The Diary of a Hackney Coachman

J. H. Ingraham

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CHAPTER I.

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Opposite my window is a small paved nook just large enough to hold a coach with a pair of horses harnessed to it. It is overshadowed by a large elm, and a pump with a trough beneath it close at hand. A better `stand' for a hackney coach, especially as the street is much traversed and central in its position, could not be found in town. This advantage did not long escape the eye of one of the fraternity of `Hackmen;' and one morning on throwing open my blinds I saw that `the nook' was occupied by a carriage. For what purpose but for this, the opening had been left, I could never guess; and having in my mind's eye appropriated it to this very end which I now saw it had attained to, I was not a little gratified at this fulfilment of the destiny I had mentally designed for it. It seemed to be the only *unappropriated* spot of Ground in Boston; and I had been not a little surprised to find it go from day to day unimproved. When, therefore, I saw the hack quietly standing there on opening my window in the morning, I mentally bore tribute to the penetration of the owners and at once felt a peculiar interest in him and his equipage. The carriage was a very handsome one with a dark, brown body and hubs and door handle of polished brass. The box was covered with a rich blue hammer−cloth, fringed and ample in its folds; the foot board was sheated with a shining piece of oil−cloth, and the leather of the carriage was new and well oiled and blackened. The horses were fine bays, with well−kept bodies, and resembling more a span belonging to a private gentleman, than to a hackman. The coach, also, had that air of gentility that characterises a private carriage. But the number (288) placed beneath the door plainly showed that it was a public coach: otherwise I should have had no hesitation in setting it down as a private equipage. The harness was shining and new, and glittering with brass plate, and on the blinder a was the ornament of a stag's head. The same device was neatly painted upon the door panel. In England, seeing this heralded crest, I should without a doubt have set the coach to the ownership of a baronet; bnt as I knew in our free country we republicans made free to make free with any shields and arms that suits our fancy, for coach panels, it did not mislead me.

The coach and horses having undergone my scrutiny I looked at the coachman. He was seated in the open door of his carriage with his feet upon the carpeted steps reading the morning paper. His broad−brimmed white hat hid his face as I looked down upon him; but I could see that he was well dressed and inclined to corpulency, as all coachmen should be, for a carriage rolls along easier with solid weight upon the box. After he had read the news he got up and taking off his hat placed the penny paper in the top of it. In the act he exposed a large well shaped head thickly covered with brown−curly hair, and a healthy florid countenance, expressive of intelligence and good humor. A kindly face such as at first glance takes our confidence. He wore a red velvet waistcoat,

double−breasted and thickly set with small gilt bell−buttons, and in his sky blue cravat was stuck a large paste pin. He took a silver watch from his fob to look at the hour, and then fastening the check reins of his horses, he mounted to his box, and drove up the street at a round pace evidently to fulfil some appointment.

I was not a little gratified to find the nook had thus been taken possession of. An empty space opposite the window of an invalid is always annoying. If he is at all nervous, he peoples it with all sorts of things. It becomes a theatre in which all the phantasies of his imagination play their parts. I had something now to occupy my attention, besides blank walls. There was something to do in watching the carriage and the man; in seeing him start off and watching for his return; in conjecturing where and for what purpose he has been called away. In a word the appearance of the smart hackney coach in my neighborhood drew off my mind and thoughts from myself, and from the day of its appearance I began to recover from a painful nervous disorder which had for several weeks afflicted me.

The driver seemed to have a great deal of business. His coach was going and coming constantly. This was owing to the neat appearance of his equipage and his own neatness and affable manner Every morning at sunrise he would be at his stand, and at sundown leave it for the last time, not to return till the next morning.

I used to amuse myself in watching those who came to the stand to employ him. Once I saw a young married couple stop and get into it, the lady in tears and the young husband's face very grave and stern. They had evidently had a falling out in the street and taken the coach in order to have their quarrel out less publicly; for he drew up the glass with an emphasis and dropped the curtains. The next that I saw call for it was a lady very elegantly dressed in half mourning. She was hurried and in earnest as she spoke to the coachman. She got in hastily: he sprang to his box and drove rapidly off. The next moment a gentleman with a crape round his hat and a parasol under his arm ran by and pursued the carriage. One day the driver himself made a wearied old lady who was passing and who seemed with difficulty to get along, get into his coach, when he mounted to his seat and drove her home. This kind act made me the hackman's friend at once, though I was already greatly prepossessed in his favor. I had now got well enough to ride out, and one morning about three weeks after he had come upon the `stand,' I sent over for him to see him in my room. He came up stairs ushered by the servant and on entering my chamber took off his broad hat and bowed with a good deal of grace.

`You wish to see me, sir?'

`Yes. I am an invalid, and wish to ride out every pleasant day for two or three weeks. Can I command your carriage at the hour of ten every morning?'

`Yes sir,' he answered with a bow of satisfaction.

`I shall want to ride an hour each day!'

`Yes, sir.'

`Your carriage seems to be a very fine one!'

`It is liked by those who have rode in it!'

`Your horses are spirited and you appear to take very good care of them!'

`I have need to do so, sir. They are my only means of getting a living!'

`You seem to have custom enough!'

`Yes, sir. I can't complain. Since I have been on this stand and had my new turn out, I have been pretty busy. Customers, I see, always like a showy tu nout!'

`Have you been long driving?'

`About four years, sir.'

`You seem to be an educated man and to have followed a better employment.'

`This is a good one, sir. I don't find fault with it. I have been in worse business. I was clerk in the Custom House once, but lost my situation in change of masters; and had to put my hand to anything that was respectable. I could have kept a hotel bar, or been chosen constable, but I am a temperance man and don't like to sell fire−water to burn up the souls and bodies of my fellow men; and I have some repugnance to serving writs upon poor debtors. I shouldn't sleep sound after having put a fellow−man in jail.'

`I commend your humanity,' I said. `To be a constable a man must steel his heart against human misery. If he is a kind man in the outset, he will soon learn indifference to the woes of others. It is heart−hardening, soul−destroying business, and you did well to escape it.'

`I think so, sir. Well, for want of something better I offered myself to a stable−keeper as a driver for one of his hacks; and now, sir, I have got to own a hack and a pair of horses for myself.'

`This fine `turn out' then really belongs to you!'

`Yes, sir, I have paid for it to the snapper on my whip lash. I have only owned it three weeks. The morning I came to this stand was my first turn out with it. I have had this `stand' in my eye for sometime, and I got permission of one through the good word of the alderman, whose family I had often driven out to occupy it. Will you ride out this morning, sir?' he asked me in the full manly tones which characterized him.

`Yes, I will be ready at ten. Are you married?'

He blushed and then after a moment replied, with a smile,

`Not *yet*, sir. I expect to be in a few days!'

`I wish you joy!'

`Thank you, sir. I feel very sure of being perfectly happy!'

With these words of hope the handsome hackney coachman, who was under thirty years of age, left me and crossed the street to his carriage.

I rode out with him daily, for a fortnight. I found him not only a careful driver bat an intelligent guide. There was not a place of interest in or about Boston that he was ignorant of, and which he did not stop his carriage to speak to me through the window back of his box and point out to me.

One morning I had returned from a visit to Mount Auburn, when as he assisted me to alight he said, with an embarrassed air and a flush that told half the story,

`Sir, if you will be so kind as to excuse me to−morrow. I shall have a friend in my place to drive you out for the next two days!'

`Certainly. I wish you much happiness,' I said significantly.

`You have guessed it, sir. I am going to be married in the morning and shall take a little trip down into the country for a day or two.'

`Where shall you live when you return?'

`With my wife's mother. She has a small, neat house in Bedford street, and as it is all furnished and Betsy is her only daughter, why I have promised to live with her; but I shall keep up the house you know, sir, just as if I was at housekeeping. I wouldn't have you suppose I would live on my wife's mother! '

`I should not suspect such a thing of you, George,' said I in a tone that fully satisfied his pride. I then shook hands with him and wishing him and his bride `good luck,' entered the house. With a happy face he sprang to his seat and drove off at a fast trot. Little did I think that this was the last time I should see him alive! that the next morning I should gaze upon his blood−sprinkled corpse!

I will now record the particulars of the tradgedy as far as I could obtain them. It seems that after he had driven from my door, he proceeded to the Tremont House, where he took in two persons, who were evidently foreigners. One of them came out of the Hotel, the other came to the coach on the side−walk. That the carriage then went out of town with them to Mount Auburn, and in by the Monument. George left them at the Tremont, and then drove to the stables where he put up his horses. Here he said he should leave them to rest till the next morning, and through the next day as it was to be his wedding day. He seemed to be sad and thoughtful; and the buoyancy which had characterized him had disappeared. He then proceeded to spend the evening with his bride elect. He was here at intervals and depressed, and although he made efforts to throw off the weight from his spirits when he saw it was observed, he was not quite successful in doing it.

He lodged in the chamber of a dwelling adjoining the stable, and on his return found two of his fellow−hackman awaiting his return.

`We want you to go and sup with us, George,' said they. `It is your last night of liberty, and you must give it to old friends!'

`It is rather late, being after ten, and I don't feel well to−night, my good friends,' he said in reply. `I thank you, but beg you will excuse me!'

`Why you look as sorrowful as if you were going to be hauged to−morrow instead of married! Bless us, don't be frightened, man! It is soon over I'm told!'

`There is something heavy on my mind, my friends,' said George sadly. `I have felt it several hours. I have tried in vain to shake it off. My heart feels like lead!'

`Oh, man, it is nothing but too much joy. I am told that breaks the heart sometimes! Cheer up. You'll feel better to−morrow!'

`To morrow! to morow!' he slowly repeated with an absent manner. `To−morrow is no man's living!'

`You are gloomy, George!'

`What has Betsy done or said?'

He did not seem to hear them. They gazed upon his pale face and fixed eyes, with surprise and alarm.

`If you knew but no! It is nothing! I have no reason, perhaps, but I cannot help feeling as I do. If any thing should happen to me!'

`Poh, George!'

`Listen to me, both of you!' If any thing should happen to me, you will find under the left pocket of the coach a secret pocket in which is a paper. It bequeaths all I am worth to or Betsy!'

His voice trembled and he was agitated as he spoke. They tried, as they said, to laugh him out of his notions; but without success; and bidding him good night they left him. He grasped their hands with painful force and took leave of them as if they were parting for a long period.

The hostler, who gives the next account of him, says that a few minutes after the two left George, a person arrived at the stable and said he wanted a carriage. `I was going to give him 280, knowing George didn't want his horse to go out, and had called up the driver, when he said he must have 228. George heard him and came down, and told me to have his horse put in. I thought there was something very strange in the sound of his voice. He said nothing to the man, who was a foreigner by his tones, and who stood by wrapped in a cloak, while we put the horses in. He got in, and the door was shut, and George mounted to his box. I noticed he had not said a word to the stranger, and that he had got to his seat without asking him, or being told where to drive. to. Says I, as he was starting out,

`Do you know where you want to go?'

`He knows very well,' said the face inside, in a deep voice.

I saw George's face was as white as a sheet, as the stable lamp in the gateway shone upon him as he passed underneath, and he looked at me with a glare of his eye that made me feel bad all night. Well, I shut the gates, and laid down on my cot in the office, expecting to be called by George before it was time to shut up for good. But I lay till day−break and heard nothing of the coach or of him until hearing a noise of voices outside, I unbars the gate, when there stood the carriage and horses white with foam, and the dead body of George across the box, and the people gathering round it!'

To this testimony, we add what more we were able to gather touching this extraordinary event. The carriage had passed over Cambridge bridge at eleven o'clock, and the toll−man said that George had paid him the toll. Nothing further could be traced of the coach until just before dawn, when a watchman heard a carraige dashing along the Roxbury avenue into town. As it passed him he saw the driver reeling upon his box, and he supposed him intoxicated, as well as from the furious rate at which the horses went. Another watchman saw the carriage pass the foot of Eliot street, at the same fearful rate at first without a driver as he supposed, but as it passed him he saw him lying across the foot−board. Before he could make any effort to check the horses the carriage was out of sight.

The next that was seen, was the carriage standing at the gate of the stable, where the horses had stopped, and the body of George, the Hackman, hanging across the seat, bathed in blood.

CHAPTER II.

The excitement following the mysterious assassination A visit to the corpse The funeral procession The effort to trace the perpetrators Visit the stable A new plan suggested Visit to the betrothed.

The first intimation I received of the dreadful fate which had befallen George was from the hackman whom he had spoken to to supply his place and drive me out at ten o'clock. At the hour appointed his carriage drove up to

the door and he alighted and leaving his horses came up stairs. His face was full of the painful intelligence he had to communicate.

`Have you heard the dreadful news, sir?' he asked as he came into my sitting room.

`I heard the servants talking about some rumor that had reached their ears of a man's being murdered last night not far off.'

`It is true, sir. That man was George!' he said with deep emotion.

`George, the hackman?' I repeated with incredulous astonishment.

`Yes, sir. He was foully murdered last night or early this morning. His horses came to the stable bringing his body upon the box.'

I stood for a moment petrified. I could hardly credit the man's words. The day before he had left me so happy and full of hope. And this was the morning on which he was to have been married.

`Are you not mistaken?' I asked with scarcely any hope.

`No, sir. I saw the body myself. He was wounded in the breast three times with a knife and once in the hand. It was the deed of some foul assassin.'

He then related to me many of the particulars already given. I felt deeply grieved at this melancholly event.

`He was to have been married too, to−day, sir,' said the man brushing a tear for his cheek.

`I know this was to have been his wedding day. Poor George! Where is the body?'

`It is laid in his room. The coroner has just held his inquest.'

`What was it?'

`That he came to his death from violence at the hands of some person or persons unknown.'

`Drive me there. I would see the body and learn further about this painful event. Is there no suspicions of any one?'

`No, sir. We never knew that George had an enemy.'

`It was very singular he should have been called upon at so late an hour, and that he should have gone on the eve of his marriage.'

`That is what we all said, sir; and especially as he told Frank the hostler, when he came in at dark that he was going to give his horses a whole day's rest, in honor of his wedding. It is very strange, sir.'

`Did the hostler know the stranger who came for the carriage? Had he ever seen him before?'

`No, sir. He was a perfect stranger to him.'

`It is very extraordinary.'

`It is indeed, sir.'

`I am now ready to ride with you.'

`I am at your service, sir. I felt so bad about poor George that I didn't much feel like coming to drive you out; but as it was his last request, and as I knew you would like to hear about it, I thought I'd drive up.'

`I am glad you did. Let us at once go to his house.'

On reaching the narrow street that turned down towards the stables, I saw from the carriage windows a great concourse of people assembled, and all were evidently greatly shocked and excited by the dreadful scene that had transpired. With some difficulty the coachman made his way through the mass and drew up before the stable door. In a block of two story brick dwellings adjoining these was the house in which poor George had lodged. The window of his humble apartment overlooked the stable yard. The yard and the street were filled with people gazing up at the open window, through which the body could be seen laid out upon the table. There were persons in the room with it, and I could see one or two female forms moving backward and forward; and above the deep voices of the multitude came distinctly to my ears the low, distressing wail of woman's heart−rending tones. I thought of the young wife−elect of the murdered young coachman, and my heart bled for her woes.

By the efforts of the man who had driven me I succeeded in getting into the house. I ascended the stairs to the room. It was a long apartment with a low ceiling, and plainly furnished. The centre of the room was occupied by a table on which was stretched the body. By the side sat a young woman of two and twenty, clasping one of its cold hands in hers and her head resting upon his silent breast. Her hair was dishevelled and her countenance was wild with the great grief that had nearly shattered her brain. She wept and moaned pitifully and bathed his hand with tears; and then would press his lifeless lips and call wildly on his name. It was a sight too painful and moving to witness. I turned away and wept. It was no time for consolation. Who had words that at such an hour could tranquilize the heart of the bereaved? Tears and the full indulgence of her grief could only bring alleviation and ultimate resignation. I knew that it was the betrothed wife who thus sorrowed, and I therefore made no inquiry. Near her, weeping bitterly, sat a matron, who was her mother. Three or four men were in the room friends of the deceased. I spoke to one of them who seemed the director. He could tell me no more than what I had already heard. Beyond that all was impentrable mystery.

`But we shall find it out, sir,' he said firmly.

`I trust you will. He was a man to be loved and I doubt not had many friends who will interest themselves to unravel this affair. The police will doubtless do every thing. There is his carriage in the yard, the object of the most intense curiosity. Is that blood I see upon the hammer−cloth and foot−board? '

`Yes. It is left there that the public may see how foully he was murdered upon his box, in the discharge of his duty.'

`How was the body laying when discovered?'

`Sunk down upon the foot−board with the head and one arm hanging over to the right side, the reins grasped in his left hand. He was perfectly dead when we took him down. I keep the stable here, sir, and was one of the first called up to see him after the horses stopped of their own accord before the gate. It's a strange circumstance, sir!'

`It is indeed. Suspicion must rest upon the man that he drove out at that late hour.'

`He is no doubt at the bottom of it, in some way; but no body knows who it was?'

`He must be discovered. Providence never permits such deeds to be hid.'

`There is not a hackman in Boston that will rest until the assassin is discovered. The police are already on the start, and I am told blood has been seen on the stones as far out as the neck. It would seem that he was stabbed on his box, and that he then freed himself perhaps by whipping his up horses, and so drove into town, but fell dead before reaching the stable. But who could have done it?'

`And what could be the motive?' I asked.

The man shook his head. Seeing that the young woman had released the hand of the corpse and buried her face in her shawl! I softly approached the table, where he lay stretched stark and cold. He still wore his shirt and vest which were dyed in gore. The wounds I looked at. They were deep and narrow gashes like wounds from a stilletto. The instrument must have been very sharp and slender. It had also penetrated the palm of his right hand, and come out of the back of it. He had plainly struggled hard for his life! I then looked upon his face. The lips were sternly compressed and the eye set with determined energy. He had plainly had a severe contest before he received his death wound, the spirit of which was, still in death, stamped upon his visage. The lips that should have told the tale of wrong and blood were sealed forever! Poor George. It was a sad spectacle; and I turned away with a crushed heart.

The stable−keeper further told me as I walked to the widow's that George's whip was found on the road near the Roxbury line broken, thus furnishing additional evidence of his having defended himself to the last.

The house of mourning, though healthy in its influences upon the heart, is a painful place. I did not linger long. When I left, the widow betrothed was seated as when I entered, at the hesd of the corpse, buried in her deep grief. As I rode homeward I could not but let my thoughts dwell upon the mystery enveloping the death of this young man. It seemed to me impenetrable. That the person he had driven out at that late hour was the author of the deed I could not but believe. But what could be his motive? What object could he have had in view? George was not robbed; his pocket−book and the papers it contained, with a small sum of money, and his silver watch, remained on his person. It was plain it was not robbery that instigated the deed. Jealousy? Could it be jealousy? He was this day to have been married to a very beautiful young woman. Had the bridegroom a rival? Had jealousy and revenge armed the hand and directed the steel into the heart of the betrothed? I could come to no other conclusion.

The following day the funeral of the murdered man took place. A long procession of hackney coaches composing nearly all that were in the city followed him to the grave. The train of carriages exceeded any that had ever before been witnessed in a funeral cortege. The heads of the horses in the coaches were decorated with crape, and a wreath of crape was wound around the whip−handle of every coachman.

The papers, after the third or fourth day, occupied by the events of a very exciting political campaign, ceased to speak of the murder, and gradually it loosened its hold upon the public mind. The Police were still active, but nothing transpired beyond what we have already made known to the reader.

The event, however, had made a deep impression upon my mind. I had become attached to the young hackman from his kind and pleasant manners, his intelligence, good sense, and generous disposition. In my daily rides with his successor, the person George had sent to supply his place, I resolved to go over the same ground which I have mentioned as having been ascertained to have been traversed by George's hack on that fatal night. The toll−man at Cambridge bridge informed me that he perfectly recollected the carriage, and knowing George well, could not be deceived. Said he to me,

`It was eleven, or a minute or two after, for the church clock had just struck, when he came to the gate. You know the moon shone brightly and I could see distinctly. `Ah, George,' said I, `you are driving abroad late to−night! '

His reply was very singular for him, and in a strange tone of voice, `he must needs go early or late whom the devil drives!'

`I saw that there were two men inside,' continued the toll−keeper. `Although it is said but one rode out of the stable, I saw two distinctly.'

`Did you see their faces?'

`No. They kept them hid. But I am positive there were two.'

`This is new information. I am not surprised that he was overpowered. And he made you that strange reply?'

`Yes, sir.'

`Poor fellow! There was, it would seem, some heavy presentiment of coming evil upon his mind. It would seem,' thought I to myself, `that he knew the fate that awaited him. It would seem that he felt himself in the power of those whom he was driving.'

I could trace nothing further of the coach until its return into the city by the Roxbury road with the wounded man reeling upon his box, as described by the watchman. This man I saw and conversed with. He said that the carriage was dashing past at full speed and that the driver reeled so fearfully upon his seat that he expected to see him dashed to the ground. He supposed, at the time, that he was intoxicated. He was satisfied that it was the same carriage which had arrived shortly after at the stable door with the dead driver upon it. It was, therefore, clearly established that George had rode thus far into town after he had received his death wound. But as his wounds were so severe it was not probable that he could have rode far before he fell upon the foot−board and expired. It was therefore my opinion that the struggle had taken place not a great distance from where the watchman had first seen the carriage furiously advancing; probably in that lonely part of the neck not far from the Roxbury line. I therefore resolved to make inquiries in this neighborhood; but my researches brought to light nothing new. If any struggle had taken place in that vicinity it occurred without arousing the dwellers in the vicinity from their beds.

I again visited the stable. The coach was still there. Neither it nor the horses had been used since the night of the mytterious assassination of their owner. They were now the sad inheritance of her who had been so heavily bereaved. The carriage had been thoroughly examined; but nothing had been left by the occupants to lead to any clue to their character.

While looking at the horses, a thought occurred to me.

`Sir,' said I to the stable−keeper, the same with whom I had formerly spoken, `are you willing I should take his carriage and horses and let your man drive out of town. I wish to go by the Cambridge bridge and from that point let them take pretty much their own way. They will naturally follow the road they last took, and stop voluntarily at the place they were driven to. It may lead to something new,' I said.

`This is a good idea, sir, it is the nature of horses to stop at precisely the places they have once been stopped at, if they don't go over the same road again for a year. I will drive them myself, as I think this may lead to something. It is a good thought, sir, and I am glad it occurred to you. But I must ask permission of Miss Waters, whom they belong to. George has left her these and seven hundred dollars in the Saving Bank. If he had only lived and married how nice and comfortable he would have begun the world. Poor fellow! He seemed to think there was something hanging over him! You've heard, sir, how he told his two friends if any thing happened to him, that they would find his will in the secret pocket of his coach. Yet he was so gay and cheerful, not an enemy in the world.'

`Had he no rival? It is my opinion that he was assassinated by a rival! The occurrence so immediately preceding his intended marriage confirms me in this belief.'

`I have never heard of any one! But it may be so. Indeed, now you have mentioned it, I wonder I did not think of it before. We can settle the matter at once by asking Miss Waters.'

