

The Book of the Month

THE

LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

WM. HARVARD STINCHFIELD,

OR THE

WANDERINGS OF A TRAVELING MERCHANT.

"A MORE TRUE TALE," OF THE GAMING TABLE AND BOWL.

~~~~~  
BY J. H. ROBINSON.  
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"When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am, nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice."

FOR THE AUTHOR:
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J. B. Gough
over

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J. B. Gough

TO
JOHN B. GOUGH, ESQ.,
AS A
SMALL TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION,
FOR HIS UNFALTERING ZEAL,
IN A
GLORIOUS CAUSE,
HIS INDEFATIGABLE LABORS THEREIN, AND ELOQUENCE AS
AN ORATOR,
ARE THE FOLLOWING PAGES
INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR,

J. H. R.

Mr. STITCHFIELD is extensively known in the State of Maine, and is now living at Farmington Falls with the object of his youthful heart, of which a full account is herein given, with many other scenes of his past life, which will be interesting, and also a warning, to the reader.

Farmington Falls, Oct. 1851.

INTRODUCTORY.

It was nature's holiday—midsummer—and the flowers and trees, and every green thing, was in bloom. The birds sported from leaf to flower, and from flower to leaf, and joined joyously in the great pean which every living object was offering to the one God. The beautiful river whose eccentric bends I was unwinding, sparkled gladly, and smiled through its tiny waves upon the cress plant and water lily which graced its banks, and the cress plant and the water lily nodded and smiled back again. There seemed a mutual understanding between them, and no cause for envy or difference. There were trees growing there of venerable aspect and goodly foliage, and they stretched their branches over the sighing river to protect it from the sun's noonday beams, while the woodbine clung to their trunks and covered them with their thick spreading leaves. Everywhere about that 'sandy river,' beside which I was journeying, were traces of human industry—fertile farms, and waving fields of corn and grain. The scythe of the husbandman was busy among the grass-spires, and the scent of the new made hay came pleasantly to my nostrils. The waning love of existence which saddened my heart, lay with lighter pressure upon me, for I had caught a portion of the spirit which gladdened all around, and I was forgetful of the monotony and sickness of city life.

The pulses thrilled once more with a healthy energy—the brain threw off half its weary weight of care, and as the soft summer-breeze fanned my temples, I breathed freer, and was a happier and better man. It is good to commune alone with Nature in her summer mood, and become a part of the great whole whose sum makes up the Universe—comprises all. It is pleasant to contemplate the God-traces apparent in every cre-

ated thing, and it is glorious to *feel* our affinity with all, and the links which bind us to the great Future—the ages which cease not. In this mood, the lines of Pope came home,

"All are but parts of one stupenduous whole
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

But I wander from my subject. To return:—It was a hot July day, and I suffered my steed to go forward at a leisure rambling pace, and abandoned myself to the soft dreamy influence of the scenery. I compared the romantic stream beside me to the current of Time, bearing onward innumerable atoms of Life to mingle with the great ocean beyond the *Present*, to scorn the ravages of time—to make a portion of the *Ceaseless*. I was an atom of that stream, and its onward motion had already borne me far toward the Future. That atom of life will soon sweep out of the Time-current, and lose itself amid the surges of Eternity's sea.

Boundless as illimitable space, is the Universe of the life in the *Beyond*, and the greatness of its sum is destined to increase while human beings exist. The last atom shall be added when the last mortal shall yield up his breath. Then shall that Ocean be complete, whose mighty billows, though they lash the foot of the Eternal throne, are obedient to the mandate of the Imperishable Mind.

I saw—by my spirit's vision—the vast deep upon which there should be never a wreck, upon which no rude tempest should lower, which the hurricane should never devastate, and from which there should ascend never, the fearful cry of cast-away hopes. How much longer I should have indulged in these somewhat metaphysical matters, and added speculation to speculation, hypothesis to hypothesis, I know not, had not the thread of my reflections been suddenly and unceremoniously broken by a stentorian voice upon my right.

"Halloa, captain—a word with you."

I reined up, and saw approaching, a man who stood six feet in his shoes. He was of a good figure, with a face far from ugly, although it was bronzed by the fervid suns of that season.

"Give us a ride, sir; I live just above here, and as it is near the hour of noon, you shall be quite welcome to share the best

my board can offer, though it may be coarse, mayhaps, and rude."

I thanked the stranger for his hospitable overtures, assuring him that it was not necessary at that time to avail myself of his kind offer, although he was welcome to a seat in my carriage.

"I have peddled sixteen years," said my new acquaintance, "I have been all over the United States—I have suffered more than any living man."

I turned and looked at my strange friend to assure myself that he was a sane man. His eye, though restless and piercing, gave no indications of insanity, and I detected nothing about him to confirm my suspicions. He continued with a volubleness rarely surpassed:

"How is trade, young man?"

Really, sir, I am unable to inform you; I am not *in* trade.

"I took you for a merchant from the city, looking up bad customers. But, as I was saying, I have peddled sixteen years in the States and in the Provinces, in the heat and cold. I have been rich as a Jew, and poor as an Indian. I have met with more adventures in my wanderings than any person in existence."

"I have not a doubt of it," I said laconicly. Still he went on.

"I see how it is, young man. You think me a very singular individual—a sort of a wild-man or nondescript, and perhaps a little unsettled in the upper works"—pointing to his head—"but you are not quite right, sir; it's my way—natural as is breathing. Mixing with the great world for so many years has made me familiar with it—too familiar, perhaps, for that matter—and confirmed the habits which singles me out from all other men and makes me a wonder."

I took another survey of my new acquaintance, and felt sure that I had fallen in with an original character. I grew interested. We were now opposite what he assured me was his residence. He insisted upon my stopping. Excuses and evasions were useless. I was forced to yield to his request. I was anxious to study his character still farther.

My horse was quickly freed from the carriage and cared for,

while the man of adventures amused me with his conversation as well as his original manner. I found him a man of good sense, and natural abilities of no mean order. Joined to an athletic frame and an iron constitution, was a heart not deficient in boldness, and a restless energy which no circumstances could control. Physically, he was a fine specimen of a man; and he must be a bold or presumptuous person who would provoke him to a trial of strength in a hand to hand encounter. His expression was open and manly, although there was much in his eye which would escape the casual observer.

"Allow me to ask your business, sir," he said, when we had seated ourselves in the parlor, a room handsomely furnished.

"I am a scribbler, sir—an author."

"Then you are the very man I wish to see. I want you to write my life!"

"If its details are sufficiently interesting I have no objections," I replied. Suffice it to say, that I listened to a rehearsal of the principal events that had marked his life, and have founded the tale that follows upon the same. Few persons can tell *such* a history, and very few have seen so many of life's changes as he. May he learn from the past, lessons of wisdom to guide his footsteps through the mazy windings of the future. May the events of his life prove a salutary warning to the young and inexperienced, about commencing the world, and induce them to shun the "*gaming table and the bowl.*"

May it be productive of good to all, and evil to none—amuse all, while it displeases none. I have embellished it in many places, and given it in some sort the coloring of a romance, but I hope without the sacrifice of any of the principal truths connected therewith.

By perusing the following pages, you will see in their true light, the evils of intemperance and gaming. They present no o'er wrought picture of either.

Reader, if you are the slave of Alcohol, rest fully assured that its demon scourge will lash you on to utter ruin, if you break not from its degrading thralldom.

If you have a passion for gaming, forget not but bear it ever

in mind, that it lures to destruction, beggary, despair and the alms-house. But remember *this*, also, and let it be as a soothing medicament to your soul.

You *can*, by one *manly, noble* effort, throw off the infamous shackles of *both*, and towering above them in your moral strength, feel yourself once more a MAN.

The human WILL, when linked to a good cause, can accomplish wonders. WILL and PERSEVERANCE—engrave the words upon your soul—can overcome all obstacles, and are the two grand elements of all human greatness. J. H. R.

CHAPTER I.

In which the Hero is introduced.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits, and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts."

Two persons, far advanced in years, were seated near a rude hearth-stone. The one, was a man upon whose temples the hand of Time had been busy in planting white hairs—the other a female, whose face, though benignant in its expression, wore sundry wrinkles, traced by the same agency. The first, though past life's meridian, was still vigorous, and the latter, though she had counted two-thirds of the allotted time of mortal probation, bid fair to plod on through many winters. But those whose heads are already bowed, and whose knees totter, the winters fall heavily — very heavily. They work many changes, and deal sadly with the intellect. The eyes of the female were fixed upon the floor, and the man gazed thoughtfully out of the window into the fields, which spring time was visiting with her soft verdure and breath of *balm*. Mayhaps he thought of his own Spring-time then. The sun was rising, and its first morning beams fell cheerfully upon the old man's face like an omen of

good, but a cloud came darkly between and destroyed the propitious augury.

He watched the cloud as it toyed with the ray, and thought of what all do when they contemplate the same. Near the two persons described, were several younger ones, who, from the striking family resemblance, would at once be recognized as their offspring. The bustle, confusion, and moving of feet which had prevailed for the last hour in that farm house, had subsided, and the group seemed silently awaiting something unpleasant.

The most prominent figure of the group, was a tall young man, who stood near the door, holding a bundle, which he was nervously twirling in his hand. Though of uncommon stature for a youth of his age his figure was symmetrical, and well knit together, displaying thews and sinews of great power. His features were regular, with a nose of the Anglo Saxon mould, and a mouth denoting firmness and resolution. His forehead was where it ought to be, and its phrenological developments were of a high order. The hair had not intruded itself so far upon it as to mar its fair proportions, and the thick brows beneath, added to its heaviness and beauty, sandy hair, and cheeks, tense with blood, spoke the quick, sanguine temperament.

He was encased throughout — both nether and upper limbs — in home-wrought garments, and though the fabric was not fine, and the cut was not fashionable, it was neat and comfortable. His hazle eye wandered with a quick restless motion, from one to the other untill it rested upon the aged female — his mother — then it grew moist, and he turned hastily away to conceal his face. She, from whom his gaze had wandered, rocked violently in her chair, and shaded her time-worn features with a trembling hand.

That tall youth, who stood there upon the threshold,

was about leaving her, perhaps forever; for who could reveal to that bursting heart what chances, and changes, the dark future stretching away before them might bring. There was no Seer there to tell them *that* — to lift the veil and speak to them of "coming events." Had there been he might have been the herald of nothing welcome, and brought a more crushing misery upon that tearful mother.

How many difficulties and discouragements might that beloved boy encounter in the great "battle of life!" How much of pain and sickness, of care and sorrow he might suffer, and how many temptations might lay in wait to entangle his inexperienced feet! Alas, she knew not, albeit she thought thereof with a parent's solicitude, and invoked blessings upon his head.

The old man turned from the cloud, and the sun-beam to the youth, and in a tremulous voice said:

"So Harvard, you are resolved to go?"

"Yes, father, I think it best to follow my fortune abroad. I will seek a broader field of action; I will see the world, and men and manners. With these strong limbs I will win an honest livelihood. I wish not for the hard-earned paternal heritage — divide it among my brethren, and fear not for me; I am young and sanguine and go forth upon my worldly struggle, with a stout heart and firm step."

"Be it so," said the father, after a pause, in which the heart-struggle was strong in his bosom, "be it so! I will urge you no more; but I had pleased myself with a different hope. I had nursed a vision in my brain which fades to-day forever, and leaves only in the bright spot it filled, a dark and nothingless blank. It *was* a pleasing day-dream, but brief, brief has been the period of its duration. It passed quickly before my vision as yon cloud across the sun's disc. Harvard," continued the

old man striving to master his emotions, "you were the child of my hopes — the staff of my old age — a staff I had flattered myself to support me down the vale of years."

"Let not my departure grieve you father, you have other children who can better fill the place you had intended for me. They will cheerfully perform the duty, and comfort and sustain your footsteps when enfeebled by old age. Meanwhile I will battle with the world, and when the fickle goddess of fortune shall have smiled upon my efforts, I will return once more to the paternal roof — till then, farewell."

