

IN MEMORIAM.

CAROLINE LOUISA PICKTHALL.

Through the death of Miss Caroline Louisa Pickthall our Society has lost another link with Mid-Victorian days.

Miss Pickthall was born at Shudy Camps, Cambs, in 1855, from whence her Father, the Rev. Charles Grayson Pickthall, removed into Suffolk as Rector of Chillesford, where he died in 1880. Shortly afterwards Miss Pickthall went to live at Walberswick and died there, in her house "Roof-tree," on December 27th, 1925.

Miss Pickthall made no claim to being a scientific archæologist, for her strength and love lay in observation and recording in verse and prose those quaint old-world customs and sayings which are so rapidly passing away.

Writing over the *Nom de guerre* of Carol Christie, her individuality was concealed from the Public, although her book "Ferryknoll, Walberswick Notes," is found on many shelves.

Fugitive pieces have appeared in various publications including our own Proceedings.

The last verses written by Miss Pickthall shortly before her death are appended as a sympathetic memorial.

H.A.H.

HARVEST TIME.

Along up Pedlar's Lane,
Across the stubble rows,
Sometimes in mother's arms,
Goes Esther Martha Rose.

Laden with tea and cake,
The distant field they seek,
Where father toils and sweats
This busy harvest week.

By Wantisden's lone grey church
Mid heath and woodland wild,
That barley field they'll find
The mother and her child.

A long two mile they walk,
For everybody knows—
"The min must hae their tea!"
Says Esther Martha Rose.

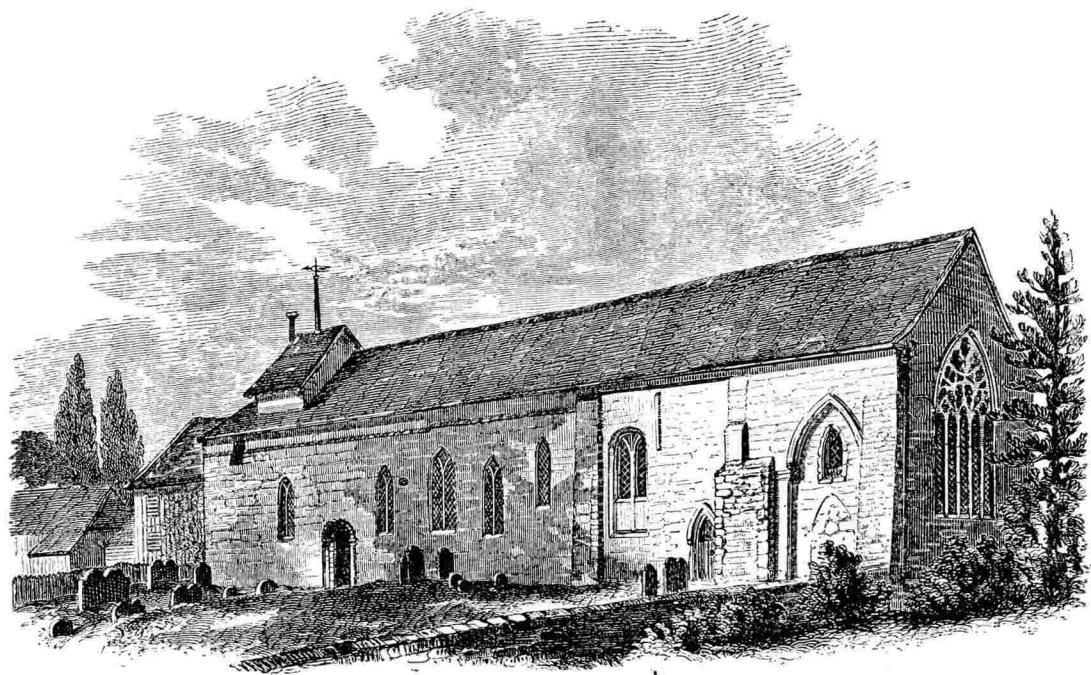
The fields will soon be bare,
The golden stacks will stand
Once more—like monarchs crowned
In this our Suffolk land.

And no more up the Lane
Nor by the stubble rows,
Will go the quaint young child
Called Esther Martha Rose!

C.L.P.

Esther Martha Rose was an exceedingly plump Chillesford child and the above verses were the last poem written by Miss Caroline Louisa Pickthall before her death on Dec. 27th, 1925.

H.A.H.



GREAT BRICET CHURCH, SUFFOLK. 1858.