`Is she sufficiently tranquil to see persons?'

`Yes. I was at her house yesterday to settle the will and place all George left in her hands. She wept so that she could scarcely speak, when she thought how kind he was to remember her with such affection. She did not seem to want it or care for what he left, except only for the reason that it belonged to George and was his gift. I will go to her house to ask permission to take the horses on this drive, and I will also ask her about a rival. If she had another lover *he* is the man.'

`With your permission I will go also. I feel a deep interest in this affair, and would like to question her touching what she had perceived of George's gloomy apprehension; and if she can give any account of its cause.'

`I was just about to ask you to accompany me. It is a few sfeps just round the corner a few doors.'

On reaching the house which was a plain wooden tenement two stories high and painted yellow, with the entrance up a little court on the side, the man knocked at the door with that low respectful rap with which one applies for admission to the dwelling of the afflicted.

The door was opened by the same matron whom I had seen in the room on the day of George's murder. It was Mrs. Waters. She politely invited us to enter and showed us into a neat but humble parlor. In the window were a few plants, which, as the presence of plants always does, evinced the taste and native refinement of the maiden who owned them; and above one of the windows hung a cage containing a canary bird, which had been the gift of the lamented George. On our inquiring for her daughter, Mr. Waters left the room for the purpose of informing her of our visit.

CHAPTER III

The visit to the Betrothed The ride into the country The instinct of the horses Discoveries The mystery deepened The return to town and possession of the Diary.

We had remained in the little parlor but a few minutes, after the departure of Mrs. Waters, when she re−entered followed by her daughter. This young woman whose hopes and happiness had been so suddenly blighted, possessed a graceful person, and features of no ordinary attraction. She was attired in deep mourning; but her sweet pale face mourned the loss she had experienced without aid of external weeds. She appeared calm and resigned when she entered the room; but I saw her eyes fill with tears as they turned towards the bird, which, on seeing his mistress enter, saluted her with a chorus of joyous song.

I was presented to her by her mother, to whom my friend, the stable−keeper, had previously named me.

`I am happy to see you, sir,' she said, with an effort at composure; `I have heard *him* speak of you!' She could not utter his name.

`I knew George,' I answered, `and seldom has any event so deeply impressed me as this which has fallen so heavily upon you!'

I have learned to think and to speak of it now, sir, with some degree of composure. At first I thought I should never hold up my head or look upon the cheerful sun again!'

`Time is a sure medicine to the afflicted heart,' said Mrs. Waters. `But, though we may be resigned, we can never forget.'

`We have called,' said the stable keeper, `to ask your permission to take the carriage and horses on a drive into the country for two or three hours. This gentleman has suggested a plan which with them may, perhaps, throw some light upon the darkness which envelopes George's death.'

He then explained to her the precise object we had in view. Miss Waters listened with folded hands, and an eager tearful face.

Take them, sir. I am very grateful to you for the interest you manifest. It would greatly relieve me to clear up this dreadful mystery. Perhaps something may come of this effort!'

`It is a faint hope. But nothing should be left untried that promises to afford any clue to the perpetrators of this deed. Have you,' I added, fixing my eyes upon her countenance to read there the reply, before she would utter it, `have you, Miss Waters, any suspicion of any one?'

'No, sir, of no one,' she answered with such ingenuousness and freedom from hesitation, that it nearly convinced me that she had no other lover besides George; that the murder could not have been the deen of a rival. It was necessary, however, to be certain. I therefore with as much delicacy as I could, said,

`We have thought, Miss Waters, that some motive of revenge might have prompted the assassin. Is there any person whom George supplanted in your affections. In a word he had no rival?'

`None, sir, that I am aware of,' she answered without that embarrassment which she would have shown, had the affirmative been the case.

`No, I am sure there is no one,' said her mother. `George and Eliza have known each other ever since she was a child, and I am sure she never gave encouragement to any one!'

`Did the young men ever visit her?' asked the stable keeper.

`None.'

`Then we are again lost in a wilderness of conjecture,' I said. `There seems no hope but in the instinct of the horses, who we hope may take the same route and stop at any place or places George may have stopped at. By this means we may obtain further traces of the affair!'

As we rose to depart, I asked Miss Waters about George's condition of mind the evening he last passed in her society; if he was dull and inclined to despondency.

`At times he was so; but when he saw I noticed it, he would laugh it off und become more than usually gay!'

`I noticed the same thing,' said Mrs Waters. `Once he acted so differently from usual, that I feared he was a little flighty; and you remember, Eliza, that I asked him if he was quite well! He seemed feverish to me.'

`Did he let fall any words of foreboding, Miss Waters?'

`No, sir. He left me with great cheerfulness, saying as he parted,

`This, Betsy, is the last time we shall be compelled to part from each other. To−morrow we are united forever! It was, indeed, our last parting! There was, sir, something upon his mind, and has been for a long time; this I feel sure of I have often seen him sit thoughtful and with a troubled look; and when I would ask him what was the matter he would chase off the cloud, and langh and say, `It is nothing.' Something has certainly hung upon his mind a long time. I have always felt that he kept a secret from me.

I now recollect that on my asking him a few days ago what he was thinking about that made him forget I was nigh, he said, `You shall know Betsey, after we are married. I have been keeping a diary lately and *then* you shall read it.' He smiled and also seemed sad when he gave me this reply.'

`And this Diary!' I asked with deep interest. `It may perhaps explain all! From what you have said I am satisfied his violent death has had a connection in some shape with the weight that was upon his mind. He was then fearing evil from some hostile hand? Have you this diary?'

`I have not yet looked over a trunk containing his books and papers which was sent here,' she answered; `I will try and get courage to do so, and see if it is in it. If I find it I will with pleasure let you read it. It may possibly give some key to all this fearful affair! If you will call again, sir, this evening, I will let you know if the Diary of which he spoke is among his papers.'

We then took our leave. In less than half an hour afterwards I was crossing Cambridge with the same horses and in the same carriage which had returned to town at dawn a fortnight previous, bearing upon the box the dead body of the young hackney−coachman. After we had crossed the bridge, the stable−keeper, who was on the box, let the horses advance at an easy trot, giving them their heads. They proceeded on steadily and of themselves turned off from the Cambridge pike into the Harvard Road. They kept on this way about two miles when they suddenly stopped at a part of the road near a group of willows. There was no dwelling near in sight save a shanty which had been occupied by men engaged in constructing a dike. The horses stopped directly opposite a pair of bars which led into a field, at the end of which was a wood, and beyond it the chimney of a dwelling just visible.

`There is something in this,' said Foster, the stable−keeper, addressing me as I was looking out of the window. `They wouldn't stop here for nothing. They have had the reins ever since we left the bridge, a matter of five miles and they came upon this lonely road and stopped short here of their own accord. '

`There is a house in the distance across the field!'

`I see the chimney top.'

`I think I see the marks of wheels close by the bars, as if a vehicle had passed through. Let us follow this out. Take down the bars. If the horses go through, we shall know they have been through before!'

`I will make the trial,' said Foster, leaping from the box and removing the bars. Before he had taken away the last one the horses turned together towards the opening; and standing aside he let them walk through. After replacing the upper bar he remounted the box, and we plainly saw the faint traces of carriage wheels on the sward. The road seemed to be used only for hauling the harvest out of the field, and was now overgrown. Yet there was plainly a road there. The horses went on at an easy trot and entered a wood, where the marks of wheels were more numerous. Instead of turning into a side lane that led towards the house they kept on through the forest and at length emerged into a field. This they crossed at the same steady pace to its extremity where they were stopped by another pair of bars.

`Shall we proceed?' asked Foster.

`Yes. I am confident the horses have been this road before.'

They went of themselves through the open fence and turned short to the left, and soon struck into a well beaten wagon lane. This they pursued until, to our surprise, we found ourselves on the great Cambridge thoroughfare leading to Roxbury. We had thus made a cut across the country from one road into the other. How should the horses have known this way unless they had travelled it before. Our hopes were sanguine that we should yet, by aid of the horses, learn something of the matter we were investigating. At the end of the lane from which we had emerged and on the corner of the main road stood a small beer shanty. At this Foster drew up and asked if they recollected a carriage passing up that lane in the night a fortnight previous.

`Yes,' answered the man; `I was kept up with the toothache that night and saw the carriage and noticed it, because it isn't usual for anything else but hay wagons to travel across this way.'

`Which way did it turn?' I asked.

`To the left and then took the lane farther on to the right!'

`Did they make any inquiries of you?'

`No. They seemed to know the way well.'

Thanking the man for the information, we proceeded, the horses taking the left hadn up the road as he had said the carriage he had seen had done. We watched with intense anxiety to see if they would turn to the right up the lane he had mentioned. They *did so*, and we were confirmed in our conviction that the horses were taking us the very road George had last driven them!

`But what could have been the object of the persons he carried in taking these solitary and unfrequented roads at that hour of the night? What, indeed, could have been their object in coming into the country at such a time? And if George had really, as it seemed he had, any premonitions of evil about to befal himself, why should he have consented to drive strangers through such desolate paths at midnight? These were questions we could not answer.

The lane up which the horses voluntarily turned was boarded on each side with pine trees and was close and darkly shaded. We followed it half a mile, when it divided into three, the middle one of which the horses took. It was less worn than the others. It penetrated deep into the wood, winding, and often, by overhanging branches, obstructin the free passage of the carriage. We emerged after a half of a mile by the side of a pond of considerable extent. Its shores were wooded and several small inlets studded its dark blue bosom. On the opposite side there was a hansome country house, with gardens sloping to the water. One or two farm cots were on the shore half hid in elms with tall poplars rising before the door the traveller's sign of welcome.

The horses following the beach a little ways came to a full stop at the water side. We were now at a loss! There was no further trace of the road.

`They must have left the carriage here. Perhaps taken a boat and crossed the pond! This is all very mysterious, the more so as we proceed,' said Foster.

`Let us examine the woods. It is my opinion that George has been drawn into the power of a band of criminals and that he came to his death by their hands. If this be the case, their haunts are in this vicinity. Let us search this wood. There seems to be a path going from the shore up to that mound we see among the trees!

`Are you armed?'

`No'

`I have only this loaded whip and a stout knife. But I fear nothing! Let us follow this path. But it is my opinion that they took boat here!'

`Such is my conjecture. It seems like a boat landing. The islands in the lake are more likely to be the resort of villains. This is a haunt for counterfeiters and such rognes. How far is this from the city?'

`About seven or eight miles perhaps more! I never was here before and didn't know of such a pond. But there are plenty such spots of water about here!'

We now followed what seemed to be a sheep−path up the bank, through a clump of birch trees, to the summit of a conical hill, on which grew two large oaks. Erom this eminence we obtained a far off view of the scarcely distinguishable dome of the State house, and around us was a finely wooded and cultivated country, covered with villas and intersected with roads.

We examined the hill sides and every place likely to be chosen as a retreat for criminals, but without success. Fortunate it was for us, perhaps, that we did not light upon any! We returned to our carriage and deliberated what to do. Our opinion was that if they left the carriage here it must have been to take boat. There was one island of the group wild and rocky, and which we selected as the most likely retreat for outlaws; for we had now both come to the decision that George had been the victim of lawless men, who having employed him to drive them to the country, had assassinated him to prevent the discovery of any secret that he might have obtained the knowledge of.

`They must have returned again from this place, Foster,' said I, `and we will do best to let the horses take their head again. In the meanwhile I will take note of this place for the benefit of the Police.'