"May God bless you Harvard, and prosper you as he did Joseph in the house of Pharaoh. But beware, my son, of the allurements of the world, and the blandishments of sin. You know but little, Harvard, of the stage upon which you are now becoming an actor. You deem not now while the youth-hopes, and youth-dreams are strong upon you, of the temptations you are about to meet — of the hidden rocks, the shoals and quicksands, which dot the great sea you are launching your frail bark upon. You see the stirring theatre of life only in perspective, and how beautiful is that perspective — a nearer view will dispel the illusion. Harvard, there is in store for all who sojourn upon earth, disappointments, cares, despair, tears and a tomb. For moments of pleasure, you will find hours of unhappiness. Link not then, your hopes of happiness too closely to the world, for such hopes are doomed to perish, but centre them on the Author of all — the great first cause, whose name is God. *Beware of the GAMING TABLE and the BOWL; they lure to destruction.* — Shun both as the pestilence — they have ruined many — benefitted none. Remember my warning, Harvard, it may strengthen you in the hour of temptation — save you in

the moment of peril. And now my boy farewell, and the blessings of an old man go with you."

He paused and grasped the extended hand of the young man and pressed it with a lingering fondness in his hardened palm. It is well such moments cannot last, they wring the *young* heart, but with the *old*, they play strangely. He turned—that youth—to his mother. She arose from her seat, and throwing her aged arms about his neck—strained him—her own flesh and blood—to her bosom.—The richest dearest emotions of the heart swelled up—love, human love, which would fain cling forever to its earthly idol. The young man's heart seemed bursting from its loving walls—he tore himself from that long, long embrace, while the word farewell died away in an inaudible murmur upon his lips. Shaking, in silence the other hands that were outstretched, he hurried across the paternal threshold—his home no more.

He struck into a well known path, leading to the main road, and at a short distance screened from view by an abrupt turn, paused to look yet again upon the old farmhouse. He saw an aged woman in the door, who wiped tears from her face and strained her dimmed eyes anxiously in the direction he had taken. Leaning against an elm beneath whose branches he had sported often, he gave rein to his hitherto pent up feelings.

He weighed the chances of his return, and the probabilities of his meeting again, her, to whom he owed his existence. He reflected upon the mutability of all human affairs, and the casualties to which all are exposed, and which perchance might prevent his return. He felt, and rightly, that that day was a new era in his existence, and was destined to have an important bearing upon his future career.

The sun shone pleasantly down upon the youth now

commencing his earthly wanderings, as if it would fain dry up his tears and gladden the dark spot in his bosom ; but a dense cloud came between, and his heart was heavier than before.

Thus flit by turns, the sunshine and the cloud, athwart life's tortuous path.

CHAPTER II.

In which my hero becomes acquainted with the world.

It is the hour when from the boughs,
The nightingale's high notes are heard ;
It is the hour when lovers vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word.

BYRON.

It was a mild May evening. The flowers that were busting from the chill embraces of winter were already drinking the night-dews. The trees were putting forth their leaves, and there were traces everywhere of the living season.

Thus the hour and those the circumstances while a youth of fifteen was plodding on towards Portland. He carried a small bundle in his hand, and though of athletic frame gave signs of weariness as he walked.

He climbed hills which seemed to lengthen as he went—he trudged across valleys that mocked his efforts, he toiled through woods that appeared interminable—he passed meadows and farm houses, the husbandman and the well mounted traveller.

Every place was new to him, and all faces he looked upon strange. It was the third day of his journey, and he was tired and dispirited. It was his first hardship, and he resolved to bear it manfully. He seated himself by the roadside at a short distance from a neat looking cottage, to rest his weary frame. From a person whom he had

met, he learned that it was several miles to an Inn, and feeling himself too much fatigued to go farther, resolved to throw himself upon the hospitality of the cottagers beyond; but he knew there was no eye there to "mark his coming and look brighter when he came," and that knowledge was far from pleasing.

