

it was always a matter of surprise why the dwellers in Notre Dame-st. should have been denied this great privilege. But it was reserved for one of the ghosts of my story to discover that it had not been always *thus*. In fact, a very narrow private stairway had been made for their benefit, but this being objected to by the "upper crust," it was closed up, and in time its very existence was completely forgotten.

Before my time, the basement referred to had been used as a dissecting room, but that had been moved to the attic, and the dissecting room converted into a kitchen! Just for the sake of pleasant associations! The presiding genius of the kitchen—old Kitty—was Irish, a strict Protestant, but, when in extreme peril, not above crossing herself, and appealing to all the saints in the calendar. She slept in a cupboard-bed in the kitchen, knew what this room had formerly been, and was prepared accordingly—every mouse was to her a ghost in disguise. "Why, then, Master Edward," she would say, "not a night of me life that they don't come and sit across me legs, and dance on me chest, and then lift me up—bed and all—up—up—until, my jewel, I think they are going to shut me up intirely, when I wakes wid a scream, an' comes down wid a jump. Not for worlds—no—not for me weight in goold would I stay in this house another day, but for the Misses, the darlin!"

"Now, but Kitty, what did you have for supper?"

"What did I have for supper, is it? Just a glass of beer and a bit of bread and cheese; sorra thing else."

"Well, Kitty, don't you think it might have been the cheese?"

"Arrah then, honey, don't you think I am old enough to know the differ between *them* and cheese? The cray-thurs, they'd never harm one any way—God be good to them—but they've been cut up in this room, and they likes to come back to it."

I do not wish it to be supposed, for one moment, that my familiarity with Kitty is any proof that I had a "mash" on her. It used to be said in Ireland, and perhaps elsewhere: "Whatever you do, keep good friends with the cook." Kitty was an old maid—she could not help that—under proper facilities she might have been a grandmother; she was old enough! But she came from the *dear owld sod*, not far from where I was born, and it was pleasant to hear her talk of owld Ireland, and its fairies, and its churches, and round towers, and blarney stones, and how St. Patrick banished the snakes from the island and drove them all into the *say*!

The family spent the summer in the country. So Kitty and I had the house to ourselves a great part of the time. I am afraid that, in spite of my friendship for Kitty, she saw a great many ghosts in those days, but she was very forgiving, and thought it was all done for her own good.

A day of retribution, however, came at last. That kind of thing is sure to come, sooner or later, upon the wicked. I saw a ghost myself, and in that very kitchen. Smoking was a luxury to be indulged in cautiously in that house. Lucifer and Congreve matches, and phosphorous bottles were unknown. Only the old tinder box, with its flint and steel, could, in the absence of a fire or a lighted candle, be relied upon to light a cigar.

One Sunday evening, knowing to a certainty that I was alone in the house, I went down to the kitchen for a light. A man sat on a chair in front of the coal stove, his feet on its hearth, his elbows on his knees and his face on his open palms. I had firmly believed the man servant to be out, but there sat some one. I passed behind him, and coming to his left side stooped down to open the stove door. He did not move. Not one foot. So I said, in my blandest tones, looking up at the same time: "Will you have the goodness to move your foot? I want