hands and rang a merry peal; Mary wanted to open the windows and spring the watchman's rattle, but aunt said no, we will first go and see the cause and examine the place; you might not have set the kitchen fire-irons right, and the strong wind may have caused them to fall down. This proved to be the fact: for after searching every hole and corner from top to bottom of the house, over and over again, nothing was found disturbed. Mary put the cinders of the kitchen fire together; Aunt gave her a bottle of elderberry wine to make hot, having had a long tramp up stairs and down in our night dresses, we were getting chilly; she was clearing the ashes out from the bottom of the grate

to make a piece of toast, when she upset the saucepan, over went the elderberry wine, and out went the fire. We were all sitting round; I would have laughed—if I dare. The old lady said well, well, aday, it cannot be helped, if we begin the day wrong, I often remark it continues till night. We will now go to bed, it is two o'clock; to-morrow might be a better day—and so it proved. Mary was not up before seven o'clock in the morning, and everything went on in regular order; it was Saturday, but Saturday was not any holiday to the little girls at Fleet from book learning; the only difference was, that instead of being in the parlor all day, we spent the morning in the chapel to learn our tasks; as we passed through the house and large lobby to this place of worship, my mind was struck with the quietness and beautiful cleanliness of all around. There is something heavenly when a house is clean, and in good order; we took our seats in aunt's large pew as was our custom. I opened my books with the full determination that however disagreeable and painful my situation might be, I would remain, and that without complaining; as I grew older, and my mind expanded, I longed to pour out my sorrows to those I loved, and who loved me, but I adhered to my resolutions. Four times a week my sister had some religious subject given to her to write upon, but no such luxury was granted to me; this bitter privation filled my eyes with tears, but I sent them back again. Many a little

song I composed sank into oblivion; the only rhyme I told to aunt, was an acrostic on my name, it was my birthday. We had a nice plum cake for tea; the old lady was in a good mode, but she only answered me with a grunt.

I lost all relish for the plum cake; years rolled tedious enough, for Mrs. Melbourne always looked upon me as something inferior to her dear Maria. The day at length arrived for me to depart, and bid adieu to Fleet and all its little vexations. I had been living but a few months with you sister Mary, when Mrs. Hursthouse died, who inherited in the superlative degree, all the good qualities of my worthy guardian—(she clothed the naked, visited the sick, improved the ignorant; she had always manifested the greatest, tenderest regard for my welfare, when I occasionally spent a day with her family. I was at her funeral, and for reasons I shall not here mention, she was buried in Tydd, St. Mary's church yard; good Mr. Aash, the worthy clergyman of the parish, performing the funeral service.) Mr. Hursthouse was a Unitarian; when we returned from the church yard, my worthy guardian read a funeral sermon in his large hall, to a numerous audience, relations, friends, tradespeople, and servants belonging to the family; all were anxious to sympathise with the living, and show their respect for the dead. Mrs. Hursthouse was a Miss Jakes, her father and brothers were rich merchants at Wisbeach. Mr.

Charles Jakes went to live at Norwich, and was mayor of that city. I remained with the bereaved family three weeks, making myself generally useful, rendering every assistance in my power. I composed some verses on the death of Mrs. Hursthouse, which I gave to her eldest daughter one evening as we were walking up and down the long gravel walk of their beautiful garden—this place was a perfect paradise, at the end was a large fish pond, summer house and observatory. Miss Hursthouse read the verses, thanked me, and put them into her bosom; we continued to promenade, our chief conversation being about her good, good mamma. Miss Hursthouse was about my own age, but much taller; I said to her, alas! I never knew a mother's love. I then gave her a short account of the many sorrows I had had at Fleet. She said, how strange Elizabeth, that you did not acquaint papa! Briefly, as possible, I told her of my sister Maria and the grammar book; the next morning Miss Hursthouse, Miss Hanah Hursthouse, and myself, went down to breakfast. I took my seat as usual between those two young ladies at the table. Mr. Hursthouse saluted us all three most affectionately, with the compliments of the morning, as we entered. This gentleman was a great reader, having always at breakfast and tea time a book out of which he would read aloud after those meals. We had been seated but a few minutes, when I found that I was an object of great scrutiny by Mr. Hursthouse; my heart, and my eyes were full; I

