

him in the action, and woke his mother. "Dear me," thought the widow, "I can't sleep at all to-night." Andy gave another turn soon after, which roused Oonah. She started, and shaking her aunt, asked her, in a low voice, if it was she who kicked her, though she scarcely hoped an answer in the affirmative, and yet dared not believe what her fears whispered.

"No, a *cishla*," whispered the aunt.

"Did you feel anything?" asked Oonah, trembling violently.

"What do you mane, *alanna*?" said the aunt.

Andy gave another roll. "There it is again!" gasped Oonah; and in a whisper, scarcely above her breath, she added, "Aunt—there's some one under the bed!"

The aunt did not answer; but the two women drew closer together and held each other in their arms, as if their proximity afforded protection. Thus they lay in breathless fear for some minutes, while Andy began to be influenced by a vision, in which the duel, and the chase, and the thrashing, were all enacted over again, and soon an odd word began to escape from the dreamer: "Gi' me the pist'l, Dick—the pist'l!"

"There are two of them!" whispered Oonah. "God be merciful to us!—Do you hear him asking for the pistol?"

"Screech!" said her aunt.

"I can't," said Oonah.

Andy was quiet for some time, while the women scarcely breathed.

"Suppose we get up, and make for the door?" said the aunt.

"I wouldn't put my foot out of the bed for the world," said Oonah. "I'm afeared one o' them would catch me by the leg."

"Howld him! howld him!" grumbled Andy.

"I'll die with the fright, aunt. I feel I'm dyin'! Let us say our prayers, aunt, for we're goin' to be murdered!" The two women began to repeat, with fervor, their *aves* and *paternosters*, while at this immediate juncture, Andy's dream having borne him to the dirty ditch where Dick Dawson had pummelled him, he began to vociferate, "Murder! murder!" so fiercely that the women screamed together in an agony of terror, and "Murder! murder!" was shouted by the whole party; for once the widow and Oonah found their voices, they made good use of them. The noise awoke Andy, who had, be it

remembered, a tolerably long sleep by this time; and he having quite forgotten where he had lain down, and finding himself confined by the bed above him, and smothering for want of air, with the fierce shouts of murder ringing in his ears, woke in as great a fright as the women in the bed, and became a party in the terror he himself had produced; every plunge he gave under the bed inflicted a poke or a kick on his mother or cousin, which was answered by the cry of "Murder!"

"Let me out! Let me out, Misther Dick!" roared Andy. "Where am I at all? Let me out!"

"Help, help! murder!" roared the women.

"I'll never shoot any one again, Misther Dick—let me up."

Andy scrambled from under the bed, half awake, and whole frightened by the darkness and the noise, which was now increased by the barking of the cur-dog.

"High! at him, Coaly!" roared Mrs. Rooney; "howld him! howld him!"

Now as this address was often made to the cur respecting the pig, when Mrs. Rooney sometimes wanted a quiet moment in the day, and the pig didn't like quitting the premises, the dog ran to the corner of the cabin where the pig habitually lodged, and laid hold of his ear with the strongest testimonials of affection, which polite attention the pig acknowledged by a prolonged squealing, that drowned the women's voices and Andy's together; and now the cocks and hens that were roosting on the rafters of the cabin were startled by the din, and the crowing and cackling, and the flapping of the frightened fowls as they flew about in the dark, added to the general uproar and confusion.

"A—h!" screamed Oonah, "take your hands off me!" as Andy, getting from under the bed, laid his hand upon it to assist him, and caught a grip of his cousin.

"Who are you at all?" cried Andy, making another claw, and catching hold of his mother's nose.

"Oonah, they're murderin' me," shouted the widow.

"The name of Oonah, and the voice of his mother, recalled his senses to Andy, who shouted "Mother, mother! what's the matter?" A frightened hen flew in his face, and nearly knocked Andy down.