

this time he had roused every one in the house; and others of the family entered the room. By the pauses which he made, we knew when he reached the end of each verse. He sang several verses; at the time I knew how many, but am unable now to recall the exact number. He must surely have been a sound sleeper, or the loud laughter which filled the room would have waked him, for the scene was ludicrous in the extreme: Terry sitting up in bed, sound asleep, at the hour of midnight, and singing, with a loud voice and very earnest manner, to an audience who were unable to understand one word of the song. At the close of the last verse he lay quietly down, all unconscious of the Musical Entertainment he had given. The next morning some of the family began teasing him about the song he had sung in his sleep. He was loth to believe them, and as usual, enquired of me if they were telling him the truth. "I'll believe whatever you say," said he, "for its you that niver toul't me a lie yet." "You may believe them this time," said I, "for you certainly did sing a song. The air was very fine, and I have no doubt the words were equally so, if we could only have understood them."

"Well thin," replied he, "but I niver heard more than that; and if I raaly did sing, I may as well tell yee's how it happint. I dramed, ye see, that I was at a ball in Ireland, an' I thought that about twelve o'clock we got tired wid dancin and sated ourselves