made myself quite certain that I had inadvertantly displeased this good man. He did not long keep me in suspense, but said, I was not aware, Elizabeth, till my daughter told me last night, that Mrs. Melbourne was unkind to you, or believe me I would not have allowed the youngest child of my good neighbour, friend, and christian brother, to have sown her first crop of wheat in tears; but as it has been so, and out of respect to myself, all that I can now say to you, my foster-child, is, that you may reap a rich and golden harvest. I could not help the big tears streaming down my cheeks in gratitude. This was my only reply: I apologise ladies and gentlemen, said Miss Liza B., for talking so much about myself, but circumstances sometimes compel us to do so, if I wander to Botany Bay, as old Mrs. Twist says, to comfort me, I am to think of the words of our good neighbour, Thomas Marshall, Esq., shall I not, much more remember those of my worthy guardian; yes, yes, I will—

When through the dreary bush I pass,  
They shall be wrote on each blade of grass,  
To cheer the heart of the Lincolnshire lass.

If tears flowed from my eyes, when young, healthy and strong, surrounded by the rich and good, who loved me, were they not much more abundant when I lived at Long Bay, an outcast, a beast of burden, deprived of every social comfort; but when I began to write "Bess of the Forest," with all its little fairy pictures of past days, I

folded it to my bosom with delight, saying, I am now reaping the rich and golden harvest that my good guardian spoke of, for if I had not employed my thoughts by night and by day, in this delightful enjoyment, I should, in all probability, put an end to my existence. I hope therefore, those who think I have done wrong, and would be inclined to condemn me for publishing this garret of loose lumber, as being incongruous to my present situation, bear in mind that it was composed by me, several months previous to me going to live at the Tower ; but being only extracts, I had to pull to pieces, twisting and turning up side down, some of the best pieces. For, as I have said before, I wish to get a trifling profit, which would be very acceptable. I must of course try to please the majority of readers that would like to laugh at me, not myself. As for me, I wish to cry to the end of my life, and give a religious legacy to the world.

Miss B. having finished the account of her school days, helped herself to a piece of plum cake ; her good brother-in-law gave her a glass of wine, which she drank in silence. If you go to that part of the globe, my dear Miss B., said lady Lucy Turner, you might live at Long Bay. I knew all the little knolls and nooks in that quarter, which will be just the thing if you are fond of courting the muses. At Randwick, half way between Long Bay and Sydney, there is Byron Lodge, that like a golden meteor, will shine on your path ; you will be at home at

that gloomy old forest, and not be weary ; you will fancy you hear the little shrill voice of Mrs. Melbourne, saying to you—Elizabeth look at your book child, hold up your head, and set your feet right. Byron Lodge will bring many curious events of childhood to your recollection ; the last time I was there, Mr. Isaac Nathan made me a present of a song, “Long Live Victoria,” a national anthem, to which he had composed music, and most respectfully inscribed it to Sir John Young, governor-in-chief of New South Wales. I believe his excellency forwarded it to her Majesty the Queen of England. Byron Lodge was a great charm to me ; you see my dear there is something in a name. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan, Captain and lady Vine, when living there, were exceedingly kind to me. Do you not think, said the Squire to lady Lucy, that Miss B. is very much like poor Ellen Fairburn, before she was married ? The lady smiled and nodded assent. Sister Mary looked very sorrowful, and said alas ! alas ! poor Ellen. What has befallen her ? enquired lady Turner.

