

**POLLY: A VILLAGE  
PORTRAIT. IN TWO  
VOLUMES. VOL. II**

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Polly: A Village Portrait. In Two Volumes. Vol. II by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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POLLY.

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VOL. II.

# POLLY.

A VILLAGE PORTRAIT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.



LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

1887.

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OF  
THE SECOND VOLUME.

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# POLLY.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE MAJOR'S VISIT.

**M**R. CHURCHILL was holding many spectral dinner parties in his little room, and entertained the major a prodigious number of times. "I like you," he heard him say; "and I know the bishop likes you, and will like you every day more and more. Why not think of something in the military way?—we could work *that* for you. There's Macpherson, the chaplain, getting old, and this district is a deuced good thing."

On the next morning Mr. Churchill actually wrote over, as he had proposed, beginning with a masterly flourish,—“MY DEAR SIR. If your military duties do not too seriously trench on your valuable time, kindly do me a favour. You will find us a little in the rough. We can at least guarantee a hot mutton chop, which I believe epicures hold to be an excellent thing. We have often talked since you left over your little sketch of the good bishop, who, I see, is to preach in London on the 20th for the South African Orphans.”

This had been despatched under a faint protest from Polly.

“How can we do it, dearest? We have nothing fit or decent to put him down to”—which her father, always enthusiastic in his plans, hastily overruled, and in a torrent of words bore down all difficulties. He then went “on business” down town as it were, *i.e.* to post his letter, and study addresses, parishes, &c. in the “Clerical

Guide," of which there was a copy down at the village reading-room. No one ever looked into that but himself, by whom indeed it had been ordered at the charges of the society. Polly had to rush away to quell an *émeute* which had broken out suddenly above stairs, and found that the rioters had thrown up barricades.

Bridget, her faithful serjeant, and a strong hard-working muscular creature, faithful and versatile in all shapes of labour, came rushing up, and drove back the crowd without anger or reproach. It was as much in her daily course of life as making the beds or "washing up the things." One young gentleman incorrigible, well known to the police, a frequent ringleader, had to be dealt with a little severely on moral grounds, and for the discipline of the house. He was accordingly led away howling to a private place—even the gentle Polly reluctantly approving of this severity, and there punished according to