

Miss Bridget was fresh from the Emerald Isle,
 she had been in the country no very great while;
 she was judiciously cautioned 'gainst loafers and tramps.
 and was partial by no means to any such seamps.

When the boss put his hand on the latch of the door,
 he was seated with Michael, old times talking o'er,
 ere the face showed within, all disfigured with blood,
 and the clothing all over bespattered with mud.

It is no wonder that Bridget sustained a sore fright,
 at the sight of the visitor's hideous plight;
 and indeed she declares that she could not then tell
 if the intruder were burglar, or ghost, or the De'il.

On recovering her presence of mind she showed fight,
 with intention of putting the stranger to flight;
 promptly grasping the first thing to hand, a long broom,
 proved the force that resides in a muscular arm.

Master C. at this juncture attempted a parley,
 called her name and said why he had not returned early;
 all in vain, he complained of her treatment so rough,
 for she knew not his voice, as his speech had grown gruff.

And to no explanation would Bridget give heed,
 as she rattled the broom handle o'er his sore head;
 then calling on Michael to come to the fore,
 they expelled the soiled councilman from his own door.

Master C. would not venture to face his dear spouse,
 and of course he kept clear of the front of the house;
 feeling tired and exhausted and somewhat forlorn,
 he retreated and slept on sweet hay in the barn.

Of the scene that took place with his lady next day,
 it is expedient, we think, to have little to say;
 and avouching the truth of what's said as a tale,
 let the private affairs of the home draw a veil.

Her brave Bridget indeed for her blunder was blamed,
 but enjoined the whole business should never be named;
 she received a rich present, a dress of green silk,
 and for Michael, a young short horn cow in full milk.

MILL ROAD, October, 1883.