Sister Mary :—Very little I know about her, but her's is a tale of sorrow ; about sixteen months since, my sister Martha died, leaving seven children ; this day week I went to see them. I had a good deal of business to transact in the town ; it was getting late in the evening, but I would not come home without going to the cemetery, to look at my sister Martha's grave ; as I approached the gloomy path, shaded with old oak trees,

that leads to the silent dead, the shades of evening rapidly closing round, I felt nervous and lonely, so I commenced speaking aloud the funeral dirge, which I learnt out of a newspaper. I will repeat the first verse :

“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust,  
Here the evil and the just,  
Here the youthful and the old,  
Here the fearful and the bold,  
Here the matron and the maid,  
In one silent bed are laid.  
Here the vassel and the king,  
Side by side lie withering,  
Here the sword and sceptre rust,  
Earth to earth, and dust to dust.”

The sound of my voice seemed to cheer the solitary walk ; as I emerged from the trees, I was startled and surprised by seeing an object in white, kneeling at the stone of my sister Martha's grave. I secreted myself behind a large tomb stone, to ascertain the nature of the being, whether earthly or heavenly, that was attracted at that late hour of the night to that hallowed spot ; to my great amazement who should it be, but my dear Ellen Fairburn ; she was dressed exactly as my sister Liza is now, a white mull-muslin dress, with four deep tucks, a present from myself some years before, for her attending to our business, while me and Mr. Bowker went to Stanford races, to see his aunt, Mrs. Mill. She had a very pale pink neck ribbon on, and broad sash to match ; a large bunch of the most beautiful dahlias stuck in her waist ribbon, close to the buckle ; her hair was hanging in beautiful ringlets—the picture of innocence and loveli-

ness was poor Ellen. She rose from the earth, clasped her arms around the grave stone, weeping bitterly, then took some letters from her bosom. I knew by the signatures that they were from noblemen ; she tore them to pieces, tossed them in the air, and the fragments blew away ; she then took a silver medal that was attached to a black ribbon round her neck, kissed it several times, pressing it to her heart, sighed heavily, looked anxiously, as if expecting and waiting for some one to come to her. I approached, and extended my hand to her, saying, Ellen, dear Ellen, why weepest thou at my sister Martha's grave ? I am Mary, my best beloved ; thy mother was mine, relate to me thy secret sorrows, and give ease to thy troubled spirit. At the sound of my voice she looked up ; her tears were dried, her face wore the sombre hue of death gazing at me. She said, putting her hand to her bosom—

“ Alas to the heart that is rent,  
What nostrums can soundness restore ;  
Or what to the bow over bent,  
The spring which it carried before.  
The rent heart will fester and bleed,  
And fade like a leaf in the blast,  
The crack'd yew no more will recede,  
Though vigorous and tough to the last.”

BYRON.

It will not, cannot give relief,  
To tell to thee my secret grief ;  
Upon this earth I'm doomed to roam,  
I have no sweet, no happy home.  
This is my fate, until I die,  
But if the tale should make thee sigh,  
I'll strike, I'll strike, the light, the light guitar.

When I ride the witches broom, through the air, I see multitudes of children, and I sweep, I sweep; for when their bright intellect shall expand, what untimely blight shall dim their earthly joys, and strew their path with sorrows; the bountiful Creator has given into my extended arms, His own beautiful universe—

For every flower, shrub, and tree,  
Has a voice and speaks to me.

But with all those blessings I am not satisfied, and long to press some beloved object to my heart, that shall respond with equal ardour to my affection.

I ask it, I seek it in vain,  
From In', to the northermost pole;  
Unherited, unpitied, complain,  
And pour out the grief of my soul.

What bosom shall heave when I sigh?  
What tears shall respond when I weep?  
Or what to my wailings, what wails shall reply,  
What eye mark the vigil I keep?

BYRON.

