

to relate she never appeared to understand my notes. A certain vagueness seemed to be forever associated with them; this I only learned when too late. She never wrote to me. I am glad of that for the hand she wrote was a decidedly large and disagreeable one. I don't write very elegantly myself: but I do like to see fine chirography in others.

For three whole weeks I kept dodging about the house trying to get a stolen peep at my charmer: but ill success ever rewarded my exertions. She kept herself in-doors as did the itinerant dealer in the products of the vasty deep. The suspicion forced into the hearts of the Manglethrope's that I was a bailiff's man, only waiting for a favourable chance to pounce upon my unsuspecting victim, gained new strength every day as time passed on. When I did catch an occasional glimpse of the fair one as she passed by the white curtained window, I thought I noticed a care-worn expression upon her face, and this made me love her all the more. How I loved that sad look! How it struck into my heart! Shall such misery exist long Minktan Pellidee! No, my boy if you are a man you will smite down such a thought ere it gain even the semblance of a reality. I then heroically knocked a small boy down and sallied forth to conquer or to die.

Again, let me remark human endurance is not destined to last forever. One pale evening in the merry month of May I donned my best suit of black. The coat was a sharp-pointed one, perhaps a little "gone" at the dexter tail, and the pants might have been a brand new pair say ten years ago. My hat was a conspicuous white beaver which once belonged to my respected father, the elder Pellidee, who had only temporarily loaned it to me after much solicitation. Clad in these habiliments and taking my favourite flute under my arm, I left my own mansion about 8 o'clock on that memorable evening and went forth to serenade the bright tulip whom I was permitted to worship at a long, a very long distance. After undergoing several anxious spasms, I at length arrived upon the scene. There was the house and there was the room, the domicile, dormitory or whatever else you choose to call it, belonging to the fair but cruel Mattie. The moon was up and the playful stars twinkled mischievously as they looked down on the earth below and beheld the love-sick swain and the mission which brought him out. My first step was to examine the ground and see that my arrangements were all complete for the final grand effort. I knew just two tunes—"Over the hills and far away" and "Dan Tucker." After considerable deliberation, I at length concluded that I would begin the fantasia by a choice selection from the former melody. I sat on a neighbouring wood-pile and waited for the hours to grow small. There I sat silent and alone. No sound disturbed the placid serenity of that beauteous May evening. The clouds full and fleecy journeyed onwards, the stars peeped through the misty film, the silvery moon rolled on her course and I sat on the wood-pile! Nine! ten! ten and a half! It lacked a few minutes of the hour, so flute in hand I jumped on *terra-firma* and essayed the "poetry of motion" nearer towards the house. All was as serene and quiet as the silent grave