He mounted the box again and I seated myself by his side. The horses were started with a loose rein. They turned round and retraced the road we had come for about a mile, when they turned short to the right hand and after going through a lane struck into the turnpike. They then proceeded at a round trot towards Roxbury, from which we were about seven miles distant. Just as we entered this town they suddenly stopped at a low Inn on the road−side. To our surprise it was closed, it being about one o'clock at noon. On inquiring of a person near he said that the man who kept it had moved away the week before, and that it had not yet been re−tenanted.

We were satisfied that George must have stopped here, and the sudden departure of the person who then kept the tavern led us to suspect that this man was concerned in the murder. He had probably gone off for fear of detection, the search by the Police being pursued with unusual alacrity and perseverance.

We resumed our route and passing through Roxbury were just entering the avenue leading over the neck into Boston when the horses all at once began to prick up their ears and show signs of alarm. One of them pranced in his harness and the other snorted and seemed as if he would break away from the traces.

`There is something in this,' said Foster, in a low under tone.

As we approached a low house that seemed like a tap, or drinking room, they became more alarmed and absolutely refused to pass it. They stopped and reared and tried to turn back; but Foster urged them forward. They snuffled the air and seemed greatly terrified. All at once, as if in extreme terror, they darted by and flew along the avenue like the wind. They ran full half the way into Boston before we could rein them in. At length they were subdued into a trot, but were covered with sweat and foam.'

`There is something at the bottom of this, sir,' said Foster. `They are not used to acting so.'

`My opinion is,' I replied, `that the occupants of that house had something to do with George's assassination. This is the way he came into town! I think he must have been stabbed here, and the horses witnesses of the struggle, and terrified by the smell of blood, have again had their fears renewed by the sight of the place. I can account for their conduct in no other way.'

`And I believe you are right, sir. I think the evidence is strong enough to bring the matter to the ears of the Police.'

`Let us delay until I have examined the Diary which George left behind him. That may throw some light upon the circumstances preceding the murder, by which we may be guided to the perpetrators of it.'

That evening I called on Miss Waters, and received from her a manuseriptbook labelled `Diary.'

`I have not read it, sir. The sight of his hand−writing is too much for me. If you will be so kind as to read it, it is at your service. I hope it will lead to some discovery.'

This Diary we shall present to our readers in the subsequent chapters, we being at liberty to do with it as we please.

CHAPTER IV. The Diary.

The Diary of poor George thus begins:

I have read recently the Diary of a Police Officer; and found it so interesting that it occurred to me something might be made of a record of the life of a hackney coachman; though at the first sight it would seem to furnish few incidents worthy of note. But my own experience has shown me that a hackman falls in with scenes and adventures, and is, by his profession mixed up with matters that are in themselves extraordinary. Though seldom a hero, he is no mean person in such affairs, and with a habit of observation, discovers strange things going on in the world, from the top of his box. What is more fickle than a hackney coach in the services it affords the community? In the morning it conveys a runaway couple to depart; at noon, it bears mourners to the grave; at evening it carries gay belles to the ball; at midnight, bears a corpse from a desecrated grave to the vaults of the medical college. To−day rides in it a clergyman, to−morrow a rogue is taken in it to prison.

I shall commence my Diary from the day I first came out with my new coach, which was on the 20th of September, though it is now the twenty−seventh! There are some things I feel that I ought to put down, so if anything should happen to me, they may be known.

Sept. 20. Took a new stand in street, with my new coach. Had a good day's business, and short trips. Every body praises my carriage and speaks well of my horses. Mean to keep both in prime condition, so that my coach shall look as nice as a private turn−out.

Sept. 21. Took a party to Mount Auburn. They walked through the grounds. While I was seated on my box waiting for them, saw a man come stealthily out and looked hard at me. He was dressed odd, yet like a gentleman, and had a foreign look. He came up to the carriage and after looking at me steadily asked me if I was not the man who, three months before, had driven three gentlemen, whom I took in at the mall, out to the Insane Asylum.

I answered that I had driven three persons there about that time.

`Very well, sir!' he said in a deep, almost fierce tone, and looking upon me with a terrible eye. I never saw such an eye in a man's head! I couldn't meet it for an instant. He then shook his finger at me, and, hearing some persons approaching, he moved rapidly off, gliding along the fence. In a little while my party appeared and I returned to

town. But I could not all that night get rid of that man's eyes. They haunted me, and seemed to be looking on me constantly from the side of my bed.

Sept. 22. To−day about eleven o'clock, having just returned from taking some strangers to the Eastern Ferry, a young woman came to the stand. She was richly dressed and seemed very much hurried.

`Your carriage, quick!' she said in a rapid tone and very eagerly, laying one hand upon the door knob.

`Where?' says I.

`To No. 14, W street. Quick!'

She sprung in. I closed the door, mounted my box and drove rapidly off. As I turned the corner I heard a shout calling `Stop, stop! Hold up!'

`Drive on! drive on!' cried the lady, earnestly. `Do not stop! You are in my employ now and must mind me!' I increased my speed, and in ten minutes I set her down at No. 14. She sprang from the carriage, handed me five dollars and said `if any one meets you and asks where you have left me, be silent!'

She then disappeared in the house. I had hardly taken up my reins to turn away from the door, when another hack came dashing up at full speed and stopped. A man whom I knew to be a police officer, leaped out.

`You left a lady here, coachman?' says he.

`Well, sir, I did!'

`You should have stopped when I called to you. She has been passing counterfeit money!'

He then rung at the door, while I looked at the bill she had given me. The door was opened to him and he entered. I resolved to wait and see the result, for I suspected my five might be a counterfeit. After a strict search he could not discover her; and although the people (who only moved into the house yesterday) said that a lady had entered and flown up stairs, they could not tell who she was or whither she had disappeared. On showing my five to the officer, he declared it to be a counterfeit on the same bank of those she had been passing!

Towards night met the officer again, who told me he had been to the house again, and discovered a secret door leading from the upper entry into the garret of an old house that fronted on the next street; that he had followed it and discovered a nest of counterfeiters in one of the rooms, but the birds had flown; though he saw a lady's shoe and a green veil!

Sept. 3. Was going to my stand this morning about six o'clock, it being just before sun rise, when, as I was passing through Hanover street, I got a fare I didn't expect. A window was dashed out in the second story of a store above my head and a man without a hat or shoes, made a leap and alighted upon the top of my coach!

`Robber' burglar! thieves!' was shouted from the opening he had made. Before I could turn to seize the rascal or give him my whip he had slipped off behind and was upon the ground and off like a grey−hound. As there was but few persons in the street that hour I suspect he got away, as I saw him turn the corner of Elm street, and disappear!

Sept. 24. Bought Betsy, to−day, a new breast−pin, which I intend to present her to−night. I mean also to night to settle when we are to be married. I am now doing pretty well, and I think we shall both be happier by marrying. I am satisfied that she loves me as a wife ought to love. I know that I never yet loved anybody but her, nor never

can! Had eleven short trips to−day. Shod Barney's off fore foot.

Sept. 25. Was asked to attend as Irish funeral with my carriage, and because I refused, the man was disposed to quarrel with me, saying that his money was as good for my coach as the mayor's! But I am select in my fare. I don't take into my coach every one! I mean it shall be a select hack, that my customers will know, is never used to carry loafers and doctor's dead bodies. It's awful to set a dead body that's once been in its grave, upon the back seat of a coach, where living persons set! I've had twenty dollars offered me for a night's job of the kind, but I always refused. I know several gentlemen who are very particular about this; and often put the question to me if I ever let my coach for such purposes.

Sept 26. As I was driving through Washington street about dark, I saw the *lady* who had passed me the counterfeit bill, walking past. My first impulse was to jump from my box and arrest her I was driving pretty fast. I saw she recognised me, and caught my eye. I drew up to the curb−stone as quickly as I could, and sprang from my box. This took me half a minute. I then hastened after her; but, although I looked into every store and went up full forty numbers, I could see nothing more of her!

When I got back to my carriage, for my horses had been trained to stand quietly whenever I left, I mounted my box and took the reins and proceeded on my way. I was going to the stable, the day's work being through. But just as I was turning down the lane towards them, I was astonished, as well I might be, by hearing a man calling out to me from the coach window, and wanting to know how I dared take him down that lane!

I knew the voice! I turned and saw that same terrible eye fixed upon mine. How he came in the coach I could not conceive! Why he should be there and what he wanted troubled me. I then recollected he had probably entered it during my temporary absence in pursuit of the lady. I trembled all over in spite of myself, and drew up.

`Where do you wish me to drive you?' I asked him.

`You once took me to ride for your own pleasure, and now you shall go for mine!' he said fiercely.

The ride he alluded to was this. One day, about three months ago, I was at the Western depot with my carriage, when a gentleman, who came in the cars, came to me, and after looking full in my face, as if studying my countenance, said to me,

`Hackman, you look like a sober, sensible, and firm man. In the cars is a deranged gentleman, whom I am taking to the Asylum. He is a foreigner of wealth and distinction. I am his physician. A Baltimore gentleman who married his sister is now with him in the cars. He has the deepest suspicion of both of us, and we have unfortunately lost his confidence. I wish your aid in removing him quietly to your carriage. It is his impression that he is now in the chariot of Elijah going up to Heaven! I wish you to go in, approach him, and say that you desire to take him in the chariot of Phoeton to Elysium. He will perhaps indignantly tell you that he is in Elijah's chariot. You must then say that you are the driver of the chariot of the Sun, and that, as Elijah's chariot only goes to the first Heaven, you have come to take him the rest of the way in yours. He will at once yield, for he listens to strangers, and readily yields to any idea that harmonizes with the prevailing one in his mind!

Well I got my lesson and went successfully through it! The insane gentleman looked at me as if he would look me through as I came up and spoke to him in the cars; but patiently listened to what I said. When I had done he rose up and stretching forth his arm, said in a tone of exultation mixed with contempt,

`Said I not, ye groveling herds, that I was borne along in the chariot of Elijah! Lo! Here comes the driver of the chariot of the Sun, whip in hand to hear me to the highest paradise.'

He then with a majestic gesture bade me precede him. He followed me direct to the coach, which he no sooner beheld than he shouted aloud,

`The Chariot of Elijah and the Horses thereof.'

He then leaped at a single bound into the carriage and seated himself on the back seat in dignified silence He made no objection to the two gentlemen getting in also, but he waved them to be seated on the front seat. As I started he put down the glass and called out to me:

`You do not deceive me? This is the chariot of Phoeton the curricle of the Sun?'

`Yes, sir, as you please,' I answered gravely.

`If you deceive me, sir, you shall die! I will hurl you from the clouds to the earth.'

`I will not deceive you, sir,' I answered.

He then was silent and I drove the party out to the McLean Asylum. As I stood by the door for him to alight, he cast his eyes fixedly over the stately pile of building and then fixed his eyes of fire upon mine.

`What place is this?'

`The palace of Jove,' answered quickly the physician who attended him.

`I do not believe you! You deceive me! Is this the palace of Jove?' he demanded turning to me.

`Yes, sir!'

`Then I will enter it. Charon,' he said, snapping his fingers; I laugh at thee and thy infernal black Styx. I and Elijah have cheated finely thee of thy ferrage.'

He went in quietly, and I saw no more of him until the 21st inst., when I beheld him at the gate of Mount Auburn. Then I was startled at seeing him there; but I supposed he had either recovered, or was one of a party of patients from the Asylum who had been taken to ride through the cemetery, and had been permitted to walk by himself.

The next time I saw him was inside of my coach!

`Where shall I drive you, sir?' I asked as mildly as I could, now being perfectly satisfied that he was as insane as ever; and the idea that he had escaped from his keepers occurred at once to me. In a second's space I thought of a hundred expedients; and finally resolved if I could to take him back to Somerville, from whence I was persuaded he had eloped!

`You shall drive me into the country!' he said in a determined tone.