Yes, I stand alone on this lovely earth, and ever shall, till the grave receives me into its final embrace. Some years ago, you remember my dear Mary, that Mr. Fairburn had a misunderstanding with a sister of mine, and ever since then, he has hated me with deadly cruel hatred; yes, with deadly cruel hatred. Her eyes flashing like fire, she put her hands to her burning temples, wept aloud, but such tears I never saw before, that I could not help crying myself. My dear Ellen said I, you are laboring under a most painful mistake; I well

recollect the sad affair that you allude to, the loss and sorrow that your sister's cruel conduct caused Mr. Fairburn. You had nothing to do with their disagreements and your husband has better sense than to condemn the righteous with the guilty. I am sure he has as much love for you now, as he ever had, perhaps more. I was in Wilkie's large confectioner's shop in George Street, last week, when Mr. Fairburn came in; I assure you that it done my heart good to see him, for I always liked your husband Ellen, he was over-joyed at seeing me; we shook hands, had a little chit chat about family matters. He purchased a beautiful plum cake and some lollies; he had a large handkerchief full of fruit, all these good things he was going to take home to you at Long Bay. This was not any proof that your husband hates you. Believe me its all a delusion, banish it from your mind dear Ellen; but if I have failed, convincing you that your husband dislikes you, I cannot conceive of a life more wretched than yours; therefore come and live with me, my home shall be yours, I will love you as one of my own children. I threw my arms round her, pressed her to my heart, saying come, come with me dearest Ellen, but she answered me no, no, and commenced playing with the silver wand, and singing—

ELLEN FAIRBURN'S SONG.

Here I will remain till midnight.  
Then over the hills I'll take my flight,

There I shall find my own true knight.  
Happy Ellen, happy Ellen.

He gathers me buttercups and daisies,  
I'll give him this boquet of dahilas,  
We'll dance and sing with the fairies.  
Happy Ellen, happy Ellen.

Give me dear Mary a lock of your hair,  
And shed, and shed a secret tear,  
For poor Ellen, poor Ellen the fair.  
Unhappy Ellen, unhappy Ellen.

I heard some one call, and turned my head when I looked again, Ellen was gone.

Brother-in-law :—My worthy friend Fairburn made a great mistake when he took that church and school Glebe land, at such an exorbitant rent, for ninety-nine years lease ; lease, lease, did I say, why the simple man has paid seven or eight years rent, and the officials have not yet had time to make out the lease ; if I had a mind to be vulgar, I should call it humbugging work. I have often said to him, what a piece of folly to spend your little money, and waste your good time at that barren place ; for what with clearing, fencing, cutting drains, &c., &c., it will be your ruin ; a tradesman like you, what do you know about cultivating the soil ? let the farmer keep to his plough, the chimney sweep to his sout bag, the blacksmith to the anvil, coack-makers, cabinet-makers, carpenters, and wheelwrights to the bench, the bricklayer to his trowel ; let them stick together like bricks and mortar, to their respective trades and callings, and depend they will prosper in the end ; you are a

complete donkey, to go to that Paddy land ; but you might as well sing psalms to a dead horse ; he took no notice.

Squire Turner :—It is an old saying, but true, no one knows where the shoe pinches but those who wear it ; I do not blame the poor man. I can tell you, my friend, that he would not have gone to Paddy's land, as you call it, but for Ellen's unnatural sister ; he would have stuck to his trade, like a good man, and made a fortune. Poor Ellen always thought that her husband disliked her, because of her sister's bad conduct to Mr. Fairburn, but she was mistaken ; he was as fond of her as most husbands are of their wives. If a man knows he has been ruined by her relations, it will be a source of sorrow to both, as long as they live. I loved Ellen before I was married, but that has made a difference ; has it not, old woman ? said the Squire, turning to Lady Lucy. You know my darling that I positively went a-courting to her, and was as big a donkey almost as farmer Jack Robinson. Ellen was staying a few weeks at Wisbeach, with Miss Blackburn. I was an apprentice boy to Mr. Howlett at that time ; the first time I was in Ellen's company, was at a large birthday party ; we had a game of stealing young ladies from their home by the gipsies ; the lot fell upon me to father about four-and-twenty. Says I, I am a most happy young man ; the lasses brought me a big old arm chair out of the kitchen, and

