

When lo ! a voice which seemed to come
Out o' the grave, struck Archie dumb ;
" Hoo daur ye, sir, revile the dead !"
The voice in solemn accents said,

" Let William Wotherspoon a lane !
To God the judge o' a he's gane !
I'm sure he never injured thee,
Let William Wotherspoon abe."

Aff Archie rins, the fearfu' voice,
It disna need to tell him twice ;
Fu' swiftly he taks tae his heels,
Tho' round him a' creation reels !
Od ! he makes short work o' the track,
And never ance does he look back,
And wi' a maist unearthly roar,
Falls senseless on the chainge-house floor ;
And there's alarm instead o' fun,
And hurrying neath the Rising Sun ;
Where for a stricken hour he lay,
Until at last they heard him say—
" This surely is the Judgment Day !
For God's sake let me hae a sup !
The very dead are rising up !
Ah, no ! that canna be disputit,
And I will tell ye a' aboot it."

" Although the night was dark and mirk,
I three times marched roun' the auld kirk,
And there at ev'ry roun' did I,
Loud as my lungs would let me, cry :

' A' deevils in hell I defy !
And every one that tells a lie ;
To the combat come say I !'

Yes, there I stood my leefu-lane,
Defied them a' ance an' again ;
Then at the last I heard a howl—
A kind o' wakening gurlly growl,
When there came creeping frae their holes
Hail legions o' the puir damned souls ;
E'en, some auld neighbors I could see,
That seemed to want to hide frae me—
Folk we kent weel, aye ! stately dames !
That were I but to mention names,
I rather doubt some o' their weans
Would hardly thank me for my pains ;
It seemed as if around a throne
Some kind o' trial was gaun on,
And the ghosts o' oor parish puir,
Whups in their hauns, were gathered there
Auld Scart the Basin they did lead,
Wha bore this label on his heid—
' His crime's unconscionable greed ' ;
And tho' he tried to dodge ma ee,
He couldna play at junks wi' me ;
Lord hoo the rascal hung his heid
And hoo for mercy he did plead !
As ane o' their ain d— breed ;
And I could hear them laugh and say—
' Ye skinned us clean for mony a day,
And time aboot ye ken's fair play ' ;
And aye the ither shoal cam oot
To see him whuppit, ne'er a doubt ?
A' hell seemed gathering roon aboot.

" Jist then 'twas whispered in my ear—
' Nae mortal man can live and hear
The secrets of this under sphere.'
I thocht 'twas about time to gang,
When I was lifted frae the thrang,
Clean oot o' that infernal sphere ;
Yet hoo the deevil I got here !
Ay ! that's the mystery tae me,
For through the air I seemed to flee !"

Thus he kept blustering for a day,
Tho' his twa cronies did gainsay ;
Just then the braggart to confute.
The simple truth itsel' cam oot—
' Twas auld Scart's widow, a' her lane,
At midnight hour to make her mane
That to her husband's grave had gane ;

For still despite the world's jeer,
He to her woman's heart was dear,
And there she went to shed a tear ;
And hers the solemn voice that spake,
Which made the blustering blockhead quake.
And now, I hardly need to say,
Tam's jest was he for mony a day,
And for years, tho' he ceased to boast,
Was kent as Scart the Basin's ghost.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

STUDIES IN SHAKESPEARE.

III.—MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR (ONT.)

STUBBS having returned from the opera house in a state of great exhilaration, we proceed to apply our cipher to "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which is said to have been played before Queen Elizabeth, by special request, as she wished to witness Falstaff making love. Stubbs says this play is far behind any of Sol Smith Russell's for fun, and reckons if W. Shakespeare was living to-day, he could not get any one to put it on for money. I may mention that Stubbs has secured the pieces of Shakespeare's bust together with sticking-plaster, which he has chalked over. The result would be better if he had found the piece off the end of the bard's nose and not put the left ear on wrong side up. Stubbs is also engaged on a portrait of Shakespeare, surrounded by his friends—life size—which he intends to present to the Ontario School of Art, as an addition to their pictorial museum—on condition that it obtains the first prize at the Exhibition Lottery.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor" was not an original work—Stubbs having read it in Italian many years ago. Nevertheless it is remarkable for some prophetic utterances regarding Toronto, Sir John A. Macdonald, the Scott Act, and other present nuisances. Our extinguished rival, Mr. Audacious Donnelly, has not found one of these by the aid of his cipher ; but Stubbs and I have drained the midnight oil-can until the early dawn has shone on our prostrate forms. (P.S.—Stubbs has joined the Blue Ribbon Brigade and has framed his certificate. This is a great act of self-sacrifice, as he can get no more free lunches.)

In Act I., Scene I., a very subtle reference is made to the working of the Temperance Party in Canada, which has never been noticed before. The passage is this :—"The council shall hear it ; it is a riot." Now our new reading is as follows :—"The council shall hear it ; it is a rye hot ;" clearly indicating that Shallow is about to lay an information against some one for unlicensed selling. No doubt an allusion was made to dishonest Bank Cashiers in his passage :—

"Discard, bully Hercules, Cashier, let them wag ; trot, trot," advice which is often followed to-day on both sides of the line.

Much sound advice is given by Mrs. Page when she says : "These knights will hack ; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry." There is need of its following in Canada, where the Sirees are getting too numerous to be respected.

Now Stubbs and I have come to the conclusion that Sir John Falstaff was a humorous forecast of Sir John A. Macdonald, Shakespeare only changing the name out of respect for the latter's family. Numerous passages could be mentioned to support this theory, and Ford seems to be intended as his evil genius. What could be more appropriate and satisfactory than this description of the knight :—"Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose,