

**THE SEQUEL TO OLD
JOLLIFFE: WRITTEN
IN THE SAME SPIRIT,
BY THE SAME SPIRIT**

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The Sequel to Old Jolliffe: Written in the Same Spirit, by the Same Spirit by Henry S. Mackarness

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HENRY S. MACKARNESS

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TO
OLD JOLLIFFE:

WRITTEN IN THE SAME SPIRIT,

BY THE

Same Spirit.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM,"
"ONLY," &c.

Mrs. M. Planché Mackenzie

"He that is without sin among you, let him first
cast a stone at her." — St. John viii 7

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THE SEQUEL

TO

OLD JOLLIFFE.

It isn't a fine afternoon, and yet it isn't a wet one. It has been a very hot day, and gray clouds are rolling up all round with a tinge of rose color on their edge; and the people pass tranquilly along, glad that the burning sun has gone, and yet looking up at the murky sky in expectation of a shower; and the breeze is whispering mysteriously, as though it said, "Hush! listen! it's coming;" and windows are all wide open, and the few plants, placed, some in their bright, red flower-pots, are looking dry and thirsty, the leaves bending down to the parched mould; and the passengers saunter

through the dusty streets silently ; and the omnibuses, with their jaded horses, go lumbering past, full inside of fat women, each with a child, and outside with men eating oranges and smoking segars. But in the narrow street that mysterious breeze cannot come, and it is insufferably close. The poor people are sitting and standing outside their doors, with their children holding by their gowns, for it is too hot to play, sucking "sugar-stick," as in that neighborhood it is the fashion to call it. One little dwelling is much more clean and much less wretched than the others ; it has a window, (not stopped by a hat or a bit of paper,) and a nice muslin curtain in the window, and the square piece of flag-stone at the door is very white, and the door, propped open with a brick, discloses a well-scrubbed passage. No one is standing about that house, but in the little room a cosy party is assembled. A man, just returned from work, very hot,

very tired, but very cheerful; a woman, singing to a very ugly, very noisy, but very happy baby! a boy with a huge pair of scissors, clipping paper, seated on the ground with his fat legs crossed, screaming through the baby's noise to his father, and making anxious inquiries as to whether he does not look like a tailor; and in the corner, on a stool, is a little girl, very pale, very sad, but very pretty, in a black cotton dress, nursing a black kitten, and occasionally murmuring in a low voice, "Poor pussy;"—and they are thus severally employed, when a tap at the door makes Mrs. Morris say, "Morris dear, there's some one knocking;" though why she said it I can't say, for Morris is'nt deaf, and therefore he must have heard the knock as well as she did: it must be a new way of saying, "Go and answer it," for Morris says to the boy, "Dickey, there's some one knocking," and down go the great

scissors, and away go the fat legs into the passage, and a cheering, kindly voice is heard, and the feeble step of an old man, joined to the little, pattering feet of the young child, and Dickey comes back hand in hand with Jolliffe. O, what exclamations of delight! Mrs. Morris steps eagerly forward; Morris hastily removes his cap, and offers him a seat; and little Dickey gallops about in a perfect ecstasy. Jolliffe takes the seat gladly, for he is tired, yes, actually tired: he carries a stick too,—and the wrinkled hand he holds out to his humble friends, shakes; for last winter has shed its snows upon his head, and the hair is whiter now; yet that face, beaming with the bright hope of an eternal spring, heeds not the winter's snow, and his joyous laugh, though it is not loud, is hearty still. "Well, how are you all, my good friends? It's a long while since I paid you a visit."—"It

is indeed, sir," says Morris; "we was only a-talking about you last night, and my old woman says to me, 'If we don't hear nothing of Mr. Jolliffe, we'll go down a Sunday, that we will, for I'm afeard he's ill.' And I says, 'So we will,' didn't us, Polly?" — "That we did, Richard, and we meant it too. How have you been, sir?" — "O, as well as an old man like me can expect to be; the frost nipped me up a bit in the winter, and I haven't been so well since." — "You didn't seem quite so hearty, sir, last time we saw you, and that's going on, sir, for four months." — "So it is, so it is, Mrs. Morris; you do me honor, remembering the date of my visits so well." — "We can't help rememb'ring on 'em, sir," says Morris, "for they always does us good." — "Thank you! thank you! I wish I could come and see you oftener: but, between you and me, I think this will be about my last visit. It's