He reflected upon the comforts which surrounded the home he was leaving, then of his present friendless, and lonely condition, and as he dwelt thereon, a feeling of despondency came stealing upon him, which required all his resolution to shake off. From the past and the present, he turned to the future, and to him it was full of hope and joy. He drew a thousand pictures of happiness, and tasted a thousand pleasures. He twined for himself a glorious fame-wreath; and it had no thorns to lacerate his brow.

A bright panorama was before him, and as he gazed thereon with rapture, and drank in its beauties, a soft and bewildering slumber came upon him. How long he slept he knew not, but he was aroused by a silvery voice at his elbow. He turned his dreamy eyes as doubting whether his pleasant dreams were yet over, when they fell upon an object that effectually aroused him. It was a girl of about ten or eleven years, with the sweetest expression in the world upon her young face. Rich auburn tresses of hair flowed without restraint upon her neck and shoulders, while eyes of unusual gentleness beamed from beneath delicately fringed lids. A winning simplicity wreathed itself upon her ruddy lips, and lent a charm to each youthful feature. Her dress was simple and becoming, and Harvard thought as he gazed upon her he had never seen a prettier little figure. My hero was half willing to believe he was contemplating some heavenly visitant, sent to comfort and bless him—so ready is the human mind to grasp at shadows and nurse unprobabilities.

Whatever might have been the nature of his reflections, he was not left long in doubt in relation to her beside him.

"It is late, sir," she said in a timid voice. "Had you not better seek shelter for the night? My father's house is but a short distance from this."

"Thank you Miss," replied Harvard, grateful for the invitation thus delicately given. Glad to avail himself of the circumstance, he walked towards the cottage invoking blessings upon his lovely conductor.

He was made welcome by the parents of the little girl, and that night he dreamed of angels and little misses with wings; but in every vagary of sleep he saw the face and features of his new acquaintance—Imogene. Years from that night passed on, and that little figure was not forgotten.

He associated her with all that was good and gentle, and he told many a damsel who did him a kindness, that they resembled Imogene. Whether they were flattered by this, I know not; and I am not able to say that they had ever even heard of Imogene. How slight a circumstance shapes out the course of a whole existence, and exerts an influence through life. The youthful heart is like wax ere it is cooled—takes easily an impression—retains it long. I have alluded to this incident because it has a connection with other events to be recorded in this veritable history.

Harvard mingled with the world, and proved a quick student in its great school. To a liberal intellect was joined a degree of shrewdness rarely equalled, and an energy of character no difficulties could effectually subdue.

Here truth compels me to enlighten the reader in regard to the calling of my hero, which was not so romantic in its details as an inveterate novel reader may have antici-

pated. He did not choose the profession of the law to set honest people "by the ears," read Blackstone, dabble in politics, make pleas and stump speeches; he did not take to physic to give calomel and jalap, make brown bread pills, frighten nervous old ladies with hard words, look wise and mysterious and fatten on the misfortunes of his fellows.

He did not even rush into the ministry to exhort "poor sinners," save souls, sing through his nose and look melancholy, with other interesting performances belonging thereto. What is more astonishing he did not go to lecturing on "animal magnetism," to look decent people out of countenance, make awful passes at young ladies, send clairvoyants into the middle of next week, as well as down into christian people's stomachs, see out the hinder part of their heads, &c. He did nothing of the sort. He became a—a merchant—a wandering merchant,—mounted a box, cracked his whip, and whistled "God save America," and traded with old ladies, many of whom, no doubt, heartily wished him at their antipodes or a hotter vicinity. I am aware, dear reader that I have made the above revelation, to the great detriment of the romance of the whole performance, which mayhaps will be a great sufferer thereby, but the collateral of the case required it.

I wished also to make a hero out of the usual course, consequently a more real one than is often found in works of fiction, among which this must not be classed. Here let me remark for the benefit of those individuals who have educational prejudices, that it matters little what a man's avocation may be providing he bears an honest heart in his bosom, and has sterling principles. How important that this should be remembered by all during the journey of life, that they may deal gently with all, and unkindly with none,

Speak softly to him who toils by you with a heavy burden upon his shoulders, for his heart may be heavier; reproach not him who importunes you to buy—'tis an honest calling, and he may have need; but beware of "great reformers," "Indian doctors," "prodigies" and he who promises wonders.