`It is already twilight.'

`You, the driver of the chariot of the Sun, talk of night,' he said sneeringly. `I swear to you unless you drive me I will spring upon thee, and hurling thee from thy box, drive with my own right hand and outstretched arm.'

Hoping that I should succeed in reaching Somerville with him, I consented to drive him out of town, and turned my horses' heads accordingly.

He remained perfectly quiet, and taking the road to the Asylum, after crossing the bridge, I dashed on at full speed. There is an avenue which leads to the Hospital and which makes a sharp angle from the main road. I turned into this from the pike, when the dead sound of the wheels seemed at once to awaken his suspicions. Till now he had remained perfectly quiet. I had got half−way up the avenue when I heard the glass drop and saw his head.

`Hell and fiends! Is this your game?' he shouted. I made no reply, but laid the lash upon my horses till they flew. There was a steep ascent in the near approach to the edifice, at which the horses flagged an instant. At the same moment I felt the mad man's hands upon my throat. He was bending down upon me from the top of the coach. His hot breath was close to my cheek. I dropped the reins to release his grasp. He seized them with one hand while he held me with a grip like that of a vice and turned the horses so rapidly and suddenly that we were both nearly pitched to the ground. Giving them their head, he threw the reins upon their backs and then releasing my throat held my arms down with a giant's strength. Thus we rode! The horses flying back the road they had come at fearful speed, frightened by his wild laughs and fierce cries to them. I expected each moment when we should be hurled to the ground and dashed to pieces. I did not dare to struggle with him, lest we should reel together from the box. We entered the pike and still the horses flew terrified by his out cries; between which, at intervals, he would gnash his teeth and mutter in my ear, in an accent that made me shudder,

`Fiend! *fiend!* FIEND!'

CHAPTER V. Diary Continued.

Sept. 26 Continued.

The situation in which I was placed was perilous in the extreme. There I was in the grasp of a madman, seated upon the box of my coach, the reins thrown over the backs of the horses and they flying like the wind in fact runing away: I did not dare to struggle lest we should both fall head−long from the box. He grasped me tightly round the waist, pinning one of my arms while I held on by the rail of the top front with the other. His face was close to mine! his breath rushed hot upon my cheek! his eyes seemed to blaze and burn me! His dark locks wildly flew in the wind of our rapid motion, and at intervals he would toss them back from his brow, shake them as an enraged lion shakes his mane, and showing his glittering teeth, would grind out the words,

`Demon! deceiver! I hate you!'

I was overcome with terror in spite of myself. Yet I retained all my self−possession, and had we only been on the ground I could have mastered him. But to struggle there was instant death. The horses took the same way back to the city I had come. The night was a bright moonlight one, and the road was distinctly visible. We met a few cart−men, and to these I shouted as we came near, to arrest the flight of the horses. But they stood petrified! we dashed by them like a whirlwind and the next instant we were out of their sight. At length the horses dashed upon the long bridge, and thundered along over it. I knew that there was a gate on the opposite extremity on the city side, and that there we should be brought up. The noise of our progress over the bridge was like that of thunder. The white gate was visible before us We approached it nigher and nigher The madman grasped me tighter and tighter, and just as we came at full speed near towards it, he tried to spring with me from the seat over the parapet. I saw his intention in time to wind my leg into the bar that held the boot, and to grasp more firmly the railing upon the top of the carriage. The impetus he had acquired caused him to go himself! and involutarily releasing his hold upon me, he plunged over the railing and darted into dark waters below! I heard the heavy plunge mingled with a wild laugh! At the next instant the horses drew up suddenly of their own accord before the toll gate, nearly burling me to the earth with the shock.

I mechanically paid my toll; told the keeper that my horses had runaway, and taking the reins drove rapidly up Cambridge street without looking behind me. I was benumbed in my faculties with fear and horror! A horrid

dread of the insane man had seized upon me and I hoped he had perished! I gave no alarm! I left him to his fate! I felt no compunctions. It seemed an act of self−preservation; for I felt he would yet kill me if he lived! I felt he could never forget my deceiving him! Yet it was not so much me as his friends! But I was to be the victim! From this moment and now I pledge myself never to use deception towards an insane person! God forgive me, if in doing it in this instance I have brought a sudden death upon myself!

I reached my stable pale, and exhausted. I said nothing to any one. I kept the secret in my heart! I retired, but not to sleep! All night I was riding upon the coach box in the iron grasp of a madman, his hot breath upon my face, his blazing eyeballs searing my brain. I awoke this morning (for I write this day's events the day after) and my first thoughts were that I was a murderer! But these feelings have passed. I have written all that had transpired yesterday, that in case anything should happen, this may be read.

Sept. 27. I write now just before going to bed. I am not able to sleep. I have been wretched all day on account of suffering that man to drown, without calling aid or trying to assist him! Yet I do not feel that I am to blame, when I consider all that took place. Although I acquit myself, yet I do not feel altogether right about it. I would rather he was alive, and run the risk of meeting him again! I have been watching all the papers, and making every guarded inquiry to see if I could learn of any body being found drowned. I hear nothing of it. I was several times to−day tempted to go to the bridge and look about for the body myself, but I had not the courage. Have felt dull and melancholy all day. Even Betsy has discovered it. But I dare not speak of it. The secret must forever remain between that mad−man's ghost and myself!

Sept. 28. Have got over my feelings about the insane gentleman's death in some measure! I cannot think I am to blame; yet I have a heavy heart about it. Have been across Cambridge bridge to take a gentleman and lady to the colleges. I went with reluctance; and would rather have gone miles around; but the lady wanted to make a call near the bridge. I just glanced over the parapet as I drove by as rapidly as I could. But the dashing waters as they lashed their piers told no tale. I felt dreadfully as I reflected what a dark tale lay between those black waters and myself.

Sept. 29. Resolved to find out if any insane person had escaped from the Asylum; for I could not believe he had been discharged as cured. I feared to go out to the asylum to ask, as my questions might involve the fearful secret I wished to keep! Yet I was positive he had eloped, and by some means had eluded search for the several days previous to his leap from the parapet. Have tried to think over what way I shall ascertain about this; but without coming to any decision. Conclude, on the whole, to let events take their course. He is dead! I certainly did not kill him! I only was silent that he might perish! Good God! When I think about it, I sometimes feel like a murderer!

Sept. 30. How shall I write with any coherency what has happened to−day?

I am all excitement and a strange superstitious fear fills my soul! I cannot realize all that has past. It seems to me like a fearful dream. I will try and record it. At least I am now no *murderer!* Yet I am scarcely less unhappy!

I had driven a party to Fresh Pond and while they were swinging and amusing themselves in the grove I sat in my carriage on the front seat reading a newspaper. As I have had no good sleep the last three or four nights on account of seeing that man in my sleep, I suppose I fell asleep. The first thing I recollect was that I felt myself awaked by being whirl d rapidly along in the carriage. I started, and seeing through the glass the trees and fences fly past, I believed the horses had run away with the coach. The door, to my surprise, was closed; for I had sat down to read my paper with it open. In alarm and wonder I dropped the glass and thrust myself half out of the window to ascertain my danger! If I had seen the jaws of hell yawning wide before me, I could not have been more astonished i I was paralized with fear. Seated upon my box, with the reins in one hand and the whip in the other was the insane gentleman. He saw me and turning round gave me a leer compounded of mingled exultation and devilish cunning that horrified me. I saw at once that I was in his power! To have sprung from the coach would have been madness for he was driving the horses at twelve miles an hour. My sensations are

indescribable. My first thought was that it was his spirit; for I firmly believed in his having perished. But the evidence of his living and bodily presence was but too apparent for me to question his mortal identity. A feeling of satisfaction at finding him alive not a little modified my horror at seeing him again! Having then convinced my reason that it was the madman again in mortal guise, I began to consult measures for my safety. How he had taken possession of me in this way I was perplexed to account for; but probably wandering in that spot he had seen me asleep in the coach and noiselessly shutting me in, had mounted the box and put the horses to mad speed.

I saw by the country around that I was on the Harvard road, and at least two miles from the point whence he had started. My personal safety was now my first object. I thought of getting upon the top of the coach and leaping down upon him, and possessing myself of the reins; but I rejected the plan when I recollected my fearful ride with him upon the box, the night he had leaped from it over the parapet! I could decide on nothing. If I leaped from my coach in safety, I should lose my carriage and horses! I resolved to remain and trust to Providence for the issue.

`Do not fear!' he said, without turning his head; `I am going to drive you to hell! I will not deceive you! I am the coachman of Pluto! I know the road! I wish I had the doctor in with you! I won't deceive you as you did me! No! I am Pluto's chief curicle driver and he has sent me for you!' As he ceased he lashed the horses to renewed speed. A carriage passed us and I shouted for help, telling the inmates that a mad−man had the reins. But he shouted back, that *I* was a mad−man he was taking to the hospital! In truth I felt I was likely to become one! I saw a heavy wagon in the road ahead! I knew he could not pass it at this speed without upsetting, as it blockaded up the way. I expected we should be dashed to atoms. To my surprise he drew up just before coming to it. Within two rods of it he nearly stopped the horses, while he impatiently commanded them to hurry out of the road and give him passage. I took advantage of the slackened speed to open the door and spring out. There were two stout waggoners with the team. I approached them and was about to implore their aid to secure him when seeing me at liberty he called out in a tone of remarkable authority,

`Men, secure that man! He is insane! I am taking him to Worcester mad−house! Don't you see how wild he looks! Seize upon him and hold him fast and help me to place him in the coach!'

It was in vain for me to remonstrate. In spite of all I could say, the stout fellows with alacrity and zeal tied my hands behind me with a piece of cord one of them cut from his wagon, and the two placed me back in my carriage, shutting the door upon me; the insane gentleman being seated upon my box all the while coolly surveying the proceedings and from time to time giving instructions. At his suggestion they fastened both doors so that I could not open them except with a knife: and mine they took from me and gave to the madman.

He then thanked them with great politeness and drove on; though at less speed than before, for he did not now fear my escape. I found that my only course was patience, and trust in Providence, hoping that by some means I should speedily get relieved from my singular and dangerous situation.

After driving on a mile or more he suddenly turned into a narrow eart road that opened through the hedge, and crossed a meadow in the direction of a house which I saw above the trees. But he turned off before reaching it and passed through an extensive wood, and out into a lane which crossed the high road from Boston to Lexington. He crossed this and entered another wooded lane, and finally came to a lake or pond surrounded with woods, save on the opposite shore was a pretty country seat, half a mile distant. Close by the water side he stopped the coach and getting down from the box, opened the door and bowing very civilly inquired `if I had had a pleasant ride!'

I answered as civilly as I could under the circumstances that I had *not*.

He said he would then give me a sail on the water, and perhaps I would like that better. As he spoke a boat came from an island and approached us. It contained a negro. So he bade me get in a boat that lay near; but assured he now intended to drown me, I positively refused, although unknown to him I had loosened the cord on my wrist so that I could slip it when I chose. He drew a pistol and cocking it, commanded me to obey him. As I knew I was

his equal with my hands free, in case he should attempt to drown me, I got into the boat resolved to possess myself of his pistol the first opportunity. He made me sit in the forward part, and the negro began to paddle across to an island in the middle. We landed there, to my surprise, without his making an effort to cast me into the water.

`Now follow me,' he said commandingly. `This is my empire! Here I am obeyed!'

