

his first visit to this ground,) noticing the evident symptoms of approaching sleep, and being an hungered withal, cautiously approached him, making large circles around the spot where he was reclining, and humming his favourite air the while, to lull his unconscious victim into security.

With a deep grunt Pete's head sank full upon his breast—the pipe fell from his lips into his bosom—his hat fell over his eyes, and Pete was asleep. The gallinipper, seeing these never-failing signs, made his approaches more boldly, and alighting on Pete's unbooted leg, made preparations for a feast. Having sharpened well his bill, he looked once more at Pete, (whose sleep was now so sound that an occasional half snore, half grunt was heard), and seeing all secure, he darted it at once into the soft fat just under the ankle bone. Alas, for the fallacy of sublunary hopes! The bill had entered too deep and too quickly, and Pete arousing with a tremendous effort, struck at the unfortunate cause of all this mischief. In reaching too far forward to get at his tormentor, Pete fell over. Now, most persons placed in such a predicament, and falling, must evidently have come to the ground. Not so Pete—he fell forward, and as he fell the ground opened before him, and down he went—down—down—down, with a velocity to which he, of all men, had never been accustomed, and which to any person must have been peculiarly uncomfortable.

After continuing at this sport for a long very long time, Pete came to a halt by finding himself on the ground; but so gently had he fallen that notwithstanding the great distance from his starting place he was not the least injured.

Pete lay on the ground with his eyes closed and nothing doubting that the "Ancient Henry" was about to claim him as his own, he tried to get out a prayer but it was of no use. He had never been to church but once since he was a boy and all that he could remember of what he had heard was,—
"There mercy on all good persons and
let them be blessed."

He repeated this aloud as fast as he could speak, and was pausing to take breath for a fresh outbreak, when he was saluted, *a posteriori*, by a bite so deep, so keen, so perfectly savage, that he actually sprung up at one bound, and clapping his hand on the affected part, exclaimed, "by jings!"

A loud *havo havo* from behind, caused him to remove his hand and turn round, and without looking to see whence this sound proceeded, he was saluted on the other side with another bite, more deep, more keen, and if possible, more savage than before. Flesh and blood could not stand this, and surely, when Pete clapped his hand on the new spot, and roared out "h—ll!" he may be deemed excusable. Pete looked around in bewilderment, and well he might. He was in the middle of a large plain, and he was alone—not a living thing could he see or hear. The sun was pouring down upon him like "all possessed," and a few yards a-head was a grove of trees, presenting a most inviting aspect of coolness and shade, and Pete was about to push for that, when he was suddenly brought up by hearing a voice exclaim "stand still!"

Pete looked up, and he looked down, and he looked around on all sides, but no one could he perceive, and although he felt dreadful savage at being ordered so preemptorily, he wisely concluded to obey, not wishing to incur the displeasure of a person who could make himself felt and heard without being seen.

"Pete Yerks," said the same voice, "you are the laziest man that ever lived!" Pete's face brightened up at this plain spoken encomium, and it must be owned that he did feel a little, a very little pride, when he thought that his reputation had actually preceded him to the other world, for he doubted not that he was now there. He was about to make some gracious reply, when he was ordered to hold his tongue, by the same voices, in savage tones.

"Pete Yerks, can you dance?"

"Me dance!" exclaimed Pete, fairly horror struck, "me, Pete Yerks, dance! Oh Lord—oh Lord!"