

From the *Western Shield*.

SONG—*SWEET BONNY KATE.*

By the author of "Black Hawk, &c."

In the huts of the poor, in the halls of the great,
What form can compare with our own bonny Kate?
Let them boast of their brightest from Texas
Maine,

No Fair of the East or the South we maintain,
Can compare with the pride of our prosperous state,
For we'll match with their fairest our sweet bonny
Kate.

I admit that she's haughty, I own she is proud,
Her beauty and wit are displayed in the crowd;
Yet receive but one glance from her eye, 'tis enough,
Your heart's at her feet though you mail it in proof
For full many a lover bewails the hard fate,
Of the day he contended for sweet bonny Kate.

There are knights from the East bowing down at
her shrine,

The fiery Southern declares she's divine;
And the Nutt has turn'd from his heresies now,
For union he's ready to breathe his last vow:

She's a mystery, both to the gay and sedate—

Was there ever a fair-one like sweet bonny Kate?

Then talk not of beauty that's east of the mountains,
Tell us no more of her maidens or fountains:

The West in its loveliness widely is gleaming,
Contentment and peace o'er the landscape is stream-

ing,

If the bright scene should fail your sad heart to elate,
It will glow at the sight of our sweet bonny Kate.

From the *Cincinnati Republican*.

OLD MRS. GRIMES.

Old Mrs. Grimes is living still,
A widow still is she;
She wears a neat old fashioned frock,
A neater ne'er can be.

She's happy home—nor seeks abroad
The scandals of the town;
There's not enough put in her sleeves
To make another gown.

Although she's poor, the needy poor's
Hard wants she will appear;
Her dress it never drags the ground,
Nor sets above her knees.

She every Sunday goes to church,
Nor sleeps, nor chatters there;
Her caps are of the plainest kind,
Save one for Sunday's wear.

She often says, "she hopes above,
To meet her husband dear;"
She rents a cot at fifteen pounds,
And pays it ev'ry year.

She always was industrious,
And rises now betimes;
She's called by all her neighbors round,
"The Good Old Mrs. Grimes."

W. S. S.

Body Snatching.

From the *Diary of a late London Physician*.

My gentle reader—start not at learning that I have been, in my time, a RESURRECTIONIST. Let not this appalling word, this humiliating confession, conjure up in your fancy a thing of vampire-like images and associations, or earn your "Physician's" dismissal from your hearts and hearties. It is your own groundless fears, my fair trembler!—your own superstitious prejudices that have driven me, and will drive many others of my brethren, to such dreadful doings as those hereafter detailed. Come, come—let us have one word of reason between us on the abstract question—and then for my tale. You expect us to cure you of disease, and yet deny us the only means of learning *how?* You will have us bring you the ore of skill and experience, yet forbid us to break the soil, or sink a shaft! Is this fair? Is this reasonable?

What I am going to describe was my first and last exploit in the way of body stealing. It was a grotesque, if not a ludicrous scene, and occurred during the period of my "walking the hospitals," as it is called, which occupied the two seasons immediately after my leaving Cambridge. A young and rather interesting female was admitted a patient at the hospital I attended; her case baffled all our skill, and her symptoms even defied all our nosology. Now it seemed an enlargement of the heart—now as ossification—now this, that, and the other; and at last it was plain we knew nothing at all about the matter—no, not even whether her disorder was organic or functional, primary or symptomatic; or whether it was really the heart that was at fault.—She received no benefit at all under the fluctuating schemes of treatment we pursued, and at length fell into dying circumstances. As soon as her friends were apprised of her situation, and had an inkling of our intention to open the body, they insisted on removing her immediately from the hospital, that she might "die at home." In vain did Sir —— and his dressers expostulate vehemently with them, and represent in exaggerated terms the imminent peril attending such a step. Her two brothers avowed their apprehension of our design, and were inflexible in exercising their right of removing their sister. I used all my rhetoric on the occasion—but in vain, and at last said to the young men, "Well, if you are afraid only of our dissecting her, we can get hold of her, if we are so disposed, as easily if she died with you, as with us."

"Well—we'll try that, measter," replied the elder, while his Herculean fist oscillated somewhat significantly before my eyes. The poor girl was removed accordingly to her father's house, which was at a certain village about five miles from London, and survived her arrival scarcely ten minutes! We soon contrived to receive intelligence of the event; and as I and Sir ——'s two dressers had taken a great interest in the case throughout, and felt intense curiosity about the real nature of the disease, we met together and entered into a solemn compact, that come what might, we would have her body out of the ground. A trusty spy informed us of the time and exact place of the girl's burial; and on expressing to Sir —— our determination about the matter, he patted me on the back, saying, "Ah, my fine fellow—if you have spirit enough—dangerous," &c. &c. Was it skilfully said? The baronet further told us he felt himself so curious about the matter, that if fifty pounds would be of use to us, they were at our service. It needed not this, nor a glance at the *clerk* with which the successful issue of the affair would be attended among our fellow students, to spur our resolves.

The notable scheme was finally adjusted at my rooms in the Borough. M— and E—, Sir —'s dressers, and myself, with an experienced "grab," that is to say, a *professional* resurrectionist; were to set off from the borough about nine o'clock the next evening—which would be the third day after the burial—in a glass coach, provided with all "apparances and means to boot." During the day, however, our friend the grab suffered so severely from an over-night's excess, as to disappoint us of his invaluable assistance. This unexpected *contretemps* nearly put an end to our project; for the few other grabs we knew, were absent on *professional* tours! Luckily, however, I be thought me of a poor Irish porter—a sort of "ne'er-do-well" hang-

er-on at the hospital, whom I had several times hired to go on errands. This man I sent for to my rooms, and in the presence of my two conditors, persuaded, threatened, and brothered into acquiescence, promising him half a guinea for his evening's work, and as much whiskey as he could drink prudently. As Mr. Tip—that was the name he went by—had some personal acquaintance with the sick grab, he succeeded in borrowing his chief tools; with which, in a sack large enough to contain the expected while the coach was standing at the door.—Our Jem had received a quiet douceur in addition to the hire of myself and coach. As soon as we had exhibited sundry doses of Irish cordial to our friend Tip, under the effects of which he became quite "bouncible," and *raised* about the feet he was to make a prominent part in—and equipped ourselves in our worst clothes, and white top-coats, we entered the vehicle—four in number—and drove off. The weather had been exceedingly capricious all the evening—moonlight, rain, thunder, and lightning, fitfully altering. The only thing we were anxious about, was the darkness to shield us from all possible observation. I must own that in analyzing the feelings that prompted me to undertake and go through with this affair, the mere love of adventure appeared as powerful as the wish to benefit the cause of anatomical science. A midnight expedition to the tomb! It took our fancy amazingly; and then—Sir —'s cunning hit about the "danger," and our "spirit!"

The garrulous Tip supplied us with amusement all the way down—rattle, rattle, rattle, incessantly; but as soon as we had arrived at that part of the road where we were to stop, and caught sight of — church, with its hoary steeple gray, glistening in the fading moonlight, as though it was standing sentinel over the graves around it, one of which we were going so rudely to violate, Tip's spirits began to falter a little. He said little—and that at intervals. To be very candid with the reader, none of us felt overmuch at our ease. Our expedition began to wear a somewhat hairbrained aspect, and to be environed with formidable contingencies which we had not taken sufficiently into our calculations. What, for instance, if the two stout fellows, the brothers, should be out watching their sister's grave? They were not like to stand on much ceremony with us. And the manual difficulties! E— was the only one of us that had ever assisted at the exhumation of a body—and the rest of us were likely to prove but bungling workmen. However, we had gone too far to think of retreating. We none of us spoke our suspicions, but the silence that reigned within the coach was significant. In contemplation, however, of some such contingency, we had put a bottle of brandy in the coach pocket; and before we drew up, we had all four of us drank pretty deeply of it. At length, the coach turned down a by-lane to the left, which led directly to the churchyard wall; and after moving a few steps down it, in order to shelter our vehicle from the observation of highway passengers, the coach stopped, and the driver opened the door.

"Come, Tip," said I, "out with you!" "Get out, did ye say, sir? To be sure I will—Out! to be sure I will." But there was small show of alacrity in his movements as he descended the steps; for while I was speaking, I was interrupted by the solemn clangour of the church clock announcing the hour of midnight. The sound seemed to *warn* us against what we were going to do.

"'Tis a cold night, yer honours," said Tip, in an undertone, as we successively alighted, and stood together, looking up and down the dark lane, to see if any thing was stirring but ourselves. "Tis a cold night—and—and—and"—he stammered.

"Why, you cowardly old scoundrel," grumbled M—, "are you frightened already?—What's the matter, eh? Hoist up the bag on your shoulders directly, and lead the way down the lane."

"Och, but yer honours—och! by the mother that bore me, but 'tis a murtherous cruel thing, I'm thinking, to wake the poor cratur from her last sleep." He said this so querulously, that I began to entertain serious apprehensions, after all, of his detection; so I insisted on his taking a little more brandy, by way of bringing him up to par. It was of use, however. His reluctance increased every moment—and it even dispirited us. I verily believe the turning of a straw would have decided us all jumping into the coach again, and returning home without accomplishing our errand. Too many of the students, however, were apprised of our expedition, for us to think of terminating it so ridiculously! As it was by mutual consent, we stood and paused a few moments, about half way down the lane. M— whistled, whistled, with infinite success and distinctness; E— remarked to me that he "always thought that a churchyard at midnight was the gloomiest object imaginable;" and I talked about business—"soon be over"—"shallow grave," &c. &c. &c. "Confound it—what if those two brothers of hers should be there!" said M— abruptly, making a dead stop, and folding his arms on his breast.

"Powerful fellows, both of them!" muttered E—. We resumed our march; when Tip, our advanced guard—a title he earned by anticipating our steps about three inches—suddenly stood still, let down the bag from his shoulders—elevated both hands in a listening attitude—and exclaimed—"Whish!—whish!—By my soul—what was that?" We all paused in silence, looking palely on one another—but could hear nothing except the drowsy flutter of a bat wing away from us a little over-head.

"Faith—an' wasn't it somebody speaking on the far side of the hedge, I heard?" whispered Tip.

"Pho—stuff, you idiot!" I exclaimed, losing my temper. "Come M— and E—, it's high time we had done with all this cowardly nonsense, and if we mean really to do any thing, we must make haste. 'Tis past twelve—day breaks about four—and it is coming on wet, you see." Several large drops of rain, patterning heavily among the leaves and branches, corroborated my words, by announcing a coming shower, and the air was sultry enough to warrant the expectation of a thunderstorm. We therefore buttoned up our great-coats to the chin, and hurried on to the churchyard wall, which ran across the bottom of the lane. This wall we had to climb over to get into the churchyard, and it was not a very high one. Here Tip annoyed us again. "I told him to lay down his bag, mount the wall, and look over into the yard, to see whether all was clear before us; and, as far as the light would enable him, to look about for a new-made grave. Very reluctantly he complied, and contrived to scramble to the top of the wall. Tip had hardly time, however, to peep over into the churchyard, when a fluttering streak of lightning flashed over us, followed in a second or two, by a loud burst of thunder!—Tip fell in an instant to the ground, like a cock-chaffer shaken from an elm tree, and lay crossing himself, and muttering Paternosters. We could scarce hear laughing at the manner in which he tumbled down, simultaneously with the flashing of lightning. "Now, look ye, gentlemen," said he, still squatting on the ground, "do ye mane to give the poor cratur Christian burial, when ye've done wid her!—An' will ye put her back again as ye found her. 'Case, if you won't, I'll drown an' oon!"

"Now, look ye, Tip," said I, sternly, taking out one of a brace of empty pistols I had put into my great coat pocket, and pressing it to his head, "we have hired you on this business, for want of a better, you wretched fellow! and if you give us any more of

this nonsense, by — I'll send a bullet through your brain! Do you hear me, Tip?"

"Och, aisy, aisy wid ye! don't murther me! Bad luck to me, that I ever can wid ye!—[They soon cleared the wall and discovered the grave.

We had no umbrellas, and our great-coats were saturated with water; but the brandy we had recently taken did us good service, by exhilarating or spirits, and especially those of Tip. He untied the sack in a twinkling, and shook out the hoses and spades, &c.; and taking one of the latter himself, he commenced digging with such energy, that we had hardly prepared ourselves for work, before he had cleared away nearly the whole of the mound. The rain soon abated, and the lightning ceased for a considerable interval, though thunder was heard occasionally rumbling sullenly in the distance, as if expressing anger at our unhye doings—at least I felt it so.