I felt my life was not of a penny's value to me; yet I hoped to escape. The determined manner of the insane gentleman made me positive I should not escape without a struggle. Besides he was aided by a negro. This man was small of stature, with a very black skin, and a countenance mild and agreeable. He seemed to be devoted to his master; and he told me afterwards, that he had followed him from Maryland to serve him at the Asylum, and that his master while there had formed a plan of escaping, in which, he heartlly joined, and which he aided him materially in effecting; for to Cush his master was not mad; and he could not understand why he should be placed under keepers. So they got away, and after wandering about had found this place of retreat; though Cush said his master was away from it most of the time. All this I learned from the communicative Cush, his master stalking on far ahead, beyond hearing.

I followed him to the middle of the island, where among some rocks was a rude camp which Cush had constructed of boughs for his master. Here the mad−man seated himself as if upon a throne and commanded Cush to lead me before him. He then tried and condemned me, putting all the questions and addressing himself to Cush, who answered him in *my* place, in the affirmative to each charge. I was condemned to be shot! Horrible and incredible as it may seem, to whoever reads this, he gravely and coldly condemned me to be shot through the heart! The crime he charged me with was `deception!' He said I had represented myself to him as the coachman of Phoebus, and that I had promised to drive him to Elysuim; but instead, I had taken him to a Hospital for mad−men! I deserved to die for assuming myself to be coachman to the Gods, when I was nothing more than a villainous hack−driver! Now, Cush, bind him to that rock, while I shoot him to the heart!'

The negro, although so mild in looks and talkative a little while before, obeyed with such promptness that I saw I had no mercy to expect either from the mad−man or his faithful slave, who had no will but his master's! I saw that Cush would not hesitate to cut me into quarters and roast me, if his mad master bade him. There was something both ludricious as well as fearful in my situation.

`Cush laid his hand upon me! I released mine and struck him to the earth. Instantly my throat was in the grasp of the maniac, and I was like a woman or a child in his hands. He threw me upon the ground and stood upon me! He then laughed with triumph! He stooped and pressed the pistol against my temples! I closed my eyes and said, `God have mercy on my soul!'

The pistol exploded! I opened my eyes, as if I expected to look forth upon the world of spirits. He stood above me with the pistol pointed upward. He had discharged it into the air!

CHAPTER VI. Diary Concluded.

September 30 Continued.

The madman laughed wildly and loudly at my terror, and then flung the pistol among the trees behind him. He then took my hand and in a tone of singular mildness strangely mixed with pity told me to get up! I could hardly roalize that my life had been spared.

`I would not harm thee, friend! You are pardoned,' he said gently. `We have been foes. We are now friends,' he said with dignity. He pressed my hand as he spoke. A wonderful change seemed to have come over him all at once. It was as if having the power to avenge his supposed wrongs he disdained to make use of it, with that

generous liberality that sometimes characterises the insane.

`Go,' he said, `go whither you will. I will not harm thee. Cush will row thee to the shore. But swear never to reveal my retreat. Blood hounds are on my track and I must not be caught. Swear!' he repeated solemnly, laying his hand upon my shoulder and fixing his wild dark eyes upon my face.

He repeated an oath which I dare not write. I repeated it after him; for I saw my first hesitation to do so roused his slumbering fire; and I discerned both a pistol butt and dagger in his bosom. I was willing to make any terms with him to get once out of his power. After I had taken the oath, he said,

`You have well done. Now swear to me by your hopes of heaven and fears of hell! that, for sparing thy life, you and your carriage will be at my bidding whenever I shall call on you!'

I answered that I would be when I was not otherwise engaged. My reply infuriated him: and I gave my promise which did not satisfy him. He would make me swear. So I swore, but in my mind secretly resolved that I would never again place myself in his power.

He appeared satisfied, smiled pleasantly, and then bade Cush conduct me to the boat.

`It was my purpose to have slain thee,' he said loftily, as I was turning away to follow the man; `but I give thee your life, that you may know you are mine whenever I ask for you! Your life was ours, 'tis mine! I lend it to you so long as you serve me! Offend me and I will not spare thee! Depart?'

I was glad to get beyond his reach. From his last words I saw that, to the last freak of his mad brain, I might yet be sacrificed. I sprung into the boat and assisted Cush in pushing off into the lake. I did not feel easy until I was full a hundred yards from the island, on which stood the madman like a statue, watching the receding boat. At intervals a shrill laugh would reach my ears; but he was immoveable till I reached the shore, where my horses were standing knee deep in water, into which they had drawn the carriage that they might drink.

When I had once got upon my box with the reins in my hand, I then for the first time felt that I was safe. I turned to Cush, who stood by the bow of the boat ready to shove it off, and said boldly,

`You infernal nigger, would you have helped your master kill me?'

`Be shure, massa, I would! What de Colonel tell dis child to do, am done!'

`So your master is a Colonel?'

`Yes. He come from de West Indy to Virginny. He bring me wid him. I nebber leab him. 'cept when dey car' him off. But he nebber be easy widout me tear de roof off! So dey hab to send for Cush?'

`From the Hospital?'

`Yes. Dey said master do notin widout Cush. So I hab to be sent for.'

`And after you got to the hospital to wait on him, he and you plotted a plan of escape.

`Yah, yah! dat am de bressed trut! What for dey chuck my master, de Colonel, up in dar like a tief! Dey say he mad! I nebber seed him mad. I axed him and he swore he worn't, and I reckons he know hissef. I didn't see no madness in master! He'd swear and break a cuss a leetle, but I've seen gemmen do dat arter drinkin wine. No; master worn't mad, and so we sot to gettin out, and here we am!'

`And how long have you been here?'

`Why I reckons it am most seben week we hab been here.

`Seven weeks?' I exclaimed, `Has he been outseven weeks? How have you lived?'

`Oh, master hab a gold watch and things, and sell 'em, and I buy bread and meat for him, and bring it on the island. But he don't stay there much. He's sometimes off three or four days at a time. I tell's him he'll be cotch'd, but he says there is no man dares cotch him; and I knows it!'

`How did you get this boat?'

`It was laid up on the other side, and as nobody was living in the country house over there, but the gardner, I took it, and patched it up.'

`And has no one interrupted you here?' I asked.

`Not a soul, massa! We hab it all to ourselves.'

`And you don't think your master mad?'

`He proper mad when things don't go right.

`Crazy, I mean!'

`Leetle bit, massa.'

`He is as mad as a march hare,' I said, furious at his dull stupidity. `It is your duty to persuade him to go back to the hospital! You deserve to be hung for assisting him to escape. If he should do mischief you will have to answer for it. I shall at once see that he is taken care of.'

I then turned my horses back by the way they had come and after some difficulty succeeded in reaching the turnpike. In two hours afterwards I arrived at my stable, and now record the events as nearly as I can recollect them.

It is my conviction that I ought at once to inform the authorities at the hospital where he is. But I took a fearful oath of silence. Is such an oath administered by a mad−man and forced upon me, binding? I feel that it cannot be. Yet I have a strange fear to break it. The influence this singular man has got over me is alarming. If he should appear before me this moment and command me to follow him I feel I should not have the power to resist. Would to God he had perished by drowning! I am more wretched than when I supposed myself his murderer. He may compel me to fulfil my oath to be at his bidding with my horses and carriage.

This state of things is fearful. To−morrow I will take some positive course. I cannot live in instant fear of this man; for I know that he thirsts for my blood: that my respite from death was only the freak of the moment. Deep and sleepless rage the intense, burning vengeance of a maniac glows in his bosom and is concentrated upon me. I feel that I shall one day fall its victim unless steps are taken to secure him. Strange he should wander about so long undiscovered; and made worse and sustained in all his mischief by that black devil, his slave. To−morrow something shall be done.

October 1st. To day have a dozen times made up my mind to write to the officers of the Hospital, but a dread has deferred me. I once took up my pen, and it seemed to me that the eyes of the insane gentleman were glaring upon

me from the opposite side of the stable! So I have done nothing to day. The more I dwell upon the oath I took the more solemn it seems. I am miserable about it. I have refused twice to go with my coach to Cambridge to day, lest I should fall in with this mad−man! I cannot live this way.

There is a gentleman who lodges opposite I have a mind to make my confidant, as he seems to interest himself in me and my affairs. I feel as if I needed some adviser.

Saw the counterfeit−passer to−day; but I recollected what I had suffered when I pursued her before, and let her pass! I didn't feel in the spirit of caring for or doing any thing.

[Oct. 2d£d¤th¥th¦th, containing no record of any importance affecting the narrative before us. October 7th is the last date in the Diary.]

October 7th. It is now half past nine o'clock at night. I feel more dead than alive. I have seen the insane gentleman again. I feel that I am body and soul in his power. His eye has a controul over me I cannot resist. He is possessed of a devil to ruin me! I have refused every call to go out of town till to day. But being urged I drove a couple of Englishmen from the Tremont out to Mount Auburn. While I was waiting for them, standing up by my horses head, the Insane gentleman suddenly stood before me. (I begin to think there is something more than madness about him! He does not seem human to me! God have mercy upon my soul!) I started as I would have done at the sight of a fierce lion in my path. His face was perfectly quiet, though his looks were stealthy.

`You are here! I have waited for you.'

`What in God's name do you want with me?' I asked through fear and despair!

`I have occasion for your carriage and horses to−night, or to−morrow night.'

`I cannot obey you, I said shrinking from him.

He made no reply, but bent upon me his eyes so fixedly that I felt consumed by them. They seemed to grow to expand in size and intense brightness, till they seemed to me vast gulfs of fire! I could see nothing but these fearful eyes I should have sunk upon the ground but that I held by my horses−mane.

`Will you obey me?' he said in a calm, deep tone.

I had no power of my own. I felt that I was bound to his will as if by a spell.

`I *obey*,' I answered in a tone so firm that my own voice startled me.

He laughed deep in his chest and withdrew his eyes from mine, and then went rapidly away along the paling and was hid by the foliage of everchanging trees. Before he disappeared I saw Cush leap from the hedge and join him!

I was in a cold sweat when the two English gentlemen re−appeared to take their seats in the carriage. I returned to the city more dead than alive. I put up my horses and went to see Betsy for to−morrow is my wedding day if I live to see it. But Betsy's society did not cheer me up, and I left her early! for she saw something was on my mind. I am now in my room writing these things. God knows if it be not the last time I shall write a line in this Diary. I feel oppressed by a heavy weight upon my soul! That fearful being haunts my spirit! I am convinced he is no mortal man! I am not superstitious, but this man is inhabited by the Evil Devil.

God help me! He demands obedience to my oath! He says he wants my carriage to−night or to−morrow night! He shall not have it! I will resist! I will kneel down and pray

It is in vain! I am no calmer! There came two friends, fellow−coachman, to invite me to sup with them, as they told me to day they should; as this was my last liberty night! Liberty! My spirit is in chains to this demon in human form! That slave of his, is I believe as infernal as his master! I now go with my friends to see if their society will not dissipate my gloomy fears.

Here ends, in this abrupt manner, the Diary of poor George. The reader can as easily draw his conclusions as ourselves; for he has all the circumstances preceding his death now before him; and by referring to Chapter first may refresh his memory touching those that followed.

The most plausible conjecture is, that the stranger who called at ten o'clock for the carriage was the insane gentleman. This assumption accounts for George's extraordinary manner, his silent and ready obedience; and also for this brief reply given by the gentleman to the question of the hostler,

`*He knows very well!*'

The probability is that the second person seen in the carriage by the toll−gather, was the slave Cush; but this is a conjecture It is probable that George drove the insane man out to the Lake. But of this there can be no certainty. The whole affair remains in a mystery which seems destined forever to involve it. That he came to his death by the hands of the mad−man there can be no question. Of the fate of this person we can form a conjecture from the following paragraph which appeared a few days after George's death in one of the papers:

`*Supposed Suicide*. Found, on the shores of Pond, nine miles from this city, the body of a gentleman supposed to have been insane; as he was seen in the vicinity at several times previous to the discovery of his body, and evidently laboring under mental alienation. He was sometimes seen with a negro, who is supposed to have been the same who was found murdered on the Harvard road last week; perhaps the act of this very lunatic.'