we all got fixed on each other's laps. In came Mr. Joseph Peacock, dressed up as king of the gipsies, wearing an ugly mask—a droll object he looked. He began to pull, and the girls began to rigle and to gigle; creak, creak, went the old arm chair. What game do you call this? said I, as the seat gave way piece by piece, letting us all down on the floor. The ladies soon got up, but they pinned me down, pulled my hair, pinched my ribs, took off my boots, and tittled my feet until they were tired, as well as myself; you remember that Lucy dear, don't you? Yes, yes, said the lady, I have laughed about that piece of fun many a time, when living at Parson land view. Was that the beginning of your courtship Squire? No, no, but I made up my mind that Ellen should be my wife; there was something about her I liked; but the lady and her family were strangers to me; she was seldom seen, except at chapel. Mr. Samuel Hopkins was leader of the choir at the same place of worship, and I was his best man, and though I say it, none of them understood the gamut, or could sing better than myself; often I looked across to the pew, where sat little Ellen, hoping the time would soon come, that I should be better acquainted with her. The wished for day arrived; the Unitarian's association was to be held at Lutton; the Wisbeach choir had an invitation, and their expenses defrayed, to attend. We got up several pieces of music for the occasion; Ellen was then

on a visit to her cousin Mr. John Boston, at Long Sutton; I knew that she would be there; her cousin's pew was the one in front of the singers; soon as the service was over, Mr. Boston shaking hands with several that he knew, said lads, if there are any that have no tickets for dinner, I keep open house to-day for all, so come, come and welcome. I ventured to shake hands with Ellen, making up my mind, soon as the dinner was over, to go and speak with her; I did so, just as she was going out to see a friend who was ill, and wished to see her; it was two miles she said, and there would be no time to spare, intending to be back by the evening service; she was going to say good afternoon sir, but I had the words out first, I will accompany you Miss. Without waiting for an answer, I walked by her side. We had a pleasant afternoon tea, and several little hindrances, that walking as fast as we could back, it was past seven o'clock when we reached the chapel; of course the first singing was over. I knew I should get a good lecture from Mr. Samuel Hopkins, and I was right; we had scarce got out of the chapel, when he began,—You are a pretty fellow to run away, after all the trouble I have had of getting you on, and getting up the pieces of music for this evenings service; the first was omitted, owing to you not being there; after dinner I wanted to go into a private room, to practice two or three tunes and not seeing you, I said to Mrs. Hopkins, what has

become of Jim S——y? I cannot see that lad anywhere. My wife answered, you are not likely. Did you not see Miss, Miss, I forget the young lady's name, with Mr. John Boston, that gentleman is her cousin. I guess he prefers her company to yours, he is always talking about her to me when he comes up of a evening to practice; so you may as well sit down, and make yourself easy. Easy, easy, said I, it is easy for you to talk, but without him we are sure to break down. I hope you have got some cat-gut in your pocket, for if he is not there to-night when I want him, I shall get into a scot, and snap will go the fiddle strings. Mr. Hopkins was an excellent performer on the bass-viol. Now, my boy, said this gentleman, tapping me on the shoulder, if you are thinking of courting, make a short job of it, and marry the young lady. Three months after, I led you my dear lady Lucy Turner to the altar, dressed in a lavender lute string gown, sky blue mantle, tuscan bonnet, trimmed with broad white ribbon. I have never repented; a better wife never wore a wedding ring; in property and riches, in sickness and health, you have been the same; varied not from the path of duty and affection as you began, so you will continue, I have no doubt, till death us do part, and that will be better than bellowing like a town bull for me, should I go to the grave first.

Sister Mary:—Poor little Ellen, if you remember, Squire was married on the same day. You are right,

said the gentleman, in this very room her wedding was celebrated, the tables covered with costly piles of food.

Lady Lucy:—Upon my word Squire Turner, you are something like Miss Maria B., blessed with a good memory, and as useful as Moore's Almanac. Mrs. Goodman whispered something in her husband's ear, to which he replied, yes my dear; he then arose from his seat, saying, ladies and gentlemen I wish to puzzle you:

My first and second is the lot,  
Of each delighted guest,  
When every sorrow is forgot,  
At friendship's social feast.  
But both united form a word,  
Which, when those hours are past,  
We grieve to find how e'er defered,  
We must pronounce at last.

