

out into some new, and as yet unheard of step or shuffle. He had no time to curse or swear, for if the music grew fainter for an instant, the mischievous gallinippers kept him sufficiently busy, and then the fifers would break out again, as though they had received in the interval, a new supply of wind.

Pete has often declared to me, that during that dance, he sweated off twelve pounds of good substantial flesh, and I have no reason to doubt his word.

All things must end some time or other. So it was with Pete's dancing. The cheers, bravoes and encores grew fainter and fewer, for in truth Pete had danced every step that had ever been heard of, and many that had never even been dreamed of. His audience thinned off, and suddenly the music ceased, and at the instant that Pete fell to the ground perfectly exhausted, a tremendous report was heard and he—awoke!

Yes, reader, he awoke, and behind him stood three young scamps who had been out gunning, and having caught Pete napping, one of them discharged his gun close to his ears, thus saving his life beyond a doubt. Pete looked at them one instant, and slowly rising, he started for his cottage.

The next day 'Squire Jones had a load of coal sent from New-York, and before it was dumped at the door, Pete was there and asked for the job of carrying it in. The 'Squire could not believe his senses. He put on his spectacles and deliberately surveying Pete, said, "You carry it in? Why, Pete, what is going to happen? You work! Well, I *do* declare—Oh yes—carry it in." and the 'Squire fairly ran into the house to tell his family of the extraordinary occurrence. In a moment every member of it, from the 'Squire's grandmother down to his little granddaughter, was at the windows, and as Pete shouldered his first basket and walked in with it, an involuntary exclamation broke from all.

Such news as this could not long be kept dark, and before Pete had carried half of the coal in, a crowd had gather-

ed round him, who seemed to view the proceedings with awe.

They looked at Pete, and then looked at each other. There could be no deception there, for Pete joked and laughed all the time, but in answer to all inquiries as to what could have caused so extraordinary a change, he only answered, "Oh, if you knew all I know, may be you'd know something," and that was all the satisfaction they ever obtained from him. I would not have ventured to explain the mystery even now, were I not credibly informed that an old lady has brought on a nervous fever by trying to think what could have induced Pete to change his nature. Had she died and the secret remained unrevealed, I should have felt almost guilty of murder, and as it is, I have chosen to break my promise to Pete (for he made me promise not to tell the story during his lifetime) rather than have the old lady die unsatisfied.

I will only add that Pete is now a steady, hard working man; has married, and is now living in a snug little house near his old cottage; but he never passes the old elm tree without feeling an involuntary shaking about his feet, and his hands mechanically, as it were, seek his rear, as the first nip of the gallinipper is brought to his mind.

As the above legend was taken down *verbatim* from Pete's mouth, it may be relied upon as authentic, and I feel well assured that no person in his senses will doubt its veracity.



THE CHARGE.

No movement in the field is made with greater confidence of success than that of the charge; it affords little time for thinking, while it creates a fearless excitement, and tends to give a fresh impulse to the blood of the advancing soldier, rouses his courage, strengthens every nerve, and drowns every fear of danger or of death; thus emboldened amidst the deafening shouts that anticipate victory, he rushes on and mingles with the flying foe.