

**BESSY; OR, THE FATAL
CONSEQUENCES
OF TELLING LIES**

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Bessy; Or, the Fatal Consequences of Telling Lies by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

**BESSY; OR, THE FATAL
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BESSY;

OR,

The Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies.

BY

THE WRITER OF

"THE RAT POND, OR THE EFFECTS OF DISOBEDIENCE."



LONDON:

R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.

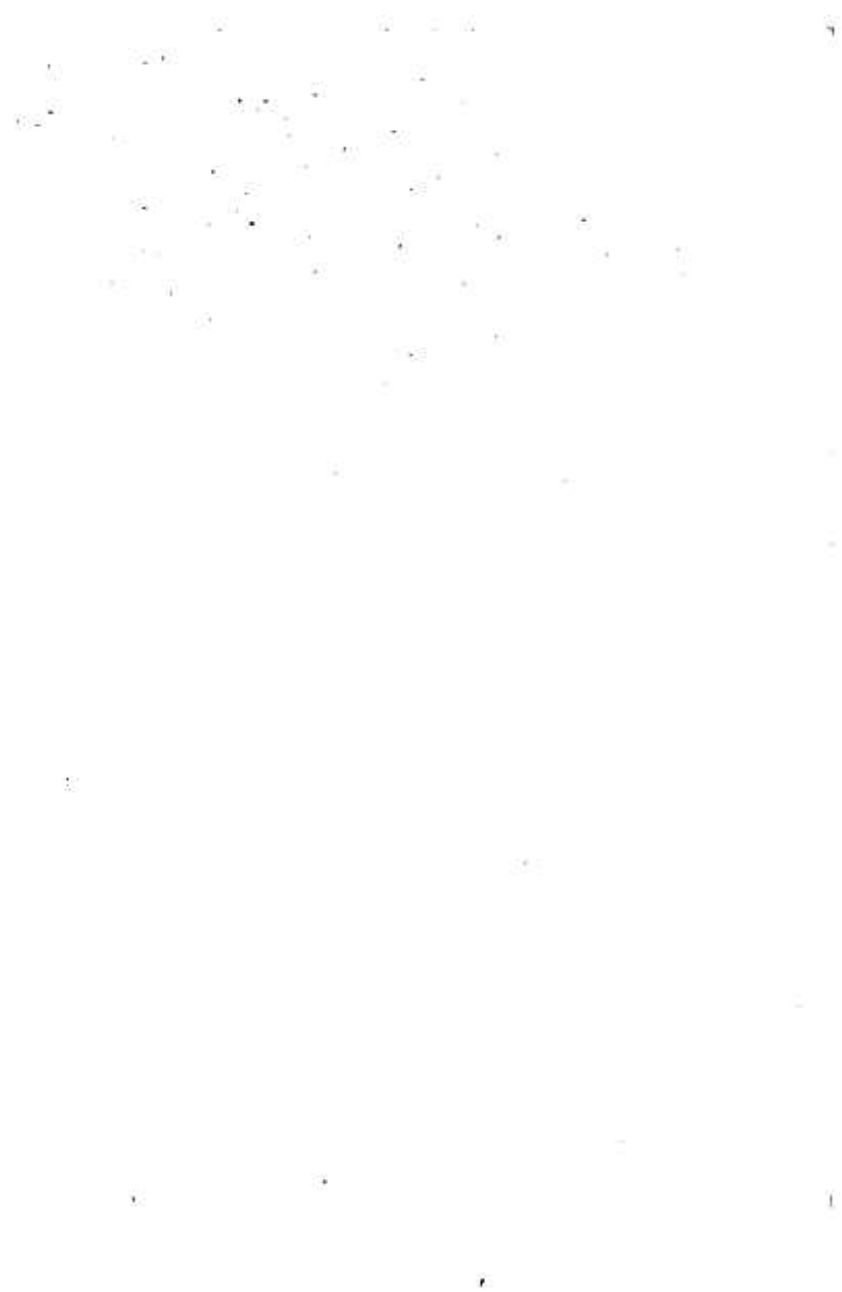
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PREFACE.

The Readers of this little Tale will perhaps be pleased to know that the main fact on which it is founded is true; the incident took place about fifty or sixty years ago.



BESSY.

CHAPTER I.

THE CATASTROPHE.

"**A**ND so you wish me to tell an amusing story," said a kind father, looking with a smiling countenance at his children, who were seated by his side, or at his feet, in a rustic arbour, on a fine evening in the month of August; "and you wish it to be a true tale likewise? Let me consider." He paused for a few moments, and then commenced.

"You know, my dear children, that I lived in Oxfordshire when I first married, on a property left to me by your grandfather. The

house, called Britwell, was a comfortable, large red brick building, with a sloping lawn in front, encircled by a beautiful shrubbery; there were at the back large vegetable gardens, with hot-houses, and behind that a rookery, apple orchards, and an old farm-house. This farm-house was inhabited by a person of the name of Willis, whose family consisted of his wife, three sons, and one daughter—Robert, Charles, Philip, and Laura. The age of the eldest boy was ten, but the youngest child, little Laura, was only three. The boys were fine spirited lads, full of mischief and fun, but naturally honourable and truthful, above telling a deliberate falsehood, even to escape a thrashing. They were fond of animals, and had many pets, two or three dogs, rabbits, pigeons, a goat, a starling, and a blackbird, besides a bullfinch and canaries.

“Mrs. Willis was a stout, healthy, bustling woman, who, with the assistance of only one servant, kept the cottage perfectly clean, and did all that was required for the family in the

way of baking, washing, and mending. The servant was usually a young girl of thirteen or fourteen when first hired, and who had not been in service before. She kept this girl completely under her own eye, training her up to the age of eighteen, and teaching her everything necessary for a good servant to know. At that age she generally placed her young servant in a good situation, and so high was the reputation of girls trained by Mrs. Willis, that they were always quickly engaged, as all the ladies in the neighbourhood were on the look-out for them, being certain that they would turn out well.

“At the time of which I am speaking, she had just parted with a girl who had been in her service four years, and had taken in her place Bessy Forbes, whose mother was a widow.

“Bessy had never before left home; she was tall for her age, had bright black eyes, a profusion of glossy dark hair, and her countenance was pleasing, with but one fault, *viz.* the sly expression of her eyes; for she scarcely ever

looked straight at the person who addressed her. Some thought this downcast look proceeded from shyness, but others considered it an indication of a want of candour and truth.

“When she first arrived, Mrs. Wilson had a long conversation with her, and explained what her principal duties would be. ‘I hope and think, my good girl, that you will be very happy with me, and I shall myself teach you everything necessary for you to learn; but there is one point concerning which I am very particular, and that is, regarding truth. I hope your good mother has brought you up in habits of very great candour and sincerity; but when young girls first leave home they are often fearful of owning the truth about little mishaps, such as breaking crockery, or glass, or doing some duty badly from not understanding it; however, I assure you, my dear child, that you need never fear telling me the truth; and remember, things always come out at last.’ Bessy listened in silence; she cast down her eyes, and looked ready to cry. Mrs.