

endeavour. The notes died away, like a croupy lark's attempt at cantation, and by certain gurgling sounds, I concluded that he was administering to himself a dose of Dutch courage!

"Who after this, will have the brazen assurance," continued Billson, "to say a word against the reality of spiritualism? Show me the infidel who will dare to sneer at Judge Edmonds as an old woman, or point the finger of scorn at the glorious and immortal Koons? Would that all Canada was present to behold the wonderful wonders which are now being enacted! Toronto will soon be a more famous place than Rochester itself!"

In order to cut this rhapsody short, I again fingered the drumsticks and performed that classic piece of music, the "Rogue's March", with an artistic vigour, which would have won for ever the affections of Jullien.

When I had concluded this master piece of instrumentation, Lynch senior intimated a desire that he might be favored with the vision of his defunct nephew. Whereupon the native of Dollardom, after muttering certain hocus pocus words, commanded your humble servant to become ocularly developed.

Thus abjured, I emerged from behind the window-curtain, and drawing one of the aforesaid lucifer matches gently over my coat sleeve, ignited the same, and re-communicated light to the extinguished cockspur.

"Be the town piper of Jericho"—yelled Cuthbert—"it is the crayter Dinis Stobo, as sure as I am a sinner! Och, when did ye die? And how does it fare wid your poor misfortunate sowl?"

Pulling a solemn face, and using the tone of voice employed by the gents who personate Hamlet's murdered father, I replied in manner after-mentioned, to wit, that is to say:—

"In a swamp at Port Credit, opposite the residence of the author of *"The New Guager,"* I shuffled off this mortal coil! Starvation was the cause of the catastrophe, and you can judge of my destitution by these sordid rags, which I wore at the moment of my decease! As touching my soul, it is enduring all the agonies of Purgatory . . ."

"Hold hard there, stranger," interjected Billson at this point of my story; "both Judge Edmonds and old Koons' deny point-blank, that there is any such location!"

"The Judge, and the other fellow, then, are a brace of jolterheads"—quoth I—"not fit to cry boo, to a goose!"

"But nephew, avic"—chimed in old Lynch—"is there nothing, honey that we can do for yeez?"

"Faith uncle"—I responded—"a bushel or two of masses, would come quite handy in existing circumstances. For a matter of two hundred pounds, or say three, when you're at it, I would be set famously upon my legs!"

"And its Phelim and meself will be proud and happy to make that same advance," was the prompt rejoinder, enunciated with a heartiness which amply demonstrated its sincerity. The tears rolled down his furrowed and haggard cheeks—his frame was shaken by a rapid succession of hysterical sobs—and earnestly did he tell the beads which indexed the orisons he was putting up on my behalf. At that moment I fully and freely forgave the remorseful sinner, his share of the act of injustice, which had so long kept me out of my legitimate rights.

Widely different, however, was the spirit in which cousin Phelim, received the proposition of his penitent ancestor.

"If you have got the tin, old codger"—he exclaimed—"you may make the investment in question, but hang me if I give one rap, for any such purpose! Denis Stobo, as you well know, was never one of my special favorites, and I have no idea of throwing away good money upon the ghost of such a spalpeen! If he is suffering in purgatory, he doubtless well deserves it, and I decidedly think that the law should be permitted to take its regular course!"

Such language from the knave who had so long been waxing gross upon my inheritance, completely widowed me of all patience and self-restraint. With one bound, I was at the side of the sordid scoundrel, and grasping him by the throat, belaboured his head with one of the drumsticks, till I was well nigh breathless.

"How spiritualism *does* progress, to be sure!" cried Billson, as he contemplated thi