

'At that rate, Andy, I suppose you'd give the master a ball additional for every child he has, and that would make eight. So you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once.'

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

[To be continued.]

The Dead Alive.

In the Free City of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us. In the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground, till certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope, communicating with an alarum, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official "Death-Watch," the metallic tongue of the alarum had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as stiff, as still, and as silent, as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct: in some bodies out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered, like a spark amongst the ashes—but disinclined by the national phlegm to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a Transcendental Spirit would not willingly dissolve. Be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the corpse-chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted, and

consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

In fine, he became a confirmed sceptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring, unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly, it is curious to observe that in proportion to the multiplication of physicians, and the progress of Medical science, the number of revivals has decreased. The Exanimate no longer rally us as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and Margaret Schoning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the tremors and fancies of his noviciate, had come by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custody of a Plutonian warehouseman, or Lethean wharfinger. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man, of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sour kroust, veal-cutlets, bul-lace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, blood sausage, wild boar brawn, herring sallad, sweet pudding, Leipsic larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlful of plums, by way of dessert—suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where being deposited in the corpse-chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the death-watch, David Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell round the dead man's fingers, and then retiring into his own sanctorium, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that foggy Paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odour of Araby the blessed, and the society of Houris.

"And did the fat man come to life again?"

Patience, my dear madam, patience, and you shall hear.

It was past midnight, and in the corpse-chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still