The pitchy darkness continued, so that we could scarce see one another's figures. We worked on in silence, as fast as our spades could be got under ground; taking it in turns, two by two, as the grave would not admit of more. While I was thus engaged, a sudden noise, close to our ears, startled me so, that I protest I thought I should drop down dead in the grave I was digging. I and my fellow digger dropped our spades, and all four stood still for a second or two, in an ecstasy of fearful apprehension.

We could not see more than a few inches around us, but heard the grass trodden by approaching feet! They proved to be those of an ass, that was turned at night into the churchyard, and had gone on eating his way towards us; and while we were standing in mute expectation of what was to come next, opened on us with an astounding hee-haw! hee-haw! hee-haw!

Even after we had discovered the ludicrous nature of the interruption, we were too agitated to laugh! The brute was actually close upon us, and had given tongue from under poor Tip's elbow, having approached him from behind, as he stood leaning on his spade. Tip started suddenly backward against the animal's head, and fell down. Away sprang the jack-ass, as much confounded as Tip, kicking and scampering like a mad creature among the tombstones, and hee-hawing incessantly, as if a hundred devils had got in it for the purpose of discomfiting us. I felt so much fury, and fear, lest the noise should lead to our discovery, that I could have killed the brute if it had been within my reach, while Tip stammered in an affrighted whisper—"Och, the baste! Och, the baste! The big black devil of a baste! The murtherous—murthering— and a great many epithets of the same sort. We gradually recovered from the agitation which this provoking interruption had occasioned; and Tip, under the promise of two bottles of whiskey as soon as we arrived safe at home with our prize, renewed his exertions, and dug with such energy, that we soon cleared away the remainder of the supercumbent earth, and stood upon the bare lid of the coffin. The grapplers, with ropes attached to them, were then fixed in the sides and extremities, and we were in the act of raising the coffin, when the sound of a human voice accompanied with footsteps, fell on our startled ears. We heard both distinctly, and crouched down close over the brink of the grave, awaiting in breathless suspense a corroboration of our fears. After a pause of five or six minutes, however, finding that the sounds were not renewed, we began to breathe freer, persuaded that our ears must have deceived us. Once more we resumed our work, and continued in hoisting up the coffin—not without a slip, however, which nearly precipitated it down again to the bottom, with all four of us upon it—and depositing it on the grave-side. Before proceeding to use our screws, or wrenches, we once more looked and listened; but neither seeing nor hearing any thing, we set to work, and pried off the lid in a twinkling, and a transient glimpse of moonlight disclosed to us the shrouded inmate—all white and damp. That were we engaged when E— grasped—"Oh, my God! there they are!" and placed his hand upon my arm. He shook like an aspen leaf. I looked towards the quarter where his eyes were directed, and sure enough, saw the figure of a man, if not two, moving stealthily towards us. "Well, we're discovered, that's clear," I whispered as calmly as I could. "We shall be murthered!" groaned E—. "Lend me one of the pistols you have with you," said M—, resolutely. "By —, I'll have a shot for my life, however!" "Hush—hush!" said I, cocking my pistol, while M— did the same; for none but myself knew they were unloaded. To add to our consternation, the malignant moon with the small portion of light she had been doing out to us, and sunk beneath a vast cloud, "black as Erebus," but not before we had caught a glimpse of two more figures moving towards us in an opposite direction. "Surrounded," two of us muttered in the same breath. "We all rose to our feet, and stood together, not knowing what to do—inable in the darkness to see one another distinctly. Presently we heard a voice say, "Where are they? where? *Save* I saw them! Oh, there they are! Halloa—halloa!"