Miss Liza B. said I know that puzzle, Mr. Goodman; will you allow me sir, as the day is coming to a close to tell it; it was a favorite riddle with Mrs. Melbourne. Certainly Miss B., said the gentleman. Answer, "farewell," signifying that we have been happy, and well entertained, but that it is now time to part, and say farewell; the Squire replied, your puzzle is good, very good, Mr. Goodman.

Brother-in-law:—I suppose your little wife has been reminding you that she would like to go home, so oblige us by singing "Home, home, sweet, sweet home," my good friend Charley. Mr. Goodman consented, and sang it with such pathos and sweetness, that it drew tears from

the ladies. Mrs. Goodman replied to her husband, by saying—

There is no place like home, sweet home,  
I am never so happy as when at Bell View;  
I hope my dear Charley, we never shall roam,  
From the cottage so pleasant to view.

Miss B. answered, yes Bell View is a pretty little cottage,

With its prim hedges so green,  
Its roses and woodbines, and 'es-anines sweet  
The little French windows they always look neat,  
If you take my advice you will never roam,  
From that little cottage, your nice little home.

Mrs. Goodman left the room to put on her bonnet and cape, to go home; the door was scarce shut, when my brother-in-law said, Squire Turner you have been a great traveller; half over the globe I dare say. Did you ever see that curious little body, Sall Sharp, and her husband? for I think that they went to New South Wales. Yes, certainly I have, he said. One Monday morning I was strolling through the bush, between Maruabury Bay, and Parson Land View, I thought I heard a female voice lament in sore dismay; I listened again, and distinctly heard the wild and fearful cry of—my husband! my husband! where are you now? will you not come to me? I shall be murdered! I hastened on, and to my great surprise, it was, I assure you, poor old Sall Sharp, wringing her hands; the wind was blowing her hair over her face; she looked the picture of grief, poor woman. I asked, what's the matter Sall? She said that a wicked man had robbed her, that she had thrown some hot

water on him, and she was sure he would be revenged, perhaps murder her, if her husband did not come home to protect her. I wish the vagabond would come now, I said, I would give him pepper. Do you see those, taking out of my pocket two pistols, I will blow, his brains out; you need not fear, no harm shall befall you at present. We walked together to Parson Land View, and I sat down under the trees, looking at the beautiful scenery around. I exclaimed there is not another paradise like this in New South Wales.

Sall Sharp:—Do you call this place a paradise? where I expect to have my throat cut every night. Is it a proper place for a female to live alone? I knew but of one earthly paradise, and that was Esquire Hursthouse's garden, at Tydd St. Mary's, Lincolnshire. Miss B. gave a very meagre description of that delightful spot. Its area four acres, and four gardeners constantly employed. Several wild animals cut out of wood, and painted their natural color; little summer-houses and recesses greeted you at the end of every walk, flowers and fruits in abundance, of which you were at liberty to partake. There was a serpentine walk of 300 feet long, enclosed with laths and wires of net work, over which was trained, alternately, fruits and flowers, and I wish Esquire Turner that I could waft you to those Sylvan shades, there to drink the pure parnassion dews, dancing with fairy nymphs, and decking their raven tresses with the lillies

and the roses, and they, in return, plucking for you the grapes and necterns.

Squire Turner :—

I would rather dance with you Sall,  
For you are a funny gal ;  
Now think no more about the thief,  
So here's a kiss to cheer thy grief.

