

ened and marshalled themselves for a combat, the trees moaned—and what made the matter worse they were nearly all weeping willows—the waves beat stronger against the shore, and the wind played hurly-burly with the waters of the lake. Several times we thought we heard, and Jim swore he saw Fred moving among the tombstones and beckoning him to be quiet. It was now half-past one o'clock a. m., and awfully cold and windy, and by-and-bye a drizzling rain began, which increased till it became a perfect cataract, raining drops like marbles, and giving us a decided demonstration of the sciences of fluids in motion, and compelling Allopathy to confess that Hydropathy as applied that once to us had cured our depraved taste for Resurrectioning.

"I wish Fred would come, or we'd hear the whistle," said I, as I began to experience the water cure more externally than was agreeable. "Look there!" said Jim, grasping my arm, "what on earth is that?"

We had crept under protection of an old shed, or storehouse for spades, wheelbarrows, &c., in the Cemetery, and through the entrance Jim pointed. I couldn't see anything. A second time Jim vowed he saw Fred moving across the ground, and, looking for myself, I was sure I saw him too.

"They're taking a most awful time to do their digging," said Jim.

"The rain stopped them, I dare say," I answered, "and see, it's clearing off; the rain has stopped." The clouds were rolling away and the stars peeped out, very far apart they seemed.

"Do you believe in ghosts?" said Jim to me. "No," I replied, "except in the ghost of Hamlet's father, for I saw him myself on the stage."

"No joking," said Jim, "but I do; Dr. Johnson did"—Jim read Johnson more than was recommended to collegians up to their ears in classics—"It can't be all nonsense about those spectral appearances we read about both in ancient and modern history."

We told ghost stories, and I did all I could to frighten him.

"I say George," said he, "don't you remember the fate of Idas when he broke one of the pillars and desecrated the sepulchre of Apharens?" "No," said I.

"He was thunderstruck immediately by Jupiter."

"I'm glad the storm is over then," said I, "and we're safe; though I wish our turn would come to set to work—in spite of the fate of Idas."

"Let's go back to our post," said Jim. Back we went, feeling very wet and disgusted. "I don't see the fun in this. I vote we set to work on our own hook," said Jim.

"But I don't know the grave," I said. He wanted to fire away at any, just for exercise, but I pulled out my watch, and told him it was half-past three o'clock, and to tell the truth I was about tired of the thing, and felt that Fred had given too much of the adventure to the other fellows.

"Look here, George, I'll be hanged if I stand this any longer. It's getting decidedly 'weary, stale and unprofitable.'"

"Well, let's go the gate, and—"
"Whew! whew-ew!" There it was at last—the whistle. "Whew! whew-ew!"

Up we jumped, feeling very stiff and miserable and shouldering our respective weapons we made tracks for the aforesaid gate, where we found our six comrades—but not Fred.

"I say boys," said one, "I'm afraid Fred's caught! He hasn't been at our post since half-past eleven o'clock!"

"Who was up at the far end of the Cemetery?" I asked.

"Dick and I," said Jack N.

"Well, what did you do?"
"Do! why we didn't do anything, but lie down very quiet and get wet, and would have been drowned if we hadn't crept under a shed where masons had been cutting stone and even there we couldn't keep the water out. I'm as wet as I can be."

"I feel the black soot running beautifully down my neck," said Bill L.—who had blackened his face.

"I feel awful stiff," said another.

"And I've got rheumatics in my right shoulder," said Jim.

The idea struck me just then that there was something rotten in the state of Denmark, "so to speak."

"Did any of you see Fred after that half-past eleven visit?" I asked.

Each post reported "nary a see."

"He told us," said Jack N., "that as we were not up to the work he'd get you to begin operation first, and when you were done he'd get you to take our posts and we'd set to work at a grave about fifteen yards from where we were lying."

"Did he say anything about the Macedonian phalanx," I asked.

"Yes."

"I say, boys," I said, "I think *this is a sell!*" We stared at each other vacantly, and you may imagine how sweet we looked in our dripping disguises, and our eight spades and pickaxes.

"Let's whistle again," said Tim.

We "whew, whew-ew'd"—but no answer came and no Fred.

"What's the time?"
"Just a quarter to four."

"I vote we go home!"

We sloped arms and sloped. Jim and I pitched the spade and pickaxe into the yard and by the aid of that friend of youth, the latch-key, opened the front door, and keeping close to the wall to prevent the stairs creaking, we slipped upstairs and went to bed.

The next morning we went down town with stiff legs, and the influenza, and as we passed C's book store there was Fred and a host of fellows laughing at us, while there was a general cry of—

"How are you resurrectionists?"

We made such a dash as our stiffshanks would let us, but he bolted and when next we met we had forgiven him.

After he had visited Jim and I, at half-past eleven o'clock, he had gone home to bed!

"And were there no bodies to raise?" asked Jim.

