

THE RESURRECTION MEN.

How then was the Devil drest !
He was in his Sunday's best ;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind where his tail came thro'.
Over the hill, and over the dale,
And he went over the plain ;
And backward and forward he switch'd his tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

About this time there arose a great sough and surmise, that some loons were playing false with the kirkyard, howking up the bodies from their damp graves, and harling them away to the College. Words cannot describe the fear and the dool, and the misery it caused. All flocked to the kirk-yett ; and the friends of the newly buried stood by the mools, which were yet dark, and the brown newly cast divots, that had not yet taken root, looking, with mournful faces, to descry any tokens of sinking in.

I'll never forget it. I was standing by when three young lads took shools, and, lifting up the truff, proceeded to houk down to the coffin, wherein they had laid the gray hairs of their mother. They looked wild and bewildered like, and the glance of their een was like that of folk out of a mad-house ; and none dared in the world to have spoken to them. They did not even speak to one another ; but wrought on with a great hurry, till the spakes struck on the coffin lid—which was broken. The dead-clothes were there huddled together in a nook, but the dead was gone. I took hold of Willie Walker's arm, and