Having furnished these facts, we now leave the mystery of George's fate as we found it; but believing we have given a clue to the hand by which the deed was done.

THE END.

DONALD FAY.

Donald Fay, the hero of our tale of true life, had been at the time of his marriage, sixteen years before the story opens, a thrifty young farmer on Bergen Hill; no one bade fairer to arrive at independence. His landlord was indulgent, and leased him his house, barn, and forty acres at a rate that, with industry, he easily paid the first three years, and laid by something for a `rainy day.' Sarah, his wife, was an excellent, frugal and industrious partner, just such an one as a young farmer in his condition, needed, a `help−meet' truly in every thing he did towards advancing the prosperity of his situation. She had presented him also, with a little girl, a year after his marriage, and the interesting prattler, as it reached its third year, he felt united him closer to its fair mother, and was an additional spur to his industry. There were many ways by which Donald increased his profits, and turned all his labors to advantage, which are unknown to farmers living at a distance from a great city. His little farm was but three miles from New York, on the south side of Begen Hill in Jersey, and an hourly ferry, at that time, gave him easy access to the market. Besides butter, eggs and poultry, which Sarah took to market twice a week, he himself, hired and sent in a man with milk every morning to a large number of regular customers, the receipts from which were no small income at the year's end; besides, he found in the city a ready cash market for his pork, veal and mutton, for his hay, corn and other produce. Thus Donald Fay was a thrifty farmer, and promised one day, to be as rich a man as Henry Brevoort and others, who began the world in a small way, like him. Three years he had been thus prosperous, and as he was not intemperate, there seemed no prospect of any check being put to it, so long as he remained in health, and his wife proved so frugal. But Donald was avaricious! The more money he

made, the more he loved it; and at length he began to think he did not make it fast enough. He had calculated, and found that it would take a good many years to get as rich as some of his neighbors; and he was ambitious to be rich! This was the period when lotteries those curses which are paralleled only by distilleries filled a large share of the public mind. Every body was talking of them, and every body felt tempted to leave the honest and laborious toil by which they lived, to arrive suddenly at wealth by a lucky turn of the wheel of Fortune. The mains filled the land, and men became discontented with labor, and leaving their benches, their ploughs, their hammers and their anvils, flocked to the lottery−offices to win riches by a turn of the lottery director's hand. But Donald Fay had been too attentive to his farm, and the routine of his daily business, to pay much attention to the subject of lotteries; and if he ever spoke of them, it was without thinking of himself, or of improving his position in connection with them. But it chanced that one day he had sold off the mutton, veal, turkies and geese he had brought to market, a little earlier than usual; when, instead of going directly home, as he should have done, he lingered about the market, idly looking at the other seller's stalls, and proudly, in his heart, comparing them with his own neat stand, clean bench and polished meat hooks. But idleness is a dangerous indulgence; time accidentally gained, should be twice improved, instead of indolently spent. Five idle minutes after Donald had closed his stall, laid the foundation for years of future sorrow.

While he was carelessly lounging through the market, a lively young butcher who had often come out to his farm the year before, to buy of him sneep, and a beeve or two to kill for market, but who, having become intemperate, had of late, so neglected his business, that he rarely now had money to purchase even a single lamb, came up and clapped him on the shoulder.

`Ah, Donald, my man, glad to see you! how do you come on out there to Bergen?'

`Oh, very well, James,' said Donald, not feeling quite at ease in the society of his quondam friend, since he had taken to drinking.

`Very well, hey, Donald!' repeated Jim Talbot with a slight sneer; `I don't call it very well to rise early and go to bed late, the year round, just to get together three or four hundred dollars to put in bank at the end o' the year!'

`I think for a poor man like me, who am nothing but a small farmer, and a tenant at that, Jamie, I would do well to lay by four hundred dollars clear of the world each christmas!'

`Hoit, man! You will always be a `poor man,' as you say, and a tenant too, said Jim, loudly; `you don't know what is for your interest. You want to be a rich man, Donald; now tell the truth.'

`Yes, I would prefer to be independent,' said Donald, his eyes brightening at the thought.

`I know it I see it in you! You work like a dog! but riches don't come of hard work, nor never did! I have learned that, and so have knocked off, this eight months,' said Jim, a little tipsily.

"But I dont't see that you are growing any richer the last eight months,' said Donald, with a smile, glancing at Jim's old coat, greasy vest, and badly worn trowsers, while a glance a little lower showed him that his shoes were through at the toes, and sadly one−sided at the heels.

`No, not yet; not yet, my boy,' said Jim, with a hiccup; "but I am goin' to be d d soon too! I guess you'll stare, Donald, lad, when you are driving along Broadway in your milk cart, to see me ride past you in my carriage.'

`Guess I should, Jamie.'

`You needn't look so incredulous, Donald. But come with me into Burling's cellar, and take a mug of ale. You don't drink, I know, but ale wont hurt you.'

`No, Jamie, I thank you. But how are you going to get rich so all of a sudden? asked Donald, his avarice, which was ever topmost in his heart, roused by his late friends words trifling and scarcely worthy of a sober man's attention as they were.

`Come down in the cellar, and I'll talk with you. You'll be glad to learn it, and repent all your life if you don't. I can show you how to get rich without such a slave's life as you have of it. You do work hard d d hard, don't you, Donald?' and Jamie hung his arm familiarly over Donald's shoulder.

`Why, I do work yes, perhaps I work hard, Jamie but then I have to, or I'd never get along," answered Donald, already beginning to feel the insinuating temptation to idleness that irresistibly followed Jamies's words. `Let me hear your plan, Jamie?'

`Come along into Burling's,' said Jim, pulling him by the arm; `yon needn't drink though a pint of ale wouldn't harm a baby. Come along, and I'll talk with you. I've always been a friend to you, Donald, and I want you to profit by it as well as myself. Come!'

Donald suffered himself to be led by Jim Talbot from the market house to the cellar beneath it, a place which he had never suffered himself to enter during his three year's marketing there; but he excused himself on the plea that Jamie probably had some scheme in view for him to improve his fortune, and which it would not be prudent for him to let pass without learning the nature of it, and seeing what facilities it afforded for enriching himself; in a word, his avarice chose to consider it a matter of business! for as all `business' involves the acquisition of money on one side or the other, so all interviews relating to the acquisition of money are `business engagements.' Thus reasoned Donald's avaricious disposition with his conscience, which condemned him for going into a drinking cellar; and so avarice led him into his first temptation.

After Jamie had got into the dark, damp and noisome apartment, with its broken floor, its little dirty boxes, to hold two men placed on each side, with its smoky atmosphere and crowd of topers, swearing, hugging each other, and drinking, and singing songs, Jim led him to one of the blue painted boxes, holding him the while fast by the arm, as he saw he didn't like the place, nor the company, and was inclined to retreat.

`Come, Donald, never mind these let's take seats in this snug box; we can drop the curtain, and here, with our elbows on the table between us, talk as we like, and be as private as a in lady's parlor.'

Donald, now that he had got into the cellar, was by no means sorry to escape from view into the little dark nook, from the front of which Jamie held up a dirty, greasy piece of sixpenny calico, which he had dignified by the appellation of `curtain.' A narrow board, which the same personage had dignified by the name of a table, was placed lengthwise within it, and covered with a coarse towel, which, for Jamie's sake, might, in courtesy, be called a table−cloth. It was covered with filthy blotches of all sorts of abominations that had been partaken off it for the last three weeks, and sent up to Donald's nose a compound odor, that, like Paddy Goulan's pole−cat, had no particular smell but not a very `pertickerly swate one.' At the farther end sat black japaned castors, the muddy−looking and broken−nosed cruits containing articles that evidently were meant to represent pepper, vinegar and mustard: near it stood a glass salt−cellar, containing a whity−brown material, with the imprints therein of the fore−finger and thumb of some previous occupant of the box.

Before entering, Jim had tipped the bar−keeper a wink which he understood, from a sometime knowledge of his customer's habits, to mean two brandies; so they had hardly got seated, before he lifted the curtain, and placed on the table a dirty waiter, containing two stiff glasses of brandy and water.

`No; but one orandy, Burling this gentleman drinks ale,' said Jim, placing sixpence on the waiter to pay for the two glasses, at three cents each.

`I thank you, Jamie,' said Donald, decidedly, `I wont drink any thing. I never do you know I am a sober man!'

`Oh, yes, the gentleman is a sober man, Tom, said Jim, significantly, to the keeper of the cellar, a little offended at the moral superiority over him the words implied; but never mind, he'll drink with me! Take away the brandy, and give us a mug of Albany;' for Jim had now resolved he should, at all events, drink with him.

`No, no, I don't wish it,' said Donald.

The man had already disappeared, and soon returned with the ale foaming white above the lip of the pewter mug.

`Set it down, Tom. Now, Donald, here's your health, and success to our being rich men! Take it, take it up, man what, wont you drink that toast?'

Donald half extended his hand towards the mug colored, hesitated, and then drew it back.

`Now, then, if a man considers himself too good to drink with another,' said Jim, setting down, untasted, the glass he had lifted to his mouth, quite offended; `I don't see what he need trouble himself about him for; you may stay poor for all I will show you a way to get rich, Mr. Fay; `if I aint fit to drink with, I aint fit to sit with;' and with these words Jim got up to leave the box.

`Stop Jamie,' said Donald, forcing a smile; a glass of ale is neither here nor there, between friends. So sit down, and I'll drink with you for this once, though I don't need it, if ye'll never ask me again.'

`Well, this once, then, Donald!' said Jim, mollified, and sitting down; `I hate to see a fellow so stiff up, that he thinks nobody good enough for him just because he keeps sober. D n such fellows! Give me a boy that 'l take his glass with a friend, and grasp his hand over it as if he had a warm heart in his breast. Here then, is to you, Donald,' added Jim, touching Donald's mug, which he had taken in his hand; `and success to our enterprize.'

Jim's brandy and water went quickly the way of all brandies and water, in the hands of an amateur like him; Donald's ale disappeared less quickly, but he finally emptied his mug, for the first taste of it inspired a peculiar thirst, which, though he did not intend to drink but little of it, he could not help yielding to.

`That's a friend, now, Donald,' said Jim, taking his hand across the board, and squeezing it in a very tipsy friendly way; `I like to see a man come down to a level with his friends.'

These words struck Donald very unpleasantly, and he felt uneasy and sorry he had taken the ale; the reflection forced upon him I have indeed come down to the level which he would drag me to! Instead of elevating him to mine, by dissuading him from drink, I have suffered myself to fall to his! and he inwardly resolved never to drink another glass again under any circumstances. Avarice had thus led Donald to take the first step in intemperance!

`Well, Jamie, now you have got me down here, and made me drink with you, let me know what is the way of getting so soon rich as you spoke of?'

`Well, you see, Donald, it's a dull life this, to work 'till we are old and worn out, to get rich; and I have made up my mind, as I told you long ago to quit it! I mean to live like a gentleman.'

`But how, Jamie, how?' demanded Donald, impatiently.

`Why, you see, I was yesterday down in Nassau street, and being thirsty, I wanted something to drink, in course; so finding, you see, I had, somehow left my purse at home, I hadn't a red cent no, not a red cent, Donald! A fix, wasn't it for a gentleman to be in that means to ride in his carriage! So, thinks I to myself, I must have a drink if I

have to work it because, it was an all−fired ways to get at my purse!'

`I dare say, Jamie,' said Donald dryly.