"None but your own," said Fred.

I don't think we'll go resurrectioning again, not if we know it. W. G. B.

Montreal, May 26th, 1866.

STOCKINGS.

WE have always held that a writer is morally bound to begin at the beginning, but are nonplussed how to follow that excellent rule on the present occasion, by reason of our subject having no beginning to it. We are nowhere told that Adam or Eve were ashamed of their nether limbs, nor is it recorded when their descendants first awoke to the impropriety and inconvenience of parading earth bare-legged; in fact, we are utterly in the dark as to when, where, or by whom stockings were first introduced to an appreciative world.

The Anglo-saxons were accustomed to swathe their legs in garters, tied in a knot just below the knee; and if illuminators may be accepted as trustworthy authorities, King Canute wore a pair of veritable stockings. The Normans wore drawers called chaussés, sometimes bandaged and crossed with garters. How their wives and daughters clad their lower limbs, we do not know. Henry III. made his sister a present of a pair of gold embroidered cloth stockings, and we are inclined to infer therefrom that stockings were familiar articles of feminine attire before they became common to the apparel of both sexes.

In an account-book kept by one of the servants of the first Duke of Norfolk, bearing date 1463, there is an entry of the payment of three shillings and fourpence for 'hosyn,' fourteen shillings for two pair of 'morrey hosyn,' and ten shillings for 'a pair of black and a pair of white for my master.' Henry VIII. is said to have worn taffeta or cloth hose, except when, by lucky chance, he could procure a pair of silken hose from Spain. From an inventory of his apparel, however, it is evident that King Hal's hose were made of various materials—of coloured cloths, of silk, satin, and velvet. But these 'hose'

were rather breeches than stockings, for in the same inventory we find entered, 'a yard and a quarter of green velvet for stocks to a pair of hose for the king's grace—a yard and a quarter of purple satin to cover the stocks of a pair of hose of purple cloth tissue,' besides several entries of similar character respecting 'stocking of hose.' After a time, the component parts of the hose became separated, the upper part retaining the old name, and the lower portion receiving the names of stocks, nether-stocks, and stockings. Unfortunately, our old writers apply the term 'hose' indifferently to either garment; and we are often puzzled (as when Skelton describes the poor women of his time hobbling about in blanket hose) to tell which they really mean.

The introduction of silk stockings must have been welcomed heartily by all who could afford to buy them. Mezerai asserts that they were first worn by Henry II, of France, at the marriage of his sister in 1559; but before that, Edward VI. had graciously accepted a pair from the merchant-prince, Sir Thomas Gresham, who imported them from Spain, the land where they were first manufactured. The story goes, that a loyal-minded grandee, the happy possessor of one of the first pairs of silk stockings made in Spain, thought he could not do better than present the novel utilities to his queen, and to that end placed them in the hands of the first minister of the crown, greatly to the discomposure of that modest man, who astonished the innocent-meaning noble by returning him his stockings, and bidding him remember that 'the queen of Spain had no legs!' Our own Elizabeth, not ashamed to own that she had legs, received a similar gift in a very different manner. Soon after her accession, her majesty's silk-woman, Mrs. Montague, tendered as her New-Year's gift a pair of knitted black silk stockings—the first of the kind made in England. Elizabeth lost no time in putting the gift to its proper use, and was so pleased with the result, that she sent for Mrs. Montague, and inquired where she procured such comfortable foot-gear, and if she could get any more like them. 'I made them very carefully, of purpose only for your majesty,' replied the silkwoman; 'and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so,' quoth the queen; 'for indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more cloth stocking.' And she kept her royal word, and would have laughed at the economy of the Margrave John of Custrin, who seeing one of his councillors wearing silk stockings on a week day, said to him: 'Barthold, I have silk stockings too, but I wear them only on Sundays and holidays.'

Shakespeare seemingly perpetrates an anachronism when he makes Prince Henry tell Poins he knows he owns but two pair of silk stockings, the pair on his legs, and those that were the peach-coloured ones. The many allusions made by Shakespeare, prove that the stocking was worn by all classes of people when he wrote his plays. Sir Andrew Aguecheek flatters himself that his leg does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Mad Petruccio claims Kate the curst for his bride 'with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with red and blue list; and when he arrives at his home, expects his servants to honour the occasion by welcoming their mistress in their new fustian and their white stockings. Socks and foul stockings contributed towards making Falstaff's buck-basket journey disagreeable; Kit Sly, the drunken cobbler, exclaims: 'Never ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet;' and Malvolio has immortalised yellow stockings, even should Blue-coat boys forswear them.

According to Stow, the Earl of Pembroke was the first Englishman to encase his legs in home-made knitted worsted stockings. He says, that in the year 1564, one Rifer, a London 'prentice, taken with the appearance of a pair of woollen stockings he had seen at an Italian merchant's, managed to borrow them for a few days, made a pair exactly like them, and presented them