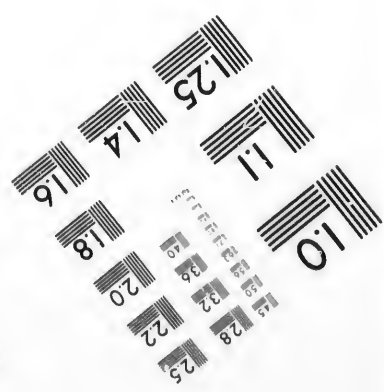
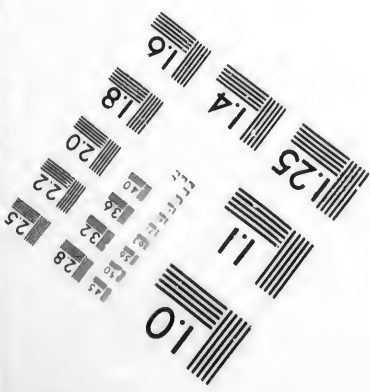
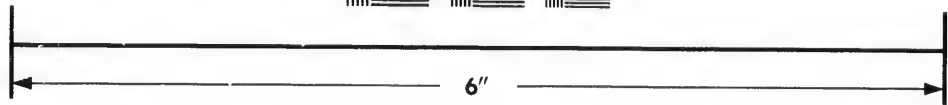
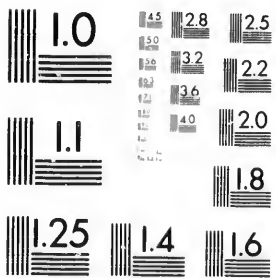


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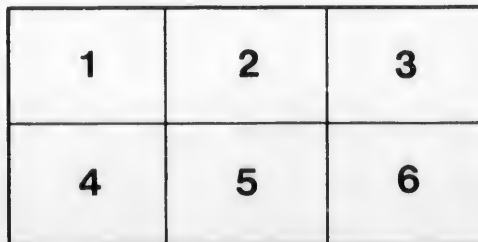
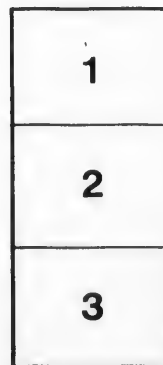
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HUMOROUS READINGS.

**CHIRSTY MACPHERSON'S ELECTRIC TRIP
TO LONDON.**



BOBBY BANKS' BODDERMENT.

**THE GRIDIRON: PADDY MULLOWNEY'S
TRAVELS IN FRANCE.**

**THE RESURRECTION MEN: ADVENTURES
IN A GRAVEYARD.**

MONTREAL:

MITCHELL & WILSON, PRINTERS & PUBLISHERS, 192 ST. PETER ST.



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AN ELECTRIC TRIP TO LONDON.

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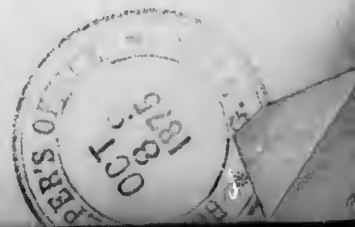
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An Electric Trip to London.



HUMOROUS READINGS.

AN ELECTRIC TRIP TO LONDON.

It has been told of the inhabitants of a certain village in a remote district of the Western Highlands, that they were either so tenacious in preservation of old customs, or so ignorant of current affairs, that they continued to pray for the health and prosperity of George IV. long after they were blessed with the incomparably better and more exemplary reign of good Queen Victoria.

Our village, however, was hardly just so far behind the age, though it could not by any means be cited as a particular example of intelligence, as I shall proceed to show.

Chirsty and John Macpherson were a couple of the queerest bodies in the village. John was a quiet, harmless, retiring sort of a creature ; but his wife, a boisterous, billowy, flippant sort of an individual, was continually bringing him into all kinds of ludicrous plights, and, of course, they soon became a popular pair.

About Chirsty especially there was a curious natural fondness to be big—big in her own estimation and in every other body's—and few there were in the village with any patience at all who who were not well drilled into her genealogy from the Covenanters downwards.

One morning Chirsty came into Laird Logan's shop, and introduced herself something after the following fashion :

"It's a douce morning, Laird," said Chirsty, with an aristocratic shake of the head.

"Ou ay, there's naething wrang wi' the morning ; what's newest wi' ye?"

"Newest ! preserve us ! did ye no hear?"

"No hear what?" said the Laird, indifferently.

"That me and John hae gotten a fortune left us," answered Chirsty, tossing her head curiously about, while the Laird wondered.

"What ! a fortune, Chirsty?"

"Ay, Laird, a fortune, and it's nae mere maitter o' shillin's and pence, like some o' yer legacies."

"Ay, woman, and ye've had rich freens after a'."

The Laird had long since ceased to believe in Chirsty's rich connections, and looked on her boasting as something of a natural weakness.

"Losh keep the man ! it's easy seen we are nae ordinar folk ; our very appearance nicht convince ye that we've come frae gran' posterity."

"But wha's dead, Chirsty?"

"Oh ! the best o' them, Laird ; a man I aye respecket for his honesty, uprightness, and his big fortune ; but he's awa, noo, puir fallow, and we'll no forget him in a hurry."

"But what freen' was he?"

"Weel, Laird, I hardly just mind the straucht line o' connection. I think he was—ay—wait—let me see—I think he was second cousin tae my brither-in-law's wife, or some way thereabout. At onyrate, my mither, honest,

discreet, and dutiful woman, used to wash and do bits o' odd turns about the hoose when they lived in these parts, and I hør'e nae doot that served to strengthen the freen-ship considerable. But come as it micht, Laird, we are weel dune for, though me and John hae just come to the determination that we'll no be prood. We'll show the warld that pride and siller are twa different things; and as we were sittin' crackin' by the fire en' last nicht after we got the news, we just said to each other, says I, 'John.' 'Say on Chirsty,' quo' he 'Ye're a discreet woman: ye're the guidin' staur o' my existance; ye're the best wife e'er I saw.' Weel, Laird, ye ken whatever I say is law, and I says, says I, 'John, we're nane o' yer plain common folk noo; we've got riches, John, and it's hard to keep oorsel's frae the vanities and big thochts that comè wi' siller, but we'll just throw a' these aside, an we'll speak to a' the neebors as we diã afore'; and I says, says I, 'there's Laird Logan, the decentest an' ceevilist man in the village, he has been oor freen' in mony a hardship,' and says I, 'we'll go oot an' in, buy oor things there as we did afore, and we'll just be couthie wi' folk that's couthie wi' us. I ettle the minister's leddy will be braw and chaw'd at hersel' for fytin' on me and John for sieepin' owre lang last Sunday, but we'll just speak as free till her as if naething had happened, an' let her ain conscience kittle her for speaking sae croose.' It's an unco thing to be rich, Laird, said Chirsty, giving her head another aristocratic fling, 'it tries a body sairly, but we'll aye be the same.'

"Weel, Chirsty, ye're an exemplary woman," said the Laird, somewhat impressed with the fortune. "It'll be a big sum, nae doot."

"Ay, ye may weel say't, Laird. My freens are nane o' yer mean, shabby kind o' folk; they never dae things in hauf—when a thing's din ava it's aye din respectively."

"Hoo—hoo—I was gaun to say, Chirsty, hoo muckle nicht it be?" ventured the Laird, diffidently.

"Let me see—ay, weel, yes, its just exackwilly the roun' sum o' twenty pounds starlin'; but don't let that annoy ye, Laird, we'll aye be the same Chirsty and John tae you."

"Ou, deed ay; I have nae doot o' 't," said the Laird, somewhat relieved by the disclosure; however, he desired to probe a little deeper.

"But hae ye gotten the sillar?"

"Weel, no; I'm gaun forrit tae Lunnon tae lift it. Ye ken I manage a' thae things, Laird: John, puir man, wud rather gang to Giberaltar than look a gentleman straught i' the face—he's a slack fallow. When I rærriet him the neebors says, 'John, ye're weel dune for.' So he was, puir man, and I have nae doot he feels that the day, though he never speaks."

"But ye're gaun tae Lunnon, ye say?"

"Exackwilly."