A man mounted upon a wagon loaded with merchandise, whistling "Yankee-doodle"—the man not the merchandise, mind you—will not be likely to do you an irreparable wrong, although like "Joey Bagstock," in "Dombe," he may be "dev-lishly sly."

CHAPTER III.

Wherein is developed something of human nature.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far.

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please :

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie ; it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun :—

But sun it is not, when you say it is not ;

And the moon changes, even in your mind.

What you will have it named, even that it is ;

And so it shall be so, for Katharine.

Taming of the Shrew.

My hero whistled himself up the Connecticut and down the Merrimack—watered his horse at the ———, cracked his whip at the ———, sang “God save America” at Charlestown, and cheated old ladies woefully at Roxbury. He was a Methodist at Wesleytown, talked of “sins of omission and commission,” “christian perfections and sanctification”—sold a good sister a tin teapot for fifty cents.

At Morry-place, he was a promising Universalist ; spoke eloquently of “infinite love,” “final restoration,” the absurdities of the orthodox, and the many unfortunates who had been driven to suicide through a belief in endless misery—sold a happy believer of the soft sex a ladle, which

she did not want—for the astonishingly low price of two shillings.

At Calvin-lane he was a confirmed Calvinist—alluded in a feeling manner to the “election by grace,” “the mystery of Godliness,” “infant damnation” and the unpardonable wickedness of those who were not of the elect, simply because their heavenly Father deemed it for his glory to damn them—sold a superannuated old sister a shell comb, made of horn, which would last a hundred years, for only one dollar ; which was cheap, considering that the buyer could not, in all human probability, live through the winter.

At Tom-Painville he was a flaming Infidel—extolled the “age of reason and common sense,” sneered at the Bible, marvelled exceedingly at the credulity of christians, and indulged in sundry interesting speculations in regard to the fate of all religious systems—after which he sold a strong minded, free thinking woman a “yankee baker” for three dollars, who bought it merely to encourage an honest man who dared to shake off the shackles of priesthood, and think for himself.

And this, reader, is the world and what is termed “human nature.” As you perceive, I have gotten my hero well initiated into its windings and mysteries. The boy that left his home with “high impulses” and an honest heart, has lost his rustic simplicity and his better nature.

Thus it is in the majority of cases ; but it is not portrayed thus in works of fiction, which in most every instance, where they have any foundation in truth, would possess a greater interest, and certainly be productive of more good if they followed in the rough, thorny path of every-day life. All have their mortal failings in real life, and so should they in the creations of fancy.

Harvard S., in his travels through Massachusetts and

the neighboring States, met with various successes and many amusing adventures which I will not stop to record. Verily he learned his vocation, and being learned, was well learned. For the especial benefit of my hundred thousand readers, I give the following illustration of the "way of trade." My hero in his blandest and most civil manner accosts a middle aged lady as he rides leisurely through a little village.

"Can you tell me, madam, how far it is to W——?"

"Four miles, sir."

"Thank you. Is it a direct road there?"

"You take your left on leaving the village." (A pause.)

"A fine day, madam."

"Quite, sir."

"I understand it is quite sickly in this vicinity."

"It is, sir, very. Mr. —— died yesterday."

"What! you don't say Mr. —— is dead!" (with great earnestness.)

"Yes, poor man, he died yesterday about ten o'clock. Did you know him, sir?"

"I was well acquainted with his father, and a fine man he was. (Sentimentally,)—well, we must all die—'tis the common lot!"

"Yes sir; death has come into the——"

"Exactly, my good woman; the passage is very appropriate. Allow me to repeat. "Sin came into the world, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men in that all have sinned." I am not sure that I have quoted it correctly, but it is something like that." (Without pausing to take breath,) "what meeting house is that on the hill?"

"That is the Methodist house, sir."

"Is the society large?"

"Not very, sir; but there are a few names of us who have not bowed the knee to Baal or offered sacrifices to Moloch."

"I am rejoiced to hear it sister, for I perceive that thou art one of the chosen few, who strengthen not the hands of the evil doers, and whose God is the Lord."