`Yes, and so I looked about for a chance to do a odd job, for a minute to get a sixpence; and I saw a fellow ragged as a beggar leading an old worn−out horse with two bags filled with street−pickings across his back. Says he, seeing by my looks I was'nt very particular what I did, `hold my horse till I jest go up them are steps, and I'll give you three cents.' I did'nt like the chap's looks over much, nor his horse's neither, but when a man's dry, he'll do any thing to get the metal to pay for a drink.'

`Water don't cost any thing, Jamie.'

`Water don't quench my thirst, Donald; water was only made to mix liquor in raw water gives a man the cholic. I told the chap if he'd pay me in advance (for I did'nt believe he had three cents, and I knew if he went off his old horse would'nt bring me that) I'd do it. Well, he launches out the coppers and hands them to me and I takes hold o' the rope to hold the critter though he looked more like an animal in danger of taking root on the ground where he stood, than moving of his own free will. He had'nt been gone up the steps more than two minutes, when he threw up the window over my head and told me `to let the old horse go to the devil for he did'nt want to see him or his bags again.' I did'nt stop to be told a second time, but hitting the critter a kick, set him moving, while I stopped and wondered what the fellow had got since he went up. So, thinks I, I'll see; and climbed up the stairs after him. At the top was a door set all round with red and green pasteboard signs, with `Lottery Office' on it large as life. Over the door was, `Wheel of Fortune,' `The Mint,' `The way to Wealth,' `The Ladder te Riches,' and all such things. I walked in, and there I saw this ragged chap lolling over a pile of gold and silver and bank notes that two chaps was counting out to him as fast as they could move their fingers, and there was'nt fingers enough at that for all the money heeped up before 'em. Well, the old fellow like a basket full of smiles! He no sooner saw me than he sung out, coming and hugging me round the neck

`Hurrah, I've drawn a prize ten thousand dollars! down cash! Hurrah,' and he ran back to his money again.

`A prize,' said I, staring at the gold.

`Yes, sir,' said a man who had been writing, and came up to me, as perlite as a pair of tongs bowing to a poker, `this gentleman has drawn a prize of ten thousand dollars. He came in here two weeks ago and bought it saying it was the last money he had and he had been four months getting that; and now to−day he has brought his ticket and finds himself a rich man, as if by magic. You had best purchase a ticket, sir−−Whole's $16; halves, $8; quarters, $4; eights, $2.' And he shoved in my face a little pile of blue and red tickets.

`Money down, fifteen per cent off, the very hour the prize is drawn. Best buy, sir! No way like this to get rich.'

`I tell you, Donald, the sight o' the gold made my eyes water; and when I thought if only I had sixteen dollars how rich I could be. I began to make up my mind to try and raise the wind. While I was thinking about it, and gloating on the money the ragged fellow was tying up in a pocket handkerchief they sold him, I began to think you would like to know this; and as you had plenty o' money and would'nt mind sixteen dollars, you might try your luck. So, I said, I'd tell you about it when you come to market this morning; and you see, Donald, I've been as good as my word.'

`I thank you, Jamie, indeed, and in truth,' said Donald warmly grasping his hand; `but then I doubt if it wonld be right to venture in a lottery. It is a species of gambling I'm thinking.'

`No more than if you buy a calf for five dollars, and keep and fat it till it netts you forty as a beeve. It is venturing a little to receive more! Come, let us have one more drink! Here, Burling, give us two more glasses ale and

brandy.'

`No, Jamie, indeed!' protested Donald, though fainter than he had done at first, for the one glass he had indulgred in had weakened his resolution, and increased his thirst; while, at the same time, it had, from his uniform sobriety, flown into his head, and added to the exciting hopes, created by Jamie's narrative, made him a `little happy.' Jamie saw this, and felt that he had to make use of but a little more persuasion, after the ale should be brought to induce him to drink a second time with him; for next to his fondness so characteristic of inebriates, of having some one hob and nob within his cups, he felt as degraded drunkards all do, a pleased revenge in bringing a sober and steady acquaint ance of better days down to his own bestial level.

`But I cannot venture in a lottery, Jamie,' he said, after Burling had placed on the table the replenished glasses; `it is a sin, and God would not bless it.

`None of your Methodistical cant, now, Donald; you would over−reach a neighbor in a fair bargain and never think to ask God's forgiveness for it in your go−to−bed prayers. Here you've only got to plank the hard pewter of your own honest earnings, and wait the turn of a wheel to know if you are to be worth twenty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars.'

`But I can't play in a lottery, for it, Jamie; it goes again' my conscience. I should never enjoy the wealth come of gambling. It's a great temptation to an honest man, though Jamie.'

`And many an honest man hath suffered himself to be tempted and thanked Heaven for it! But never mind, let it go; I only thought to do you a favor, knowing you worked so hard to get money. Come, drink off your ale!' And Jim watching his opportunity secretly poured into it half of the brandy out of his own glass.

`I don't want it Jamie,' said Donald, taking it up `but seeing it is you, and the last glass, I'll do it to oblige you. Here's to you kindly, Jamie.'

`Then here's to you, kindly back again, Donald,' answered the plotting Jim, who, having no money himself, had laid and matured this plan to get Donald to buy both for himself and him. He now, that it had progressed so far, resolved not to be defeated in his own expectations of wealth, the basis of which was to be Donald's purse the purse which he very probably alluded to when relating his adventure with the ragged chiffonier and his horse. He knew enough of Donald's principles to know that he would be likely to refuse, much as he loved to grow rich, to adventure money in a lottery; he therefore, determined to tempt him to drink, trusting to his avaricious curiosity to lead him into the snare.

`That ale is good, very good but I think something stronger than the last mug,' said Donald, with the tears gushing from his eyes. `I think it has got into my nose! I'll drink no more, Jamie, dear.'

`It won't hurt you. It does a man good to take something once in a while. A cold water stomach is like a wet rag. I wonder temperance people don't mortify inside for want of proper keeping! Spirits is the pickle to keep mankind in!'

`Yes, yes, good pickle good!' hiccupped Donald; on whose brain the mixed ale and brandy was taking effect. `He, he, he! You're a d d good fellow, Jamie.'

`I knew you'd say so I knew it, Donald! Now you're coming out! You'd be a gentleman if 'twant for your confounded sobriety.' `So, s−s−so, sobriety?'

`Yes, I said sobriety, Donald,' answered Jamie, who saw with pleasure his friend was getting into the state he would see him; `you're a good fellow, too!'

`A, a−m I am I! Jamie! I say, Jamie,' and Donald put an arm round his neck, `Jamie, I say?' `Well, Donald?'

`Do you know, I think I think, you are a good fellow.' `You just told me so.'

`D−d−d did, did I, Jamie?' `Yes.'

`Then you're a devilish good fel−fel−fel I say Jamie?'

`What Donald?' answered Jamie, whose own experience now telling him, the time was come to make his friend do any thing.

`I say, you know where that, that lot−lot '

`Lottery,' cried Jamie eagerly, completing the word Donald drunkenly stumbled at.

`Yes, lottery! I say, Jamie, do you know?'

`I'll go with you there, now,' said Jim, rising and taking Donald's arm.

`That's a good fellow didn't I just say you was a good fellow?'

`Yes come along!'

`I am coming I mean to buy a ticket, Jamie.'

`Well, let us go,' said Jamie persuading and coaxing him as if he feared his game would slip his net, and he led him out of the box, whispering to Burling to order a hackney coach.

Without resistance, but giving his will wholly up to Jem's direction, he suffered himself to be led quite tipsy, to the coach. Jim jumped in after him, and the driver receiving his orders, drove in the direction of Nassau street.

`I is is this *your* coach, Jamie?' asked poor Donald, as they drove rapidly along.

`Yes, Donald, my boy,' said Jim, elated; `did'nt I tell you I was going to ride in a coach o my own?

`Oh, yes, yes, I recollect! I say, Jamie, I want to buy one of those lottery tickets, hey?'

`You shall, Donald; we are going there now.'

`You are a goo−good tellow, Jamie; give us your hand, Jamie.'

`Have you any money with you, Donald, lad?' asked Jamie in a low solicitous tone.

`Money! yes, Jamie I always have money; what should I do without money; I never leave my pur−pur−purse at home, Jamie,' said Donald with a drunken shrewdness often seen in men in his state, and winking tipsily at Jim.

Jim did not blush, though nature tried to for him, but the mirror in his cheek through which she would have reflected was too thickly coated with vice and hardihood. He felt, however, that Donald had his wits about him, and that he must play his hand with caution. `Count and see if you have sixteen dollars, Donald.'

`Sixteen! s−s−s−sixteen dol−dollars,' he repeated, taking out his pocket−book, with the kind assistance of the hardy Jim, and opening it: `sixteen yes here is ten five that's fifteen, an't it, Jamie?' he hiccupped and looked up with a vacant stare. `Yes, Donald.'

`Yes I thought thought so! but that a'nt sixteen, Jamie.'

`There is a twenty and five besides,' said Jim eagerly.

`I know that, but I only want sixteen here's a one to to to make it!' and he drew a one from between two leaves of the pocket book.

`Oh, but you will buy two tickets, Donald?' said Jim, quickly.

`And what will I buy two for, Jamie?' asked Donald with characteristie caution.

`You will give me one, you know, Donald dear, for telling you,' said Jim in his most insinuating way.

`Oh, no, man Jamie! Sixteen dollars is much to lose, without throwing away six−six−teen on you Jamie. What do you want a ti−ti−tick−ticket for Jamie? You are too poor to want a ticket. You'd get drunk.'

Jamie's feeling's were hurt, by this unkind cut in plain terms he was angry at Donald. Donald took out the sixteen dollars, and began to shut up his pocket book, preparatory to replacing it in its customary recepticle. Jim saw at a glance, that he would get no ticket with Donald's leave. He was not so drunk but his avarice would be sober. He was not `drunk all over.' Jim felt that the crisis had arrived for himself; and that unless he could manage adroitly, he would have lost his morning's work, to the sole benefit of his avaricious friend. This disinterested issue was no part of his original tactics.

Donald had began to tie it with very tipsy fingers, when Jim managed, as the carriage jolted in crossing the gutter, to knock himself against him, and throw the pocket book to the bottom of the carriage.

`Oh, confound this hackman! I'll pick it up, Donald,' cried Jim, stooping down so that Donald could not have stooped himself, if he had wished to, and while seeming to be feeling for it, he slipped out the twenty dollar note, and concealed it in his cuff, and handed him the book, though not without first assiduously blowing and brushing the dirt off. `Here it is not hurt a bit;' and he thrust it into his friend's pocket and made him button his coat over it, lest, he said, `some rogue should pick it! What a pleasant circumstance it must be for a drunken gentleman to have at such times, a `friend in need!'

At length, they alighted at the Lottery Office, and Donald after a little delay, for a man in liquor' invariably makes a slow bargain, the ticket was purchased, and he placed it in his pocket book without missing the note Jim had stolen. They then returned to the cellar, when Jim dismissed the hack after paying the backman a dollar, leaving nineteen for himself. He could not, nor did he now try very hard, to persuade Donald to drink again; and the friends soon afterwards parted; Donald Fay to go home with a headache to wake up the ensuing morning late, feverish, and worst of all, with a heavy conscience; Jim to purchase one−sixteenth of a ticket, and to spend the night and the whole of the following week, frolicking on his remaining eighteen. Thus, in one of these individuals, intemperance had led to poverty, deception, and finally to crime; in the other, a few idle moments had found the way to dissolute companions, intemperance and gambling; throwing down the bulwarks of principle, and letting in vice and folly to run riot over the moral guerdon of the heart. Suffice it to say that Donald's ticket was a blank, and he himself became a ruined man a drunkard and an outcast.