"Will ye travel it?" asked the Laird, vaguely. Laird Logan was a man who was not at all skilled in subjects of modern interest. He had never been more than ten miles from his native village, and he knew about as much of the world in general as he knew of its topography.

"Certes! hear the man. Travel it! Fegs, no, I'm gaun up by electric telygraph."

"Chirsty!" cried the Laird, throwing open his eyes to such an extent as to put his other features somewhat out of harmony. "By electric telygraph! woman."

"Exackwilly, Laird, that's juist it."

"Chirsty, Chirsty, are ye no feer'd o' bein' killed?"

"Hardly, Laird. I hae an inklin' that Providence has some guid use for me yet."

"It's a risk, woman."

"What way, Laird?"

"Just because we had a gentleman ca'ing on us last week, an' he said he had been some place an' saw a newspaper, and there was news in't sayin' that twenty-three Rushiuns had been kilt by electric telygraph."

"Ou ay, but that's far awa', Laird; forby, it must hae been some mismanagement."

"Weel, that micht be, but, Lo'd—ha! ha!—I wudna heed aboot it. I wud rather go by the steam coach."

"May be ye wid, Laird, but it's a heap cheaper by the telygraph; besides, it's only a maitter o' twa or three meenits, and yer clappit doon in Lunnon. I intend being back the morn's nicht. I lea' this wi' the first 'bus in the mornin'."

"Ay, and what time does it start?"

"The 'bus?"

"No, the telygraph."

"Ou, they tell me they'll send ye aff as soon's ye enter the office, and a' they charge is three shillin's."

"Lo'd, Chirsty, it's wonderfu'; ay, but, preserve us, I think I wid rayther tak' the steam coach, as I said before, though for my pairt I don't think I'll ever need ony o' them."

"Well, may be no, Laird, but ye see riches bring their troubles wi' them, though, to be sure they have their comforts too. I was thinking, Laird," said Chirsty, wi' an air

o' peculiar condescension, "tho' ye ken it gangs ill ower wi' me—I was thinkin' if ye could lend me the trifling sum o' five or six shillings mair to take me up and doon, I could just pey ye a'-the-gither when I come back wi' the siller. I've nae doot there's plenty o' folk in the village wud be prood o' the honor; but wud I condescend? Na, na, Laird; them that will gloom at me under a cloud winna get smiling at me in sunshine. I wud rather tak' it frae you (and Chirsty lowered her voice and got wonderfully confidential) as twice as muckle frae ony sic turn-coats."

The Laird, of course, could not but comply with such a patronizing appeal, and Chirsty, after having borrowed the requisite money for her journey, departed to make further preparations, assuring the Laird that he should always find them the same.

Next morning dawned clear and sunshiny, and the seven o'clock chime found Chirsty safely exalted on that unaristocratic portion of the 'bus beside the driver vulgarly called the "dickey," and Chirsty's John stood on the pavement beside the 'bus-officer watching her every movement with feelings of the deepest anxiety.

"Will ye dae, Chirsty?" cried John with a look of the deepest solicitude, as the business-half of him squeezed herself unceremoniously in between the end of the seat and an old gentleman of immensely corpulent proportions.

"Hech, but it's sair wark," said Chirsty, as she elbowed her way into the seat, considerably to the annoyance of her great travelling companion.

"I doot they're squeezing ye?" said John, sympathetically.

"Och, och, aye; but if some folk were like ordinar'

folk," giving a side-glance at the great man, "we wud a hae plenty o' room."

"Hey, man! wud ye ease ower a wee?" said John, addressing the driver. "My wife's squeezed."

The driver gave a patronizing smile, and kept his seat.

"Never mind, John, it's weel seen what sort o' passengers they carry—there's nae provision made for the better kin' o' folk. We'll need to excuse them."

"I'll tell you what it is, honest woman," said the gentleman on the box, reddening with indignation and the force of Chirsty's elbows, "if you come here and crush yourself into quarters where there's no room for you, and then give impudence over and above, we'll have you unseated immediately."

"My certes! but you speak big, sir. If they carry yon for a singlefare, there sudna be a humbler man in the 'bus; but it's aye yer kin' that's the noisiest," continued Chirsty, punching her elbow further into his side.

"Murder! driver, I tell you I can't bear this; you're not licensed to carry tigers, are you?"

"No, it's honest folk, guidman; so the sooner ye're doon the better, baith for yersel' and the lave o' the passengers."

Ominous movements were being made. The stout man, not finding himself a match for Chirsty in the scolding department, was about to draw his stick. The interference of the driver, however, brought hostilities to a close, and the last horn was about to be sounded.

Chirsty had recovered somewhat, and was beginning to reflect calmly, when suddenly a want came to her remembrance.

“Conscience John ! I forgot my lace mantle,” cried Chirsty, vehemently.

John, as if electrified, turned himself homeward.

“Rin, man, rin, ye’il find it in the auld closet behind the kitchen door ; rin for yer life, or I’ll be lost on the telygraph.”

John was not the man to require a second bidding, especially when the command came from such an authority as his wife, and off he ran with wonderful alacrity—while the coachguard blew the ominous sounds of departure. John had got some distance from the coach, but still within view, when suddenly turning a corner, the smith’s athletic collie, happening to be exactly of the same mind as himself, but coming from a different quarter, they came into serious collision, and John went right over him into a dirty heap of mud which unhappily had been collected at the corner ; while off ran the collie wagging his unshapely tail in a state of the most ecstatic satisfaction. John did not gather himself for a few seconds, and ere he had full time to gain his equilibrium, the last notes of the horn had sounded, and the horses moved off, while the great man on the dickey, much to the injury of Chirsty’s feelings, smirked over the misfortune tremendously, and, forgetting his own aching sides, chuckled most maliciously the whole way into the city.

The great clocks had just measured out in their most effective tones the hour of midday, and the streets were heaving with the vast tide of fashionable humanity taking its sunshiny promenade, when Chirsty—plain, stuffgowned, white-matched, tartan-shawled Chirsty—passed up the most fashionable thoroughfare, and was soon making her

curious demands at the door of the Electric Telegraph Office.

"Weel, mistress, what is't?" said the boy, on opening the door?

"What is't? ye impident scaur-craw! is that a' the mainners ye hae? Is your maister no in?"

"No mem; but—but come ben and he'll soon be."

"When does the first telygraf start?" said Christy, addressing one of the clerks.

"First telegraph? What do you mean, ma'am?"

"I just mean the first telygraf. What wad I mean?"

"Do you intend sending a message?"

"No, but ye'll send me, and I'll carry the message myself."

The clerks looked puzzled.

"Where are you going?"

"To Lunnon."

"Oh then ma'am, you mean the railway."

"Conscience, if I meant the railway, do ye think I wud come here; there's a guid ane. I want a ticket for the telygraf, and there's three shillin's—so as fast as ye can."

All the clerks had gathered round, and observing Christy's ludicrous deception, the office was soon echoing with laughter.

"When does the first telygraf start, I tell ye?" cried Christy, getting angry. Another roar of laughter. At last a more serious youth came forward, and endeavored to show her her error.

"You are laboring under a great mistake my good woman," said he, "we can only send messages."

"Weel can you no send me wi' ane!" Another roar from the clerks.

"No ma'am ; you know we work this peculiar process of transmitting and receiving messages by the passage of the electric fluid along the wires."

"Toots, ay, electric nonsense ; nane o' yer smooth-faced havers, but gie's a ticket."

"It is only words we send," persisted the youth.

"Weel, ye maun send somebody wi' the words, so there's yer three shillin's an' awa' wi' me. I micht hae been there by this time."

"Since she is so determined to go, can't we give her a trial?" said one of the youths, in a humorous mood. "We can let het hold on by the battery for a few minutes, and see how she likes it, though, I can assure you, mistress, it's none of the pleasantest ways of travelling."

"Ne'er fash your thoomb about that ; if I gie in the faut's no yours ; gie me the ticket and I'll gie ye the siller."

The clerk hurriedly scribbled some mysterious hieroglyphics on a piece of paper, pocketed the three shillings, and led the way to the region of batteries in the sunk flat, with half-a-dozen clerks bringing up the rear to see Chirsty taking her departure.

The apartment was dimly lighted by a diminutive blink of gas in a corner. Chirsty looked for the carriage by which she was to accomplish the journey, but nothing was seen corresponding to her preconceived notions of an electric trip.