The good gentleman did indeed kiss and hug poor old Sall, and cried over her ; it was not gammon ; there was no hanky-panky tricks about poor old Squire Turner. He then said to her, how do you pass away your time ? Shell gathering I suppose ; have you any pretty ones to sell ? I will buy some if you have. I do not sell shells, she said, I give them away to those I respect. I have a casket of jewels ; I might dispose of them some day, so saying she went into the old hut, and brought out a good size box ; showed me several letters, one from Buckingham Palace, and four from Lord John Russel, &c., &c., and such a quantity of writings, telling me that some day or other, she would make them into a book ; but I said were are the jewels you talked about. Why here, she answered, before your eyes ; now can't you see them ? I laughed ; nonsense, nonsense, you must be mad Sall, to talk in that manner ; if them papers belonged to my wife, I should put them on the fire, box and all, for I hate a woman writer, it is amusement only fit for ladies, not for such a poor miserable looking creature as yourself. Squire, Squire Turner,

said Sall Sharp, stamping her foot on the ground, and staring me in the face, is it paltry gold that makes a lady ? or having good abilities, and making a proper use of the gifts God has bestowed ?—for good understanding is not always found with money. I will not argue the matter with you Mrs. Sarah Sharp. None of your slurs, Squire Turner, my name is plain Sall. Anything to please you, said I, but you are really a very bad wite, to be spending your time in scribbling, while your poor old husband works hard in Sydney to get you a crust to eat. Why don't you begin to clear and tence the land ? you have plenty of pigs ; cut the throat of one every fortnight, go in your boat and catch fish ; you could sell the wood, dead pigs, and fish in Sydney, and turn in a good deal of cash. I think you are a very lazy old woman, Sall Sharp.

If I was your husband my pretty old duck,  
And you wrote a book, your throat should be cut.

Now, Squire Turner, replied Sall. Sharp, I like a man that speaks plain language ; he would not tell a lie to injure his neighbour. I know the advantage of fencing in the land, but it really requires more strength than I possess ; as for selling wood, I have thought of that myself, I would most willingly spend a day in a week to gather wood to sell, but the road in some places is boggy, in others very sandy. I should be lucky, if I escaped being stuck up ; my poor little pony would be

six hours going to Sydney with a very small load of wood, for which, I should not get more than four shillings, then perhaps not be able to return the same day; it would cost three shillings, at the least, for myself and pony, and sixpence for the turnpike, so I should get but sixpence for three days work; that would be worse pay than the black niggers get in South America. But, as to trafficking in swines flesh, that would be worse again. I should this day be thirty pounds richer if I had never had a pig, to say nothing of the dirt and work they make me; they are well fed twice a day, upon corn well boiled mixed with pollard; every pound of pork costs me one shilling and sixpence. Now, if I took a dead pig into Sydney, I should not get more than sixpence, so that would be a losing game, but I could not kill a pig, no, not a chicken. Fishing I know nothing about, and don't intend to learn, so I will scribble away, gather shells, to give to those I like, and weave a crown of honor for my husband. What, what Sall? a crown of honor, did you say, upon my word I should like to see it; here it is, said she, pulling something out of her bosom, twisting and turning it about. I was astonished, for really, it was very much like a garland of roses, or crown; it is very pretty, I said, I should like to put it on my head if I was sure there was no pins or needles in the bauble. This work is not done with such paltry things as them, she said;

allow me, Squire Turner, to place the crown on your head, and if it fits, I will give it to you. All right, old lady, I replied, and absolutely was donkey enough to take off my cap and wig, for her to put it on my head; she tapped it with both hands, laughing, and never shall I forget the sensation, for if there had been fifty bull-dog ants stinging my poor bald pate, the pain could not have been worse. Sall Sharp, I said, you are a true daughter of Eve, treacherous as Satan; take that, I said, you old witch, giving her a slap of the face, and throwing the crown, as she called it, into the sea; Sall's metal was roused; she commenced turning up her gown sleeves, placing herself in a pugilistic attitude. I return all injuries that are in my power; it is my maxim, tread on a worm and it will turn again. I will give you a good thrashing Squire Turner, or my name is not Sall. That's what you mean, said I, depend on it I have not lived a man so long in the world, as now, to be beaten by an old woman; so saying, I took off my coat and waistcoat, and was tucking up my shirt sleeves, to have a good go in at her; up came her husband, running, calling out, go it Sall, go it, go it old woman, give it to the Squire, I'll hold your bonnet. No, said I, she will not give it to the Squire, for I will put my coat on again. I am not such a donkey as to fight husband and wife, for I should be sure to get the worst. But, where was you old Simple Simon when Paddy Kelly was pursuing Sall

