

OUR SICK CONTRIBUTOR'S FELLOW BOARDERS.

No. 13.

"BRIDGET."

An account of my fellow-boarders would be incomplete without describing a most important one. Bridget is as much a boarder as I am. She is the anything but neat-handed Phillis who ministers to our comfort, and to whose discomfort we all minister. Galway is her native place, and if, as it is said, health and strength are the characteristics of the inhabitants of the West of Ireland, Bridget reflects credit on her birthplace. Her hair is a bright auburn and her complexion brilliant. She is decidedly a *Colleen Rue*. Her stature and limbs are massive. Her hand and arm could, I think, fell an ox; and as for her feet—well,—I wonder whether she is able to buy her boots ready made? Her temper sometimes shows itself, but then, it is often sorely tried. There are some things she strongly objects to doing. Being the strongest person in the house,—(the "Athlete" is nothing to her,)—she sometimes has to carry the old drunkard up-stairs,—a task at which she sorely grumbles. She moves stoves about as if they were feathers. But she is not handy at light things. She cannot bring a dozen of tea spoons up a single flight of stairs without dropping them. Knives and forks and all such small articles are very slippery in her hands. She deals destruction to crockery and glass! I should say she breaks, on an average, three plates a day; and we always know when an accident of this kind occurs, because, after the mishap, our landlady upraids her in a shrill treble, while Bridget justifies herself in a voice like a cannon! This controversy generally lasts for about twenty minutes and can be heard, I should say, three streets off. If Bridget is made to pay for everything she breaks, she cannot receive any wages at all.

Still I like Bridget. She is very obliging to anyone who will speak civilly to her,—a thing that some of the boarders forget to do. How that girl does work to be sure? She is never allowed to finish one thing before she is called away to commence another. Having about five times us much work to do, as she is able to accomplish, she distributes her possible fraction among the boarders with great impartiality. This process, though very just, is not productive of general satisfaction. Just listen!

OLD LADY.—"Now, Bridget, do you call that making a bed?"

ATHLETE.—"Bridget, no towel again, as usual?"

COOK, (from the regions beneath.)—"Br—id—get, what have you done with the pepper-box?"

MRS. X.....—"Bridget, I told you to clean these windows to-day."

BRIDGET, (aside).—"Bless you, ma'm, I know you did."

LANDLADY.—"Here, Bridget, is the table going to be laid to-day?"

YANKEE.—"Say, Bridget, get me a cork-screw, like a good gal!"

SCIENTIFIC.—"Bridget, there was a *cimex* in my bed last night!"

LITTLE CHILD.—"Biddit, a drink of wa—ter."

CAPTAIN'S SERVANT.—"Bridget, where are those boots?"

BRIDGET.—"Clane 'em yourself!"

CHORUS.—"Bully for Bridget."

OLD DRUNKARD.—"Bridget, be kind enough to bring me my lamp."

CAPTAIN.—(hums):

"Figaro qui, Figaro là,
Figaro su, Figaro giù."

It is no use, Captain, the "Barber of Seville" was never so ubiquitous as Bridget!

Bridget gives warning regularly every month. She has

done this for the last three years, but it never comes to anything. Her last grievance was almost too much for her. The landlady has taken to burning coal instead of wood, and Bridget hates "the dirty black stuff." The fact is that Bridget does not know how to light a coal fire, and like many of her sex, scorns to confess her ignorance. I, one day, came upon her trying to kindle a fire in my grate. She had carefully placed the coals at the bottom and the kindling wood at the top. She was blowing at it like a steam-engine, and continued blowing till all the wood was consumed. I then, in the most delicate manner, suggested to her to reverse the order of super-position. She was very angry, and told me that if I were to try to light a turf fire in Connaught, the laugh would be on her side. Perhaps it would, but I did not exactly see why, for that reason, my coal fire in Montreal should not burn. Poor Bridget! perhaps like some of her betters, she put it all down to "Canadian Dependence!"

One of Bridget's peculiarities is, that she cannot hold her tongue for one minute. When she has nobody to talk to, she talks to herself. Sometimes she sings and goes "crooning" about the house while engaged in her daily duties. She is not particular, either, as to time or tune. Yesterday, I overheard her endeavoring to fit the words of "The Captain with his Whiskers," to the air of the "Meeting of the Waters." The attempt was not successful. While, last spring, I was lying sick in bed, I constantly overheard Bridget walking up and down the passage in boots—oh, those boots! She was always mentally endeavoring to solve the problem of whose turn it was to have clean sheets? This subject always puzzled her brain. The discussion was frequently carried on in subdub Irish,—a language with which I am not acquainted and, therefore, cannot offer an opinion as to her powers of mental discussion. I only know that I sometimes have clean sheets two days running, and at other times the change is so long delayed that I have had to remonstrate!

Bridget is allowed to go out every alternate Sunday evening. On these occasions, she is gorgeously arrayed in a green dress of a gauzy nature, a black shawl, very small hat, with a profusion of yellow flowers, and a delicate blue and white check silk parasol. On alternate Sunday evenings she "receives" in the kitchen,—for Bridget, be it known, has two lovers! A romantic tale attaches itself to these two, which for want of space, I must delay till next week.

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL.

Really and truly there is too much bistré, (or Brown), in our editorial pictures. It is far from being a lively color. And as it is laid on, by some means, known only to such artists as we have in Canada, a very singular tint of *greenness* is given to the perspective. Has the great George infected the gentlemen of the press with a universal *Bronon* jaundice? You say, and swear, many of you six times every week of your mortal lives, that the lion is dead, and yet, oblivious of the fable, a pitiless shower of kicks descends on the carcass. The heels are ever in the air and the "hee-haw" never ceases. Indeed it would surprise no one were you to kick life into to him again! Such a thing has happened before, and, may again. Should it occur, and he should give your masters and benefactors, first, a brush of his paw, and then whisk them off with his long tail, you will have yourselves mainly to blame for the deluge. Silence and neglect is death to most men who have filled a wide space in the world's eye,—a secret yet to be discovered by the barons of our broad-sheets. Unceasing agitation induces vigor and prolongs life. If the great bogy is dead, let him rest; why even galvanize him? *Qu'un mort ne mord point.*