"You'll better take your stand here," said the leader, directing her to a small platform.

"But you'll require to stand all the way, unfortunately."

"Weel, weel, for a' the time it's nae odds. Awa' wi't as fast as ye can."

Her guide now handed her two massive keys, to which were fastened two electric wires.

"What's this?" said Chirsty, examining the keys.

"Hold them fast!" cried the clerk. "If you lose these you'll not get out at the other side."

"Ay, exackwilly, and ye'll be ready when I come back again?"

"Of course."

"Weel, awa' wi't."

Her conductor touched one of the batteries, and sent a slight flow of electricity up the wire. Chirsty looked uneasy, but still held the keys.

"If you should feel unable for the journey," said the clerk, still adding more electricity, "you can just tell us, and we'll bring you back."

"Ay—ay—ay—is't awa'—o—yet, eh?"

"Yes, it's just off."

"Och!—mercy!" Chirsty began to think of the poor Russians, and all her ill-doings flashed up before her mind in a moment. The gas was now screwed out, and the whole apartment was left in darkness, and Chirsty was groaning frightfully under the shock.

"Oh!—dear—dear—dear—am I near Lunnon yet?"

"Not half-way," cried a faint voice from the other end of the room. Another touch of electricity was added.

"Oh, murder! murder! I'm no prepare tae dee. It's ower muckle for me. Oh dear, let me back; let me back. Murder, murder. I'll no ask the three shillin's. Oh—o—o—o, dear." Chirsty was writhing frightfully.

A few seconds elapsed before the sportive clerks yielded to her entreaties.

"You are no traveller at all, woman," said the conductor, as he threw off the fluid.

"Traveller! Guidness preserve us! the thing was trailing me. Certes, I hae maist lost the arms."

"Oh, yes, but people must put up with little inconveniences now and again."

"If ye hinna a mair comfortable passage than that, guidman, I doot ye'll soon loose yer custom. Let me oot. I'm past gaun to London for a wee at ony rate."

A back door was opened, and a woman emerged into the street.

Meantime Chirsty's "dickey" seat is secured for home, and her twenty pound fortune is still in the hands of the London banker.



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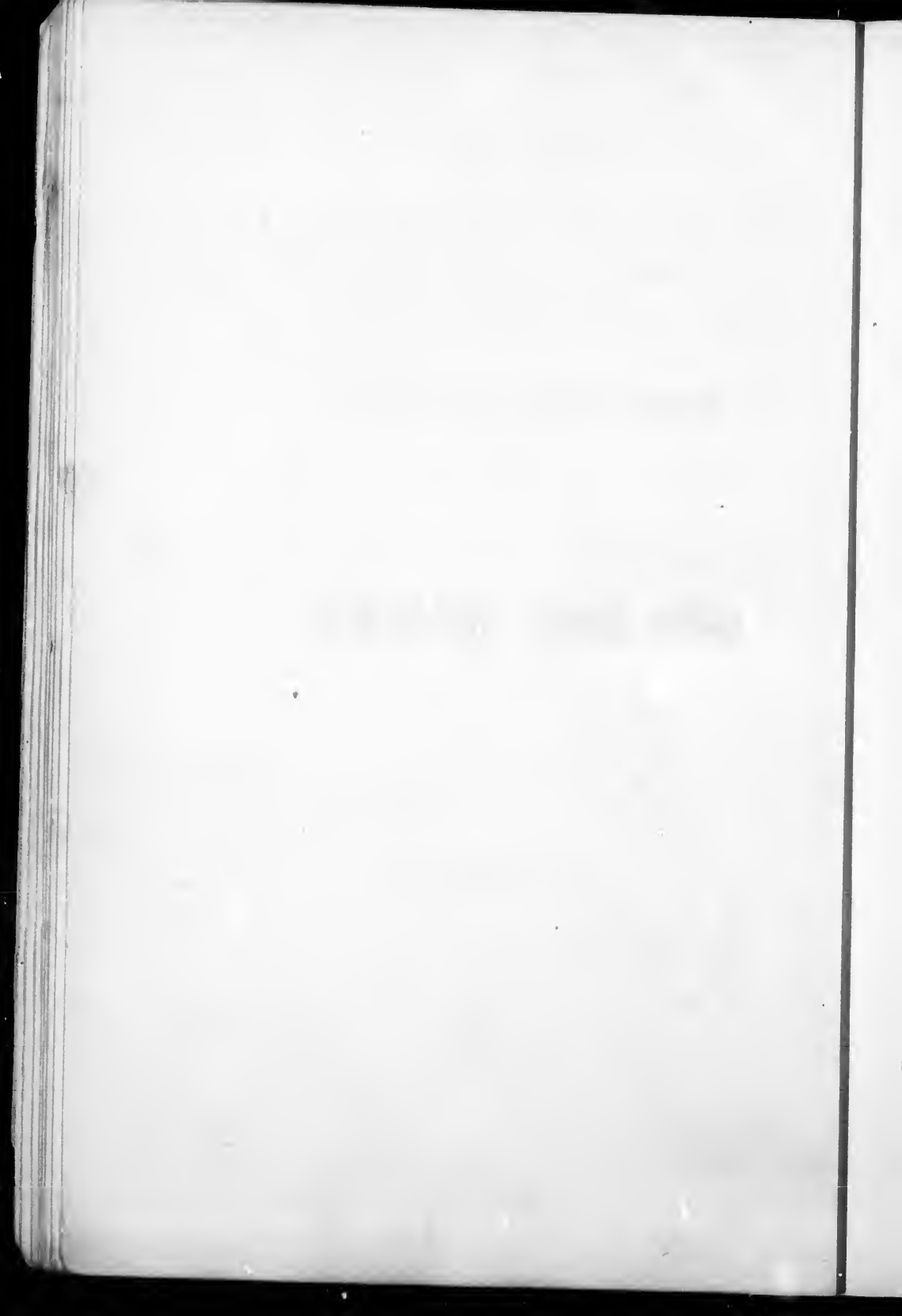
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Bobby Banks' Bodderment.



BOBBY BANKS' BODDERMENT.

She was ola's a top marketer was ooar Betty, she niver miss't gittin' t' best price ga'n beath for butter an' eggs; an' she ken't hoo to bring t' ho'pennies heam. Nut like t' meast o' fellows' wives 'at thinks there's nea hurt i' warin' the odd brass iv a picture' beuk or gud stuff for t' barnes or m'appen sum'at whyte as needless for ther'sels—Betty ola's brong t' ho'pennies heam.

Cookerm'uth's ooar reg'lar market—it's a gay bit t' bainer—but at t' time o'year when Kes'ick's full o'quality ther's better prices to be gitten thecar; an' soon o' through t' harvest time, an' leater on, she ola's went to Kes'ick. Last back-end hooiver, Betty was fashed sadly wid t' rheumatics iv her back, an' ya week she cud hardly git aboot at o', let alean ga to t' market. For a while she wadn't mak' up her mind whedder to send me iv her spot, or ooar eldest dowter, Faith; but as Faith was hardly fowerteen—stiddy aneuf of her yeage, but rayder yung—Betty thowte she'd better keep Faith at heam an' let me tak' t' marketin' to Kes'ick.

Of t' Setterda' mwornin', when it com', she hed us o' up and sturrin, seuner nor sum on us liket ; an' when I'd gitten sum'at to eat, iv a hugger mugger mak' of a way, says Betty till me, says she—"Here's six an' twenty pund o' butter," says she. "If thoo was gud for owte thoo wad git a shilling a pund for't ivery slake. Here's five dozen of eggs," says she, "I wadn't give a skell o' them mair nor ten for sixpence," says she, "but thoo mun git what thoo can," says she, "efter thu's fund oot what adder fwoke's axin. When thu's mead thy market," says Betty, "thull ga to t' draper's an' git me a yard o' check for a brat, a knot o' tape for strings tul't, an' a hank o' threed to sowe't wid—if I's gud for nowte else, I can sowe yet," says she, wid a gurn ; "than thoo mun git hoaf a pund o' tea an' a quarter of a stean o' sugger—they ken my price at Crosstet's—an hoaf a stean o' soat, an' a pund o' seap, an' hoaf a pund o' starch, an' a penn'orth o' stean-blue, an' git me a bottle o' that stuff to rub my back wid ; an' than thoo ma' git two ounces o' 'bacca for thysel'.

