

the mother country. This document seemed very slightly to touch his curiosity, as he threw it down carelessly upon the table, without infringing upon the integrity of the seal thereof.

"And so, Mister Billson," cried my avuncular relative, "you persist in saying that you can make sperits spake?"

"I calculate," replied the model republican, "I can do that ere trick; and, what is more, bring them visibly before you! The secret I learned from Squire Koons, of Dover County, Ohio, one of the most remarkable men of this here age!"

Here Lynch the younger, who had evidently been "putting an enemy in his mouth," was brought to bed of an articulation, compounded of a hiccup and a whistle, of the most withering contempt.

"Tell that fudge," quoth he, "to the marines; sailors won't believe it!"

"Young man!" solemnly interjected the Yankee, "have care what you say! Little do you know who is within ear shot! Take my word for it, as an honest man, this house is full of spirits!"

"By John and Hookey Walker!" cried the reckless Phelim, "that is piper's news, and no mistake! From personal experience I can testify that old Russell has got a capittally stocked cellar! You might float the *City of Toronto* in his gin!"

My uncle having charged his hopeful son to "shut up," requested the medium to go on with his incantations, as the night was verging upon extreme senectitude.

The first thing that Mr. Billson did, was to fetch in a drum of respectable dimensions, which, together with the sound-engendering instruments pertaining thereto, he placed upon the floor, not far from the spot where I stood concealed.

"All spirits," he observed, in explanation of the proceeding, "have got a tarnation appetite for this kind of *moosic*, which is the reason why they make such a confounded rapping upon tables, when there is not a sheet of tight sheepskin handy! If you want to save your pine furniture, never be without a drum!"

Having delivered himself of this parenthesis, the operator, (who, I may observe, ap-

peared to be acting in perfect sincerity and good faith,) extinguished all the lights in the room, including a gas cockspur situated within reach of my lurking place. This operation might have somewhat disorganized my plans, but fortunately I had about me a box of lucifer matches, an appendage which my nicotian habits rendered a *sine qua non*.

"Now," said Billson, "whose ghost do you want to be present?"

"If perfectly convenient and agreeable to his reverence," cried the scoffing Phelim, "I should be happy to be favoured with the company of Saint Patrick! There is a bottle of pure stuff here, very much at his honor's service!"

"Hould your pace, ye reprobate!" exclaimed the scandalized Cuthbert, who was too devoted a son of the Church to put up patiently with this ribaldry; "Hould your pace, wid your profanity which would disgrace a haythen or Turk! Mister Billson, my heart is set upon getting tidings o' my poor, misfortunate nephew, Dinis Stobo. I would give a trifle to know whether he is in this world or the next!"

"If so be he has hopped the twig," returned the operator, "he will be beating upon yon ere identical drum before many minutes have sloped!"

The Synod sat for some time in profound silence, only broken at intervals by an alcoholic snort from my excellent cousin. At length, getting tired of the quaker like quietude, I contrived to get hold of the drumsticks, and beat therewith upon the tombour a tattoo, loud enough to "split the ears of the groundlings!"

Delectified, apparently, beyond measure, was brother Jonathan, at this realization of his prediction.

"There!" he intoned through his nasal clarion—did I not tell you what would happen? Your nephew's body has become cold meat in death's larder, and his spirit is with us in this here parlour!"

"Blessed Vargin!" gasped forth my astounded uncle, in tones tremulous with terror; "miracles never *will* cease?"

As for my cousin he essayed to brave out matters, "by whistling the "Boy's of Killenny", but signally abortive was the