

figures, and the thousand little trifles we run after, and to the ladies snuff-boxes, pipes, tobacco, pouches, &c.!!! At five in the morning we seated ourselves at the supper table, after which we retired.



PETE YERKS.

A LEGEND OF MISQUITO COVE.

"As lazy as Pete Yerks," was the expression invariably called up when any of the denizens of Musquito Cove and the vicinity wished to convey the idea of a person superlatively and unapproachably lazy. Now this, by most men would have been considered at best a very doubtful reputation, but with Pete it was not so. His character had gained by it, for had any person seen Pete working at any thing or at any time, the fame of the exploit would have gone abroad and ruined him in his vocation forever. There was, indeed, one man at the cove, who declared, and stuck to it, that once, about ten years ago, on a bright moonlight night, he saw Pete carry some wood into Squire Jones' kitchen; but this was utterly improbable, and although the narrator was a man of undoubted veracity, it was generally thought that he had mistaken the person, and Pete escaped this calumny unscathed; but when this slanderous report was first circulated he was affected even to tears. He denied it in the most unqualified terms and challenged any person to prove that since he was fourteen years of age, he had ever done "a hand's turn." He could not conceive what motive any man could have to slander him in that manner.

Every country village has its loafer, but the reputation of Pete was not confined to the village, honoured by being his birth place. No—he was *the* loafer—the lazy one, and for miles around, the reputation of Pete Yerks was as well known as the text of the parson's last sermon.

I have called Pete a loafer, but I much fear that he will never cotton to that. It is not sufficiently expressive. A loafer *has* been known to work—

such never was, to the recollection of any person in that place, the case with Pete. How he lived no one could tell, and this very mystery added to his reputation. He followed the customary fashion of wearing clothes, and it was not doubted that he was equally addicted to eating, but how, or when, or where he managed to gratify those unusual desires was known to none but himself. He had a passion, too, for smoking, and always had tobacco, but where or how he obtained it, was equally a mystery.

He inhabited a little old cottage on the side of a hill, about half a mile from the town, which nobody cared to claim, but daily he came to the village, and seating himself at the foot of a large elm tree, he would smoke his old one inch pipe, and sleep—and waking, he would fall to smoking again. Thus passed his life, every fair day, under the elm tree, and in foul weather or in winter, he stayed at his cottage.

One sultry day, about the middle of August, last year, Pete was at his old post under the elm tree, with his old pipe. He leaned up against the tree, the pipe laying listlessly between his teeth, and every few moments a small curling cloud of smoke would issue from his lips, giving the only sign that he was alive and awake, and he was evidently meditating, that being the hardest work he had ever done. It was after the 10th of August, the date fixed by all venerable ladies for the annual visit of the mosquitoes, and the spot Pete had chosen as his resting place, one would think had been selected as a place of general rendezvous for those gentry. The air was black with them, but they rarely troubled Pete—they knew him well, for in that spot he had sat, and smoked, and slept for fifteen years.

The smoke from Pete's pipe came more lazily and at longer intervals—His head was sinking upon his chin, his eyes were more firmly closed, and he gave evident tokens that he was fast approaching that state denominated "Loafer's Heaven." A huge callinipper who had never before seen Pete, (it being