"If thoo leuks hoaf as sharp as thoo sud leuk thu'll be through wid beath thy marketin' an' thy shoppin' by twelve o'clock ; an' thoo ma ga an' git a bit o' dinner, like udder fowke, at Mistress Boo's, an' a pint o' yall. Efter that t' seunor thoo starts for heam an' t' better. Noo thu'll mind an' forget nowte ? Ther' t' check, an' t' tape, an' t' threed, that's three things—t' tea an' t' sugger, an' t' soat, an' t' seap, an' t' starch, an' t' stean-blue, an' t' rubbin' stuff, an' t' bacca—I's up-ho'd the' nut to forgit that !—elebben. Ten things for me, an yan' for thysel' ! I think I've mead o' plain aneuf ; an' noo, if thoo misses owte I'll say thoo's a bigger clotheid nor I've tean the' for—an that 'll be sayin' nea lal !"

Many a fellow wad tak t' 'frunts if his wife spak till him i' that way—but bliss ye I leev't lang aneuf wid Betty to know 'at it's no' but a way she hes o' shewin' her likin.' When she wants to be t' kindest an' best to yan, yan's ola's suer to get t' warst wurd if her belly.

Well, I set off i' gud fettle for Kes'ick, gat theear i' gradely time, an' put up at Mistress Boo's. I hed a sharpish market, an' seun gat shot o' my butter an' eggs at better prices nor Betty took't on. I bowte a' t' things at she wantit, an' t' bacca for mysel', an' gat a gud dinner at Mistress Boo's, an' a pint o' yall an' a crack.

He wad be a cleverish fellow 'at went ta Kes'ick an' gat oot on't adoot rain; an' suer aneuf, by t' time 'at I'd finished my pint an' my crack, it was cummin' doon as it knows hoo to cum doon at Kes'ick.

But when it rains theear, they hev to deu as they deu under Skiddaw, let it fo'! an' wet or dry, I hed to get heam tull Betty.

When I was about startin', I begon to think there was sum'at mair to tak wid me. I coontit t' things ower i' my basket hoaf a dozen times. Theear they o' warr—ten for Betty, yan for me! Than what the dang-ment was't I was forgittin? I was suer it was sum'at, but for t' heart on me I cudn't think what it med be. Efter considerin' for a lang time, an' gittin' anudder pint to help me to consider, I set off i' t' rain wid my basket an' t' things in't, anonder my top-sark to keep o' dry.

Bee t' time I gat to Portinskeal, I'd begon to tire! T' wedder was slatterly, t' rwoads was slashy, t' basket was heavy, an' t' top sark mead me het; but t' thowtes o' hevin' forgotten sum'at tew't me t' warst of o'. I rustit

theear a bit—gat anudder pint, an' co'ntit my things ower and ower. "Ten for Betty—yan for mysel." I cud mak nowder mair nor less on them. Cockswunters ! what hed I forgotten ! Or what was't 'at mead me suer I'd forgotten sum'at when I'd o' t' things wid me ?

I teuk t' rwoad agean mair nor hoaf crazy.

I stop't under a tree aside Springbank, an' Dr. ——— com' ridin' up through t' rain, on his black galloway. "Why, Robert," says he, "ye look as if ye'd lost something." "Nay, doctor," says I, "here t' check, an' t' tape, an' t' threed—I lost nowte—that's three. Here t' soat, an' t' seap, an' t' starch, an' t' stean-blue—that's sebben—I lost nowte, but I forgotten sum'at. Here t' tea, an' t' sugger, an' t' rubbin' bottle—that's ten ; an' here t' bacca—that's elebben. Ten for Betty, an' yan for me ! Ten for Betty, an' yan for me ! ! Doctor, doctor," says I, "fowke say ye ken oa things—what hev I forgotten ?" "I'll tell ye what ye haven't forgotten," says he, "ye haven't forgotten the ale at Keswick. Get home, Robert, get home," says he, "and go to bed and sleep it off." I believe he thowte I was drunk ; but I wasn't—I was no' but maizelt wid tryin' to find out what I'd forgotten.

As I com near to t' Swan wid two Necks I fell in wid greet Gweordie Howe, and says I, "Gweorgie, my lad," "I's straddel't," says I, "I's fairly maiz't," says I, "I left sum'at ahint me at Kes'ick, an' I've thowte aboot it till my heid's ga'n like a job-jurnal," says I, "an' what it is I cannot tell." "Can t'e nut ?" says Gweordie. "Can t'e nut ?" "Whey, than, cum in an' see if a pint o' yall 'll help the'." Well, I steud pints, an' Gweordie steud pints, an' I steud pints agean. Anudder time I wad ha'

been thinkin' aboot what Betty wad say till o' this pintin', but I was gittin despert about what I'd forgotten at Kes'ick, an' I cud think o' nowte else.

T' yall was gud aneuf, but it dudn't kest a morsel o' leet on what was bodderin' on me sa sair, an' I teuk t' rwoad agean finndin' as if I was farder off't nor iver.

T' rain keep't cummin' doon—t' rwoad gat softer an' softer—t' basket gat heavier an' heavier—t' top sark hetter an' hetter, an' my heid queerer an' queerer. If I stopt anonder ya tree i' t' wud, I stopt anonder twenty, an' coontit ower the things i' t' basket till they begon to shap' theirsels intil o' mak's o' barnish sangs i' my heid, and I fund mysel' creunin' away at sic bits o' rhymes as thurr—

Ten things an' yan, Bobby,
 Ten things an yan ;
 Here five and five for Betty Banks,
 An' yan for Betty's man.

“Lord preserve oor wits—sic as they urr,” says I. “I mun be ga'n wrang i' my heid when I've tein till mackin' sangs ! But the queerest break was 'at I dudn't mak them—they mead thersel's—an' they mead me sing them an' o', whedder I wud or nut—an' off I went agean till a different teun—

Says Betty—says she ; says Betty till me—
 “If owte thoo contrives to forgit,
 “Ill reckon the' daizter an' dafter,” says she,
 “Nor iver I've reckon't the' yit.”
 I's daizter an' dafter nor iver, she'll say,
 An' marry, she willn't say wrang !
 But scold as she will, ey, an' gurn as she may,
 I'll sing her a bonnie lal sang, lal sang,
 I'll sing her a bonnie lal sang.

“ Well ! It hes cum’t till whoa wad hae thowtè it,” says I, “ if I cannot stop mysel’ frae mackin’ sangs an’ singin’ them of a wet day i’ Widdup Wud ; I’ll coont t’ things ower agean,” says I, “ an see if that’ll stop ma.” Ye ma believe ma or nut, as ye like, but iv’ anudder tick-tack there was I coontin t’ things ower iv a sang—

Here t’ check an’ t’ tape an’ t’ threed, oald lad,
 Here t’ soat an’ t’ sugger an’ t’ tea—
 Seap, starch, stean-blue, an t’ bottle to rub,
 An t’ bacca by ’tsel’ on’t for me,
 Here t’ bacca by ’tsel’ on’t for me, me, me,
 Here ’t bacca by ’tsel’ on’t for me.
 I’ll niver git heam while Bobby’s my neam,
 But mafie an’ sing tjll I dee !