That was enough—the signal for our flight. Without an instant's pause or uttering another syllable, off we sprang like small-shot from a gun's mouth, all of us in different directions, we knew not whether, I heard the report of a gun—mercy on me! and pealed away, scarce knowing what I was about, dodging among the graves—now coming full-butt against a plough tombstone, then stumbling on the slippery grass—while some one followed close at my heels panting and puffing, but whether friend or foe, I knew not. At length I stumbled against a large tombstone; and finding it open at the two ends, crept under it, resolved there to abide the issue. At the moment of my ensconcing myself, the sound of the person's footsteps who had followed me, suddenly ceased. I heard a splashing sound, then a kicking and scrambling, a faint stilled cry of, "Ugh—ugh!" and all was still. Doubtless it must be one of my companions, who had been wounded. What could I do, however? I did not know in what direction he lay—the night was pitch dark—and if I crept from my hiding place, for all I knew, I might be shot myself. I shall never forget that hour—no, never! There was I, squatting like a toad on the wet grass and weeds, not daring to do more than breathe! Here was a predicament! I could not conjecture how the affair would terminate. Was I to lie where I was till daylight? What was become of my companions?—While I was turning these thoughts in my mind, and wondering that all was so quiet, my ear caught the sound of the splashing of water, apparently at but a yard or two distance, mingled with the sounds of half-smothered human voice—"Ugh! ugh! Och, murther! murther! murther!"—another splash—"and isn't it drowned and kilt I am!"

"Whew! Tip in trouble," thought I, not daring to speak. Yes—it was poor Tip, I afterwards found—who had followed at my heels, scampering after me as fast as flight could let him, till his career was unexpectedly ended by his tumbling—sous—heels over head, into a newly opened grave in his path, with more than a foot of water in it. There the poor fellow remained, after recovering from the first shock of his fall, not daring to utter a word for some time, lest he should be discovered—straddling over the water with his toes and elbows stuck into the loose soil on each side, to support him. This was his interesting position, as he subsequently informed me, at the time of uttering the sounds which first attracted my attention. Though not aware of his situation at the time, I was almost choked with laughter as he went on with his soliloquy, somewhat in this strain:

"Och, Tip, ye ould devil! Don't it serve ye right, ye fool! Ye villainous ould coffin-rober! Won't ye burn for this hereafter ye sinner! Illa-loo! When ye are dead yourself, may ye be treated like that poor cratur—and yourself alive to see it! Och! hubbaboo! hubbaboo! Isn't it sure that I'll be drowned, an' then it's kill I'll be!"—a loud splash, and a pause for a few moments, as if he was readjusting his footing—"Och, an' I'm catching my dith of could! Faint, an' it's devil a drop of the two bottles of whiskey I'll ever see."

"Tip, Tip, Tip!" I whispered, in a low tone. There was a dead silence. "Tip, Tip, where are you? What's the matter, eh?"—No answer; but he muttered in a low tone to himself—"Where am I, by my soul! Isn't it dead, and kilt, and drowned, and murdered I am—that's all!"

"Tip, Tip, Tip!" I repeated a little louder. "Tip, indeed! Faint, ye may call, bad luck to ye—whatever ye are—but its devil a word I'll be after speaking to ye."

"Tip, you simpleton! It's I—Mr. —!"

In an instant there was a sound of jumping and splashing, as if surprise had made him slip from his standing again, and he called out, "Who! Who! Who! an' isn't you, sweet Mr. —? What is the matter wid ye? Are ye kilt? Where are they all? Have they taken ye away, every mother's son on you?" he asked eagerly, in a breath.

"Why, what are you doing, Tip? Where are you?"

"Faith, an' it's being washed I am, in the feet, and in the queerest tub your honor ever saw!"—A noise of sculling, not many yards off, silenced us both in an instant. Presently I distinguished the voice of E—, calling out, "Help, M—!" my name—"Where are you?" The noise increased, and seemed nearer than before. I crept from my lurking place, and aided at Tip's resurrection, and both of us hurried towards the spot where the sound came from.

By the faint moonlight, I could just see the out outlines of two figures violently struggling and grappling together. Before I could come up to them, both fell down, locked in each other's arms, rolling over each other, grasping one another's collars, grasping and panting as if in mortal struggle. The moon suddenly emerged, and who do you think, reader, was E—'s antagonist?

Why, the person whose appearance had discomfited and affrighted us all—OUR COACHMAN. That wily individual, alarmed at our protracted stay, had, contrary to our injunctions, left his coach to come and search for us. He it was whom we had seen steaming towards us; his steps—his voice had alarmed us, for he could not see us distinctly enough to discover whether we were his fare or not.

He was on the point of whispering my name, when we should all have understood one another—when lo! we all started off in the manner which has been described; and