

"Well, Pete, I don't believe but you can, and I know that you will, if I ask you," added the voice most insinuatingly.

"Upon my word of honour, I never did dance while I was on earth, and I'm d—d if I do now I'm in h—."

"At him! at him!" exclaimed ten thousand voices, from major A to B flat, and in a moment Pete heard such a humming about his ears as if all the mosquitoes and gallinippers in the world had come to salute and greet his arrival in the infernal regions.

Not one, as yet, attempted to touch him—they were evidently waiting for further orders and anticipated great sport from him. Pete began to feel rather uncomfortable. He had not any very distinct idea of his own situation at that moment, but that mischief was intended, he could not doubt, and he resolved to defend himself to the last extreme.

"Come Pete, break down," said his old friend, the invisible, "stir yourself or I'll have to make you. Strike up, music!" and in a moment, Pete heard a couple of fifes playing in the very best style the favourite Long Island break down. He had not time to think of any thing now, for at the same moment his feet began to move with such rapidity as he had never before known. He tried to stop, but no—it was impossible, his feet were flying about in the strangest and most extraordinary manner and the voices of his invisible friends exclaimed "go it Pete—well done—that's the step!"

Pete groaned in spirit as the thought crossed him "what would they think *up stairs*, to see *me* at this work?" but still he went on. The music now grew louder and fiercer, and Pete, or rather his feet, flew faster and faster. The perspiration rolled down his face in large drops, but there was no stopping. "Go it Pete—go it my boy!" were the exclamations heard on all sides, as Pete cut some new and involuntary pigeon-wing or shuffle. "Bravo! bravo!" shouted the assemblage, as Pete threw down his old hat and went at it again

fiercer and faster. His hair, which was now entirely saturated, flew about in all directions, like bunches of tallow candles tied by the wicks and shaken by some mischievous boy—his eyes were closed tight, to keep the perspiration from drowning them out—his mouth was wide open, and his breath came thick and hard, but there was no stopping for Pete. It seemed as if the musicians blew harder as they blew longer, and the harder they blew, the faster Pete had to dance. He now threw off his old ragged jacket, cheered on by the "bravos" of his admiring audience, and faster and fiercer flew his feet.

"Why, Pete," said his old tormentor, "you said you could not dance. What a liar you are, to be sure I never saw a better break down. Stir him up, boys, stir him up—I guess he'll work after this."

Before Pete had time to explain the cause of his sudden and unexplained passion for dancing, he received a nip on one heel that made him spring an extra foot, and by the time he reached the ground, the other foot received the same compliment. The fun was now getting too good for Pete. There he was, dancing as if heaven and earth depended on the velocity with which his feet moved, and every quarter second he would get a nip from some one of his tormentors. Now on his nose—now on the leg—now on the back—now on the neck, and his hands seemed to fly as fast as his feet, in his vain endeavours to catch some one of his tormentors. If he drew his hand across his face to wipe off the perspiration, an extra nip on some tender spot would make him draw it away and clap it on the wounded place—and thus was poor Pete kept hard at it for two mortal hours. The noonday sun boiling his very brains—the perspiration running down him as though he was under a shower bath, and the mosquitoes and gallinippers tormenting him on every approaching spot. All the consolation he had during this time, was the constant cheers and bravoes of his audience, and now and then an exclamation as he broke