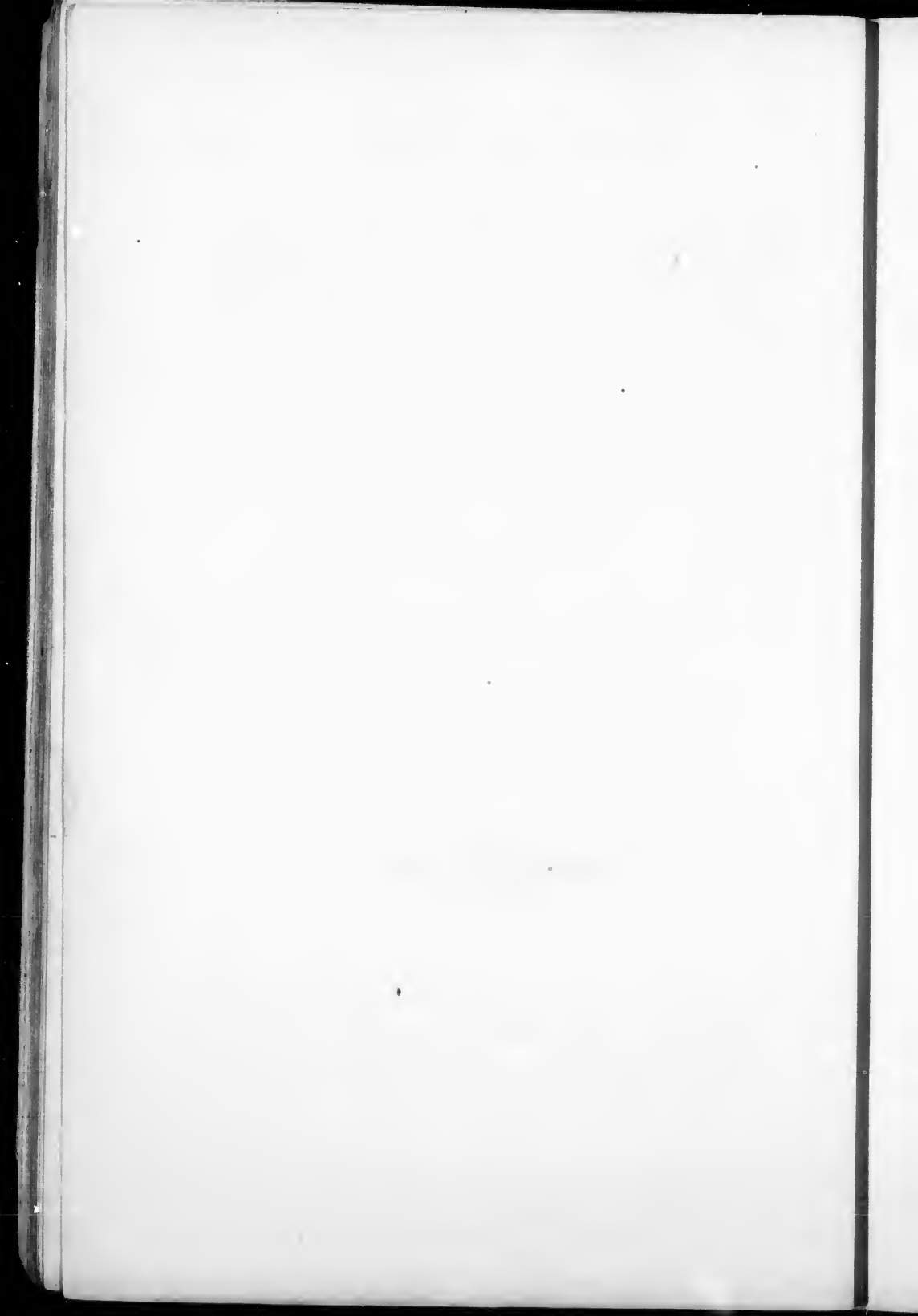
“ Weel, weel,” says I, “ if I’s oot o’ my senses—I’s oot o’ my senses, an’ that’s oa aboot it—but

Loavins what’ll Betty think, Betty think, Betty think,
 Loavins what’ll Betty think if Bobby bide away ?
 She’ll sweer he’s warin’ t’ brass i’ drink, t’ brass i’ drink,
 She’ll sweer he’s warin’ t’ brass i’ drink this varra market day.
 She’s thrimlin’ for hur butter-brass, hur butter-brass, hur butter-brass,
 She’s thrimlin for hur butter-brass, but will’nt thrimle lang.
 For Bobby lad thu’s hur to feace, thu’s hur to feace, thu’s hur to feace,
 For Bobby lad thu’s hur to feace ; she’ll mappen change thy sang.

Sang or nae sang, t’ thowtes o’ hevin “ hur to feace,” an’ that gaily seun, rayther brong me to my oan old sel’ agean. I set off ance mair, an’ this time I dudn’t stop while I gat fairly into the foald. Faith seed me cummin’ an’ met me ootside o’ t’ hoose dooar, an’ says Faith, “ Whoar t’

mear an' t' car, fadder?" I dropp't my basket, an' I geapt at her! Lal Jacob cum runnin' oot, an' says Jacob, "Fadder, whoar t' mear an' t' car?" I swattit' mysel' doon on the stean binch, an' glower't at them—furst at yan and than at t'udder on them. Betty com limp'in' by t' God-speed, an' says Betty, "What hez t'e mead o' t' car an' t' mear, thoo maizlin?" I gat my speech agean when Betty spak, an' hoaf crazet an' hoaf cryin', I shootit oot, "Od's wuns an' deeth, that's what I forgotten!" That was what I said. What Betty said I think I willn't tell ye.

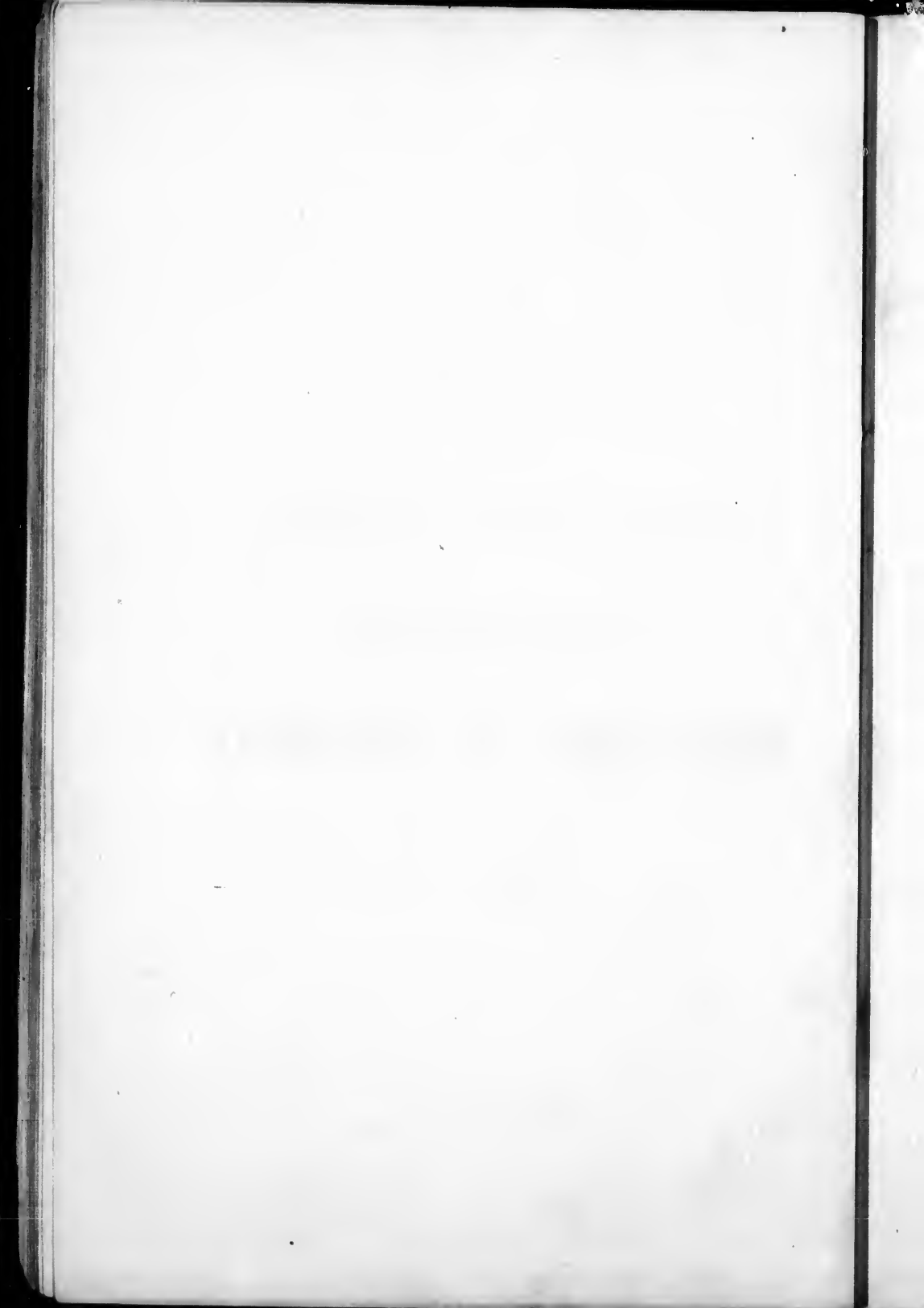




THE GRIDIRON:

OR, PADDY MULLOWNEY'S

TRAVELS IN FRANCE!



