

was to convey us across. Just as the barrow was moving off, the tall gentleman said, 'Guard, have you got my trunk.'

'Oh yes, sir,' answered the guard; 'You may be sure it's there.'

'Not so sure of that' quoth the gentleman; 'whereabouts is it?'

The guard poked into the barrow, and sought in vain among the numberless articles for the trunk. After he had puzzled about for two or three minutes, he came to a pause, and looked up evidently a little nonplussed.

'Why, here it is in the boot!' exclaimed the passenger, 'snug at the bottom, where it might have remained, I suppose, for you, till safely returned to the coach-yard in Edinburgh.'

The guard made an awkward apology, put the trunk upon the barrow, and away we all went to the steamer.

Nothing further occurred till we were all standing beside the coach at Pettycur, ready to proceed on our journey through Fife.

Everything seemed to have been stowed into the coach, and most of the passengers had taken their proper places, when the tall gentleman cried out, 'Guard, where is my trunk?'

'In the boot, sir,' answered the guard; 'you may depend upon that.'

'I have not seen it put in,' said the passenger, 'and I don't believe it is there.'

'Oh, sir,' said the guard, 'there can surely be no doubt about the trunk now.'

'There! I declare—there!' cried the owner of the missing property; 'my trunk is still lying down yonder upon the sands. Don't you see it? The sea, I declare, is just about roaching it. What a careless set of porters! I protest I was never so treated on any journey before.'

The trunk was instantly rescued from its somewhat perilous situation, and all having been at length put to rights, we went on our way to Cupar.

Here the coach stops a few minutes at the inn, and there is generally a partial discharge of passengers. As some individuals, on the present occasion, had to leave the coach, there was a slight discomposure of the luggage, and various trunks and bundles were presently seen departing on the backs of porters after the gentleman to whom they belonged. After all seemed to have been again put to rights, the tall gentleman made his wonted inquiry respecting his trunk.

'The trunk, sir,' said the guard rather pottishly, 'is in the boot.'

'Not a bit of it,' said its owner, who in the meantime had been peering about. 'There it lies in the lobby of the inn!'

The guard now began to think that this trunk was in some way bewitched, and possessed a power, unenjoyed by other earthly trunks, of removing itself or staying behind according to its own good pleasure.

'Havo a care o' us!' cried the astonished custodier of baggage; 'that trunk's no canny.'

'It's canny enough, you fool, said the gentleman; 'but only you don't pay proper attention to it.'

The fact was, that the trunk had been taken out of the coach and placed in the lobby, in order to allow of

certain other articles being got at which lay beneath. It was now once more stowed away, and we set forward upon the remaining part of our journey, hoping that there would be no more disturbance about this pestilent trunk. All was right till we came to the lonely inn of St. Michael's, where a side-road turns off to St. Andrews, and where it happened that a passenger had to leave us to walk to that seat of learning, a servant having been in waiting to carry his luggage.

The tall gentleman hearing a bustle about the boot, projected his immensely long slender body through the coach window, in order, like the lady in the fairy tale, to see what he could see.

'Hollo, follow!' cried he to the servant following the gentleman down the St. Andrews road; 'is not that my trunk? Come back, if you please, and let me inspect it.'

'The trunk, sir,' interposed the guard in a sententious manner, 'is that gemman's trunk, and not yours: yours is in the boot.'

'We'll make sure of that, Mr. Guard, if you please. Come back, my good fellow, and let me see the trunk you have got with you.'

The trunk was accordingly brought back, and, to the confusion of the guard, who had thought himself fairly infallible for this time, it was the tall man's property as clear as brass nails could make it.

The trunk was now the universal subject of talk both inside and outside, and everybody said he would be surprised if it got to its journey's end in safety. All agreed that it manifested a most extraordinary disposition to be lost, stolen, or strayed, but yet every one thought that there was a kind of special providence about it, which kept it on the right road after all; and therefore it became a fair subject of debate, whether the chances *against* or the chances *for* were likely to prevail.

Before we arrived at Newport, where we had to go on board the ferry steamer for Dundee, the conversation had gone into other channels, and, each being engaged about his own concern, no one thought any more about the trunk, till, just as the barrow was descending along the pier, the eternal long man cried out, 'Guard, have you got my trunk?'

'Oh yes,' cried the guard very promptly; 'I've taken care of it now. There it is on the top of all.'

'It's no such thing,' cried a gentleman who had come into the coach at Cupar; 'that's my trunk.'

Everybody then looked about for the enchanted trunk; the guard ran back and once more searched the boot, which he knew to have been searched to the bottom before; and the tall gentlemen gazed over land, water, and sky, in quest of his missing property.

'Well, guard,' cried he at length, 'what a pretty fellow you are! There, don't you see?—there's my trunk thrust into the shed like a piece of lumber!'

And so it really was. At the head of the pier at Newport there is a shed, with seats within, where people wait for the ferry-boats; and there, *perdu* beneath a form, lay the enchanted trunk, having been so disposed, in the bustle of unloading, by means which nobody could pretend to understand. The guard, with a half-frightened look, approached the awful object, and soon placed it with the other things on board the ferry-boat.

On our landing at Dundee pier, the proprietor of the trunk saw so well after it himself, that it was evident no accident was for this time to be expected. However, it appeared that this was only a lull to our

* Not innocent—a phrase applied by the common people in Scotland to anything which they suppose invested with supernatural powers of a noxious kind.