Sharp with a table knife ? she might have been murdered a hundred times, had it not been for me. I was looking out for that thief on Maruabury Bay rocks he answered ; that's a fine tale, I said, I will bid you farewell, Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, and will never come again to Parson Land View, but I will go to the tower, where I shall be treated like a gentleman. The tower, the tower, screamed Lady Lucy, alas ! alas ! the tower, and she wept bitterly, throwing her arms round her husband's neck. My dear good old wife, said he, pressing her to his heart, I know that word brings ten thousand sorrows to your recollection, and they both cried like little children. Sister Mary and Liza B. stood over Lady Lucy, each taking a hand to sooth and comfort her ; the good old Squire kissed her forehead, and wiped away her tears, but several minutes elapsed before she was comforted. My brother-in-law got up from his seat, looking the picture of death, fixed his eyes steadily on the Squire, said, with a low hollow voice three times, did you see, did you see, did you see that man from Petersham at the tower, on the morning that the body of poor S——y was found ? I did, I did, replied the Squire, with a voice from the tomb. But my friend there is a good Almighty power, and the spirit of poor S——y shall haunt the tower. He had scarce done speaking, when there came a gentle knock at the door. Come in, said my brother-in-law, knowing it to be one of his men servants ; the door

opened, and Matthew Cook entered, doffing his miller's cap, bowed, and smiled to the company, informed the Squire that his horses had been well cleaned, fed, and bedded : the gentleman gave him half a sovereign ; Matthew's eyes sparkled with delight when he pocketed the gold ; my brother-in-law gave him a small glass of grog, to drink the health of Lady Lucy and Squire Turner. Matthew Cook then informed Mr. Goodman that the horse and sociable were ready, and waiting to take him and Mrs. Goodman, as was his custom, to Wisbeach, as far as the turn on the Leverington road. Mr. Goodman, looking round with surprise, exclaimed, where is Eliza, where is my wife ? Miss Liza B.'s heart was in her mouth, she felt certain that something was amiss ; she thought of the words of Mrs. Twist, the fortune-teller ; that only three months since Eliza Goodman had had a most violent fit, owing to a fright of seeing her sister's little child, Mary Ann Skinner, fall down stone steps ; that it was owing to great skill and promptitude that she was restored to life. Liza B. ran into the parlor to look for her friend, and she found her on the floor in a fit, with her cape and bonnet on, she had fallen down while putting them on. Miss B. gave a loud scream. Sister Mary, Lady Lucy, and Charley Goodman, were soon there to see what was the matter ; all their efforts could not recall her happy spirit back. Cries and lamentations for Eliza Goodman echoed

## CONTENTS.

---

- Chain of Gold.  
 Mr. Robinson's Courtship.  
 The Friends Assemble.  
 A Pinch of Snuff.  
 The Esquire's Dance and Song.  
 Mrs. Goodman's Grief.  
 Mr. Goodman Sings.  
 Esquire Turner's Fairy Pictures.  
 Jessie Palmer.  
 Opening Letters.  
 Mr. Robinson quarrels with Miss Liza B.  
 Miss B.'s Song.  
 Mrs. Melbourne of Fleet.  
 The Golden Calf.  
 Miss B.'s account of her School Days.  
 The Draw Bridge and Grammar Book.  
 False Alarm.  
 The Golden Harvest.  
 Ellen Fairburn.  
 Sall Sharp.  
 Mrs. Goodman's Death.  
 Boat Accident.  
 Lucy Turner breaks her Magic Glass.  
 Her Magic Day is ended by MRS ELIZABETH SELBY, Queen-st.  
 Chippendale.

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