THRAVELS IN FRANCE.



A certain old gentleman in the West of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his '*Thravels*,' and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps more than all, long and faithful services had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, 'I'll turn that rascal off,' my friend Pat would say, 'Throth you wont, Sir,' and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the 'subject matter in hand,' he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's 'wife and childher,' that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master (after making certain 'ap-

proaches,' as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant) might perchance assail Pat thus: 'By the bye, Sir John, (addressing a distinguished guest), Pat has a very curious story which something you told me to-day, reminds me of. You remember, Pat, (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—you remember that queer adventure you had in France?'

'Troth I do, Sir,' grins forth Pat.

'What!' exclaims Sir, John, in feigned surprise, 'was Pat ever in France?'

'Indeed he was,' cries mine host, and Pat adds: 'Ay, and farther, plase your honour.'

'I assure you, Sir John,' continues my host, 'Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much respecting the ignorance of the French.'

'Indeed,' rejoins the Baronet, 'Really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people.'

'Troth then they're not, Sir,' interrupts Pat.

'Oh, by no means,' adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

'I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic,' says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the 'full and true account,' for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay* for a 'raison he had' in the autumn of the year '98.

'Yes, Sir,' says Pat, 'the broad Atlantic,' a favourite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad almost as the Atlantic itself. 'It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic a comin' home,' began Pat, decoyed into the recital, 'when the winds began to blow

and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the "Colleen Dhas," (that was her name) 'ud not have a mast left but what 'ud rowl out of her. Well, sure enough the masts went by the boord at last, and the pumps were chok'd (divil choke them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained on us, and throth to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste, and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors calls it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordinly we prepared for the worst, and put out the boat and got a sack o' bishkets, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in, and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the 'Colleen Dhas' went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many strokes o' the oar away from her. Well, we drifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket on the ind iv a pole as well as we could, and thin we sailed illigant, for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night afore, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murder, savin' yer presence, and shure 'ts the wondher iv the world we warn't shwallowed alive by the ragin' sae. Well, away we went, for more nor a week, and nothin' afore our two good lookin' eyes but the canophy iv Heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky, and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together, and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, sure enough, throth, our provisions began to get low, the biskits an' the wather

and the rum ; throth *that* was gone first of all, God help us, an' oh it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face.

'Och, murther, murther, captain, darlint,' says I, 'I wish we cou'd see land anywhere,' says I.

'More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,' says he, 'for sitch a good wish ; an' throth its myself wishes the same.'

'Oh,' says I, 'that it may plaze you, sweet queen ov heaven, supposin' it was only *a dissolute* island,' says I, 'inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup.'

'Whisht, whisht, Paddy,' says the Captain, 'don't be talkin' bad ov any one,' says he, 'you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself if you should be called to quarthers in the other world all of a suddent,' says he.

'Thru for you, captain, darlint,' says I. I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes us all equal. 'Thru for you, captain, jewel—God betuene uz an' harm ; I owe no man any spite,' an' throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishket was served out, and be gor the wather itself was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld ; well, at the brake o' day the sun riz most beautiful out of the waves, that was as bright as ether and as clear as *crystal*. But it was only the more cruel upon uz, for we were beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry, when all at wanst I thought I spied the land ; be gor I tho't I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and 'Thunder and turf, captain,' says I, 'look to leeward,' says I.

‘What for,’ says he.

‘I think I see the land,’ says I. So he ups wid his bring-’m-near, (that’s what the sailors call a spy-glass, Sir,) and looks out, and sure enough it was.

‘Hoorah!’ says he, ‘we’re all right now; pull away, my boy,’ says he.

‘Take care you’re not mistaken,’ says I: ‘maybe it’s only a fog-bank, captain, darlint,’ says I.

‘Oh, no,’ says he, ‘it’s the land in airnest.’

‘Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we, captain,’ says I; ‘maybe it ’d be in *Roosia* or *Proosia*, or the Garman Ocean,’ says I.

‘Tut! you fool,’ says he, for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin’ himself cleverer nor any one else—‘tut! you fool,’ says he ‘that’s *France*,’ says he.

‘Tare an’ ouns,’ says I, ‘do you tell me so; and how do you know it’s France it is, captain, dear,’ says I.

‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

‘Throth I was thinkin’ so myself,’ says I, ‘by the rowl it has, for I often heerd ov it in regard o’ that same, an’ throth the likes ov it I never seen before or since, an’ wid the help o’ God, never will.’

Well with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever. So says I, ‘Captain, jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.’

‘Why, then,’ says he, ‘Thunder and turf,’ says he, ‘what puts a gridiron into your head?’

‘Bekase I’m starvin’ wid the hunger,’ says I.

‘And sure, bad luck to you,’ says he; ‘you cou’dn’t ate

a gridiron,' says he; 'barrin you wor a *pelican o' the wildherness*,' says he.

'Ate a gridiron!' says I. 'Och, in throth, I'm not sitch a *gommoch* all out as that, any how. But sure if we had a gridiron we cou'd dress a beef stake,' says I.

'Arrah, but where's the beef stake,' says he.

'Sure, could'nt we cut a slice aff the pork,' says I.

'By gor, I never thought o' that,' says the Captain.

'You're a clever fellow, Paddy,' says he, laughin'.

'Oh, there's many a throe word said in joke,' says I.

'Throe for you, Paddy,' says he.

'Why then,' says I, 'if you put me ashore there beyant (for we were nearin' the land all the time), and sure I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I.

'Oh, by gor the butthers comin out o' the stir-about in airnest now,' says he; 'you *gommoch*,' says he, 'sure I towld you before that's France, and sure they're all furriners there,' says the Captain.

'Well,' says I, 'and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim?'

'What do you mane,' says he.

'I mane,' says I, 'what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim.'

'Make me sinsible,' says he.

'Bydad, maybe that's more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,' says I. And we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garman Oceant.

'Lave aff your humbuggin,' says he, 'I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all.'

'*Parly voo frongsay*,' says I.

‘Oh, your humble servant,’ says he; ‘why, by gor, your a scholar, Paddy.’

‘Throth you may say that,’ says I.

‘Why you’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says the Captain, jeerin’ like.

‘You’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘whether you joke or not.’

‘Oh but I’m in airnest,’ says the Captain; ‘and do you tell me Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’

‘*Parly voo frongsay,*’ says I.

‘By gor that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows that Banagher bangs the divil—I nivir met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he—‘pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won’t get a good bellyful before long.’

So with that it was no sooner said nor done—they pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand, an illigant place for ladies to bathe in the summer—and out I got, and it’s stiff enough in my limbs I was, afther being cramp’d up in the boat and perished with the cowld and hunger, but I contrived to scramble on, one way or the other, tow’rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin’ out of it quite timptin’ like. ‘By the powers o’ war I’m all right,’ says I. ‘There’s a house there,’ and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childher atin’ there dinner round a table quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I’d be very civil to them, as I heerd the French was always mighty p’lite intirely, and I thought I’d show them I knew what

good manners was, so I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, 'God save all here,' says I. Well to be sure they all stopt atin' at wanst, and began to stare at me, and faith they almost looked me out o' countenance, and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more to be token from furriners which they call so mighty p'lite—but I niver minded that in regard of wanting the gridiron, and so says I, 'I beg yer pardon,' says I, 'for the liberty I take, but it's only been in disthress in regard o' atin', says I, 'that I make bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'i'd be intirely obleeged to ye.' By gor they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that says I (knowing what was in their minds), 'indeed it's thruve for you,' says I, 'Im tathered to pieces, and God knows I look quaire enough, but it's by raison of the storm,' says I, 'which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin,' says I.

