

TINNY POLLIE'S UPS AND DOWNS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649443703

Tinny Pollie's Ups and Downs by Minn

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MINN

**TINNY POLLIE'S
UPS AND DOWNS**

TINY POLLIE'S UPS AND
DOWNS.



By MINN,

AUTHOR OF "NEDDIE'S CARE; OR, SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN."

LONDON:
JOSEPH MASTERS, 78, NEW BOND STREET.

1872.



TINY POLLIE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

CHAPTER I.

"Who says the widow's heart must break,
The childless mother sink?—
A kinder, truer voice I hear,
Which e'en beside that mournful bier
Whence parents' eyes would hopeless shrink,

"Bids weep no more—O heart bereft,
How strange to thee that sound!
A widow o'er her only son
Feeling more bitterly alone
For friends that press officious round."

KEBLE.

IN the south of England, on the outskirts of, I know not whether to call it a small town or a large village, stands a row of pretty cottages, about six in number, each with its little flower-garden in front, and a larger one for vegetables at the back. These are the almshouses be-

longing to Wendale, (which you know is only a mile or two distant from Edgedale,) and very comfortable little houses they are, as any one of the six old women who live there will tell you.

They all had some one to live with them, and look after them, except one, who according to her own account, had no relations in the world, but one son, and his wife and child. Widow Linnet, as she was called, had lost her husband many years before, and her only child, a son, having chosen to be a sailor, she had lived alone for so long, that she had become used to it, and preferred it now that her hard-working days were over.

At a seaport town in England her son had married, but as it was situated at some distance from Wendale, the widow had only seen her daughter-in-law and little grandchild on one occasion, when her son brought them over for a few days, but this was three or four years ago now, when little Pollie was but two years old.

The neighbours were very good in seeing after the old woman; indeed the daughter of Mrs. Pagburn, from next door, looked in every morning on purpose to assist the widow in anything she could not manage by herself, which was not much, for being very independent, she did not like giving up any of her old ways unless positively obliged. "*I'm not come to that yet awhile,*" she would say, "and,

please God, I shall bide a bit as I am for some time to come," so they let her have her own way, though she was daily getting more and more infirm.

It was a lovely afternoon in July, the sun came pouring in at the cottage door, lighting up all the objects within reach. The cups and saucers, plates and glasses sparkled as the rays came flashing across the dresser. The bright copper warming-pan shone almost like the sun himself, and the pins dotted all over the dear old-fashioned lace-making pillow at which the widow sat deftly working, glittered like little splinters of light, as the aged fingers moved them in rapid succession in that most mysterious of work.

It was a homely little scene,—the white-haired old woman at her picturesque employment, the large tabby cat rubbing herself against the leg of the table, the summer flowers on the window ledge, and the bright sunshine over all. Yet a few short hours and it had all changed. The lace pillow stood unheeded in the corner, the merry clatter of the bobbins was no longer heard, the cat had moved herself off, a queerly shaped bundle lay in the deep recesses of the widow's arm-chair, and the sun had so completely disappeared, that it was difficult to realise his ever visiting that little home with his rays,—for a great sorrow had crept in at that open door and changed it all for ever.

The widow had been sitting, as I have already described,

at her lace-making, calmly contented, exchanging a word now and then through the doorway with the chance passers-by, and resting occasionally to enjoy a quiet chat with one or other of her neighbours who were constantly dropping in, when the distant sound of wheels caused her to shade her eyes from the sunlight, the better to discern who the new comer might be.

Imagine then her surprise when the covered cart which came lumbering along stopped exactly opposite her own little garden gate, and the carter raising his voice asked,

"Be these the almshouses, missus?"

"Yes, they be," she replied.

"Oh, then, will you kindly tell me which be Widow Linnet's?"

"Sure and I will," answered the old woman, trotting down the neat little garden path; "I'm Widow Linnet, at your service. What may you please to want?"

The man was busily occupied while she was speaking in taking something out of the cart, and his only reply was to place a muffled up little bundle in her arms.

"Why, what ever's this, man?" she cried; "I don't expect nothing nor nobody by the cart."

"It's the child, missus," he curtly remarked. "What, don't you know nothing about her?" he added in surprise. "You'll may be find it all out by this," and after fumbling a

little in his coat pocket, he produced a letter which he handed to her, and proceeded to drag out of the cart a small seaman's chest, which he carried into the cottage.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what do it all mean?" gasped the poor old woman; "Oh, Liz'beth! Mrs. Pagburn, do'ee come here!"

"Well, I must be off now, missus, good afternoon; she's a good little lass," and so saying, the carter cracked his whip, and was soon out of sight.

The cottage was immediately full of people, all the inhabitants of the almshouses, as well as two or three others besides, crowded to the spot. It is always so.

In the meanwhile the little slumbering bundle remained unnoticed amidst the excitement which followed the reading of this letter.

"SEA-WEED HARBOUR,

"*July 17th, 18—.*

"MRS. LINNET,

"I take this pen in hand to tell you sad news. Your son, Jack Linnet, were drowned by accident as he were coming home from his last voyage, and his body were not found, though every pains was took for to do so. I am sorry to say this ain't all. Mrs. Linnet, poor dear, were ailing at the time, and being told the news in a sudden,

thoughtless sort of a way, (which same, them as did it ought to be ashamed of theirselves,) that get over it she couldn't; but we give her a decent burial, with me and Kelly and the little girl to follow. I have put together such things as were left after paying for expenses, which same is done honest, I give you my word, and ask anybody if Martha Kelly don't bear a good name. Hoping this will find you as well as, thank God, it leaves me at present,

"I am your humble servant,

"MARTHA KELLY.

"P.S.—Me and Kelly would have liked to keep Pollie, but means is small, and our family a large one."

For a moment there was silence after the reading of the letter, and then there was a sound of weeping in that room, where everything had looked so pleasant.

"Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not."