So then they began to look at each other agin, and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar comin' to crave charity, with that says I, 'oh not at all,' says I; 'by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves there below, and we'll dress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lend us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin a low bow. Well, Sir, with that throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and faith I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all; and so says I—'I beg pardon, Sir,' says I to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver, 'maybe I'm undher a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, Sir,—aren't you furriners?' says I—'*parly voo frongsay?*'

‘We, munseer,’ says he.

‘Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?’ says I, ‘if you plase.’

Oh, it was then they stared at me as if I had sivin heads, and faith myself began to feel flustered like and onaisy; and so, says I, makin’ a bow and a scrape agin, ‘I know its a liberty I take, Sir,’ says I, ‘but its only in the regard of being cast away; and if you plase, Sir,’ says I—‘*parly voo frongsay?*’

‘We, munseer,’ says he, mighty sharp.

‘Then, would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and you’ll obleege me.’

Well, Sir, the ould chap began to munseer me, but the divil a bit of a gridiron he’d gie me, and so I began to think they were all neygars, for all their fine manners, and throth my blood began to riz; and, says I, ‘ly my sowl,’ says I, ‘if it was you was in disthress,’ says I, ‘and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, its not only the gridiron they’d gie you if you axed it, but somethin’ to put on it too, and the dhrop o’ dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.’

Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I’d give him another offer, and make him sensible at last; and so, says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand—‘*Parly voo frongsay, munseer?*’

‘We, munseer,’ says he.

‘Then, lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and bad seran to you.’ Well, bad win to the bit of it he’d gie me, and the ould chap begins bowin and scrapin, and said something or other about long tongs. ‘Phoo! the divil

sweep yourself and your tongs,' says I, 'I don't want tongs at all; but can't you listen to raison?' says I.—*'Parly voo frongsay?'*

'We, munseer.'

'Then, lind me the loan of a gridiron, says I, 'and lould ye'r prate.' Well, what wou'd you think, but he shook his owld noddle, as much as to say he wouldn't; and so, says I, 'bad cess to the likes o' that I ivir saw: throth if you were in my country it's not that a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows on you, you owld sinner,' says I, 'the divil a longer I'll darken your door.'

So he seen I was vex'd, and I thought, as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and, says I, turnin' back, 'well, I'll give you once chance more, you owld thief; are you a Christian at all, at all—are you a furriner,' says I, 'that all the world calls so p'lite—bad luck you, do you undherstand your own language—*Parly voo frongsay?'*—'We, munseer,' says he. 'Then, thunder an' turf,' says I, 'will you lind me loan of a gridiron?'

Well, Sir, the divil resave the bit ov it h'ed gie' me, and so with that—'the curse o' the hungry on you, you owld neygarly villain,' says I; 'the back o' my hand and the sole o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself, yet,' says I, 'and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you,' says I; so, with that I left them there and kem away. And throth it's often since that I thought it was remarkable.

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The Resurrection Men.

THE RESURRECTION MEN.

How then was the Devil drest !
He was in his Sunday's best ;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
With a hole behind where his tail came thro'.
Over the hill, and over the dale,
And he went over the plain ;
And backward and forward he switch'd his tail,
As a gentleman switches his cane.

About this time there arose a great sough and surmise, that some loons were playing false with the kirkyard, howking up the bodies from their damp graves, and harling them away to the College. Words cannot describe the fear and the dool, and the misery it caused. All flocked to the kirk-yett ; and the friends of the newly buried stood by the mools, which were yet dark, and the brown newly cast divots, that had not yet taken root, looking, with mournful faces, to descry any tokens of sinking in.

I'll never forget it. I was standing by when three young lads took shoals, and, lifting up the truff, proceeded to houk down to the coffin, wherein they had laid the gray hairs of their mother. They looked wild and bewildered like, and the glance of their een was like that of folk out of a mad-house ; and none dared in the world .o have spoken to them. They did not even speak to one another ; but wrought on with a great hurry, till the spakes struck on the coffin lid—which was broken. The dead-clothes were there huddled together in a nook, but the dead was gone. I took hold of Willie Walker's arm, and

looked down. There was a cold sweat all over me ;—losh me ! but I was terribly frightened and eerie. Three more graves were opened, and all just alike ; save and and except that of a wee unchristened wean, which was off bodily, coffin and all.

There was a burst of righteous indignation throughout the parish ; nor without reason. Tell me that doctors and graduates must have the dead ; but tell it not to Mansie Wauch, that our hearts must be trampled in the mire of scorn, and our best feelings laughed at, in order that a bruise may be properly plaistered up, or a sore head cured. Verily, the remedy is worse than the disease.

But what remead ? It was to watch in the session-house, with loaded guns, night about, three at a time. I never liked to go in the kirkyard after darkening, let-a-be to sit there through a lang winter night, windy and rainy it may be, with none but the dead around us. Save us ! it was an unco thought, and garred all my flesh creep ; but the cause was good—my corruption was raised—and I was determined not to be daunted.

I counted and counted, but the dread day at length came and I was summoned. All the live-long afternoon, when ca'ing the needle upon the board, I tried to whistle Jenny Nettles, Neil Gow, and other funny tunes, and whiles crooned to myself between hands ; but my consternation was visible, and all would not do.

It was in November ; and the cold glimmering sun sank behind the Pentlands. The trees had been shorn of their frail leaves, and the misty night was closing fast in upon the dull and short day ; but the candles glittered at the shop windows, and leery-light-the-lamps was brushing about with his ladder in his oxter, and bleezing flam-

boy sparking out behind him. I felt a kind of qualm of faintness and down-sinking about my heart and stomach, to the dispelling of which I took a thimble-full of spirits ; and, tying my red comforter about my neck, I marched briskly to the session-house. A neighbor (Andrew Goldie, the pensioner) lent me his piece, and loaded it to me. He took tent that it was only half-cock, and I wrapped a napkin round the dog-head, for it was raining. Not being well acquaint with guns, I kept the muzzle aye away from me ; as it is every man's duty not to throw his precious life into jeopardy.

A furrn was set before the session-house fire, which bleezed brightly, nor had I any thought that such an un-earthly place could have been made to look so comfortable either by coal or candle ; so my spirits rose up as if a weight had been taken off them, and I wondered, in my bravery, that a man like me could be afraid of anything. Nobody was there but a touzy, ragged, halflins callant of thirteen, (for I speired his age,) with a desperate dirty face, and long caroty hair, tearing a speldrin with his teeth, which looked long and sharp enough, and throwing the skin and lugs into the fire.

We sat for mostly an hour together, cracking the best way we could in such a place ; nor was anybody more likely to cast up. The night was now pitmirk ; the wind soughed amid the head-stones and railings of the gentry, (for we must all die,) and the black corbies in the steeple-holes cackled and crawled in a fearsome manner. All at once we heard a lonesome sound ; and my heart began to play pit-pat—my skin grew all rough, like a pouked chicken—and I felt as if I did not know what was the matter with me. It was only a false alarm, however,

being the warning of the clock ; and, in a minute or two thereafter, the bell struck ten. Oh, but it was a lonesome and dreary sound ! Every chap went through my breast like the dunt of a fore-hammer.

Then up and spak the red-headed laddie :—" It's no fair ; anither should hae come by this time. I wad rin away hame, only I am frighted to gang out my lane.—Do you think the doup of that candle wad carry i' my cap ? "

" Na, na, lad ; we maun bide here, as we are here now. —Leave me alane ? Lord safe us, and the yett lockit, and the bethrel sleeping with the key in his breek pouches ! —We canna win out now though we would," answered I, trying to look brave, though half frightened out of my seven senses :—" Sit down, sit down ; I've baith whisky and porter wi' me. Hae, man, there's a cawker to keep your heart warm ; and set down that bottle," quoth I, wiping the saw-dust affn't with my hand, " to get a toast ; I'se warrant it for Deacon Jaffrey's best brown stout."

The wind blew higher, and like a hurricane ; the rain began to fall in perfect spouts ; the auld kirk rumbled and rowed, and made a sad soughing ; and the branches of the bourtree behind the house, where auld Cockburn that cut his throat was buried, creaked and crazed in a frightful manner ; but as to the roaring of the troubled waters, and the bumming in the lum-head, they were past all power of description. To make bad worse, just in the heart of the brattle, the grating sound of the yett turning on its rusty hinges was but too plainly heard. What was to be done ? I thought of our both running away ; and then of our locking ourselves in, and firing through the door ; but who was to pull the trigger ?

Gudeness watch over us ! I tremble yet when I think

on it. We were perfectly between the de'il and the deep sea—either to stand still and fire our gun, or run and be shot at. It was really a hang choice. As I stood swithering and shaking, the laddie flew to the door, aud, thraving round the key, clapped his back to it. Oh ! how I looked at him, as he stood for a gliff, like a magpie hearkening with his lug cocked up, or rather like a terrier watching a rotten. "They're coming ! they're coming !" he cried out ; "cock the piece, ye sumph ;" while the red hair rose up from his pow like feathers ; "they're coming, I hear them tramping on the gravel !" Out he stretched his arms against the wall, and brizzed his back against the door like mad ; as if he had been Sampson pushing over the pillars in the house of Dagon. "For the Lord's sake, prime the gun," he cried out, "or our throats will be cut frae lug to lug before we can cry Jack Robinson ! See that there's priming in the pan."

I did the best I could ; but my whole strength could hardly lift up the piece, which waggled to and fro like a cock's tail on a rainy day ; my knees knocked against one another, and though I was resigned to die—I trust I was resigned to die—'od, but it was a frightful thing to be out of one's bed, and to be murdered in an old session-house, at the dead hour of night, by unearthly resurrection men, or rather let me call them deevils incarnate, wrapt up in dreadnoughts, with blacked faces, pistols, big sticks, and other deadly weapons.

A snuff-snuffing was heard ; and, through below the door, I saw a pair of glancing black een. 'Od, but my heart nearly louped off the bit—a snouff, and a gur-gurring, and, over all, the plain tramp of a man's heavy tackets and cuddy-heels among the gravel. Then came a great

slap like thunder on the wall; and the laddie, quitting his grip, fell down, crying, "Fire, fire!—murder! holy murder!"

"Wha's there?" growled a deep rough voice; "open, I'm a friend."

I tried to speak, but could not; something like a half-penny roll was sticking in my throat, so I tried to cough it up, but it would not come. "Gie the pass-word then," said the laddie, staring as if his eyes would loup out; "gie the pass-word!"

First came a loud whistle, and then, "Copmahagen," answered the voice. Oh! what a relief! The laddie started up, like one crazy with joy. "Ou! ou!" cried he, thraving round the key, and rubbing his hands; "by jingo, it's the bethrel—it's the bethrel—it's auld Isaac himsell'."

First rushed in the dog, and then Isaac, with his glazed hat, slouched over his brow, and his horn bowet glimmering by his knee. "Has the French landed, do ye think? Losh keep us a'," said he, with a smile on his half-idiot face, (for he was a kind of a sort of a natural, with an infirmity in his leg,) "'od sauf us, man, put by your gun. Ye dinna mean to shoot me, do ye? What are ye about here with the door lockit? I just keppit four resurrections louping ower the wall."

"Gude guide us!" I said, taking a long breath to drive the blood from my heart, and something relieved by Isaac's company—"Come now, Isaac, ye're just gieing us a fright. Isn't that true, Isaac?"

"Yes, I'm joking—and what for no?—but they might have been, for onything ye wad hae hindered them to the contrair, I'm thinking. Na, na, ye maunna lock the door; that's no fair play."

When the door was put ajee, and the furn set fornent the fire, I gave Isaac a dram to keep his heart up on such a cold stormy night. 'Od, but he was a droll fellow, Isaac. He sung and leuch as if he had been boozing in Luckie Thampson's, with some of his drucken cronies. Feint a hair cared he about auld kirks, or kirkyards, or vouts, or through-stanes, or dead folk in their winding-sheets, with the wet grass growing over them ; and at last I began to brighten up a wee myself ; so when he had gone over a good few funny stories, I said to him, quoth I, "Mony folk, I daresay, mak mair noise about their sitting up in a kirkyard than it's worth. There's naething here to harm us?"

"I beg to differ wi' ye there," answered Isaac, taking out his horn mull from his coat pouch, and tapping on the lid in a queer style—"I could gie anither version of that story. Did ye no ken of three young doctors—Kirish students—alang with some resurrectioners, as waff and wild as themsells, fring shottie for shottie with the guard at Kirkmabreck, and lodging three slugs in ane of their backs, forbye fring a ramrod through anither ane's hat?"

This was a wee alarming—"No," quoth I ; "no, Isaac, man ; I never heard of it."

"But, let alane resurrectioners, do ye no think there is sic a thing as ghaists ? Guide ye, man, my grannie could hae telled as muckle about them as would have filled a minister's sermon from June to January."

"Kay—kay—that's all buff," I said. "Are there nae cutty-stool businesses—are there nae marriages going on just now, Isaac?" for I was keen to change the subject.

"Ye may kay—kay, as ye like, though ; I can just tell ye this :—Ye'll mind auld Armstrong with the leather

breeks, and the brown three-story wig—him that was the grave-digger? Weel, he saw a ghaist wi' his leeving een—aye, and what's better, in this very kirkyard too. It was a cauld spring morning, and daylight just coming in, when he cam to the yett yonder, thinking to meet his man, paidling Jock—but Jock had sleepit in, and wasna there. Weel, to the wast corner ower yonder he gaed, and throwing his coat ower a headstane, and his hat on the tap o't, he dug away with his spade, casting out the mools, and the coffin handles, and the green banes and sick like, till he stoppit a wee to take breath.—What! are ye whistling to yoursell?" quoth Isaac to me, "and no hearing what's God's truth?"

"Ou, ay," said I; "but ye didna tell me if onybody was cried last Sunday?"—I would have given every farthing I had made by the needle, to have been at that blessed time in my bed with my wife and wean. Ay, how I was gruing! I mostly chacked off my tongue in chittering.—But all would not do.

"Weel, speaking of ghaists—when he was resting on his spade, he looked up to the steeple, to see what o'clock it was, wondering what way Jock hadna come, when lo! and behold, in the lang diced window of the kirk yonder, he saw a lady a' in white, with her hands clasped thegither, looking out to the kirkyard at him.

"He couldna believe his een, so he rubbit them with his sark sleeve, but she was still there bodily; and, keeping ae ee cn her, and anither on his road to the yett, he drew his coat and hat to him below his arm, and aff like mad, throwing the shool half a mile ahint him. Jock fand that; for he was coming singing in at the yett, when his maister ran clean ower the tap o' him, and capsized him

like a toom barrel ; never stopping till he was in at his ain house, and the door baith bolted and barred at his tail.

“Did ye ever hear the like of that, Mansie? Weel, man, I’ll explain the hail history of it to ye. Ye see—’Od! how sound that callant’s sleeping,” continued Isaac ; “he’s snoring like a nine-year auld!”

I was glad he had stopped, for I was like to sink through the ground with fear—it no, it would not do.

“Dinna ye ken—sauf us! v. at a fearsome night this is! The trees will be all broken. What a noise in the lum! I daresay there’s some auld hag of a witch-wife gaun to come rumble doun’t. It’s no the first time, I’ll swear. Hae ye a silver sixpence? Wad ye like that?” he bawled up the chimley. “Ye’ll hae heard,” said he, “lang ago, that a wee murdered wean was buried—didna ye hear a voice?—was buried below that corner—the hearth-stane there, where the laddie’s lying on?”

I had now lost my breath, so that I could not stop him.

“Ye never heard tell o’t, didna ye? Weel, I’ve tell’t ye—Sauf us, what swirls of smoke are coming down the chimley—I could swear something is coming out of the lum head—Gang out, and see!”

At that moment a clap like thunder was heard—the candle was driven over—the sleeping laddie roared: “Help!” and “Murder!” and “Thieves!” and, as the firm on which we were sitting played flee backwards, cripple Isaac bellowed out, “I’m dead!—I’m killed—shot through the head!—Oh! oh! oh!”

Surely I had fainted away ; for, when I came to myself, I found my red comforter loosed ; my face all wet—Isaac rubbing down his waistcoat with his sleeve—the laddie swigging ale out of a bicker—and the brisk brown stout, which, by casting its cork, had caused all the alarm, whizz, whizz—whizzing in the chimley lug.

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