"I trust I am, sir—that I have been plucked as a brand from the burning—that I have had my feet taken from an horrible pit of mire and clay, and a new song put into my mouth, which no man can harm."

"Verily," (with a nasal twang) "the Lord has done wonderful things for thee, whereby he will greatly magnify his name in this place."

"I hope so, sir. I live here—will you call and partake of our cheer?"

"Verily, I will, for I perceive the hour of noon approacheth, and the 'outer man' needs strengthening; and my poor beast also, must be cared for. A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

But why need I dilate. The horse is taken out and dines upon the best, and the master betows such attention upon the "outer man" as adds materially to its weight, and something to his frontal rotundity, while the good lady is so much edified and strengthened in her "inner man," that she purchases "tin whistles, Jew's harps, pine hams, wooden nutmegs," together with damaged pieces of calico, and a half dozen other things which she might never want, or could not use if she should. When this delicate operation is gone through with, my hero mounts nimbly his wagon, whistles his favorite air of "God save America," cracks his whip most musically and rattles away—Yankee bakers, warming pans, Jew's harps, and all.

Meanwhile, when the husband returns, the benevolent lady produces the articles which, to use her own words, she has bought of a "nice pious young man" at a rate surprisingly cheap, although she does not need them at

present. Instead of a smile of approbation from her other and stronger half, she encounters a most icy frown, and has the pleasure of hearing her acuteness called in question, together with sundry unique and not endearing epithets.

All her efforts to convince him that she has traded with an individual who was the very pink and pattern of piety, and had done a clever thing, fails, and finally she is more than half convinced that she has been taken "by guile."

Oh! ye fair but too credulous ones, be guarded in your acts in the absence of your lawful lords—beware of false prophets, mesmerisers and travelling merchants—be not too charitable lest ye be "gulled." Sin has come into the world, and so have pedlers and Indian doctors. Eschew evil and mountebanks.

CHAPTER IV.

Wherein he does a foolish thing, for which he is sorry.

"There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also."

KING HENRY, IV.

My next scene is in New York. The shadows of night were heavy upon the great city. It was eight o'clock. A man of about twenty-seven, with dark hair and eyes, was pacing leisurely in front of one of those gambling hells which may be found in every city. He was well dressed, and carried the air of a gentleman, although his expression had an inkling of shyness and cunning not altogether pleasing to the close observer or connoisseur of character.

He had walked but a short time before he was joined by an individual about his own age, though differing widely from him in deportment and person. His complexion was florid, his figure of large proportions, and his manners blunt. He familiarly saluted him to whom the attention of the reader has already been directed.

"Well, Miller, what success; any of the *dust*, old fellow?"

"Not a red cent; broke all to the d—l. I was just thinking about hanging myself, or shaking off the mortal coil in some way."

"You concluded, finally, did you, that hanging would be the most agreeable method?"

"No, not fully; I sometimes imagined that a flying leap into the dock, or a shooting tube with a bit of lead might be preferable."

"Your speculations on the subject must have been very interesting?"

"Not to me, certainly."

"Well, man, cheer up; we will try our luck once more at the "Farro bank," and think about drowning ourselves afterwards. What say you to that *mon bon amie*?"

"You are mad, sir, to talk thus to me. How in the name of common sense shall I play without money?"

"I will tell you, Isaac. You shall go in quest of a "sucker," a countryman with his pockets full of 'change.' When found, moisten him with good brandy or Jamaica, then entice him to play. I will lend you the "tin" to begin with, and together we will "clean him out." The consequence will be, that he will hang himself and you will conclude to live awhile longer. Speak, old friend; how like you my proposal?"

"It is excellent, and I will hasten to fulfill my part of the business. I have a person in my eye that will suit our purpose well. He came to the city to-day, with his pockets full of bank notes. He is a 'yankee pedler,' and not so verdant as he might be. The great difficulty lies in getting him to play, which he never will do while completely sober. If I can by any manner of means get him to drink freely, I am sure of him; and then for the dollars. He has an eye like a tiger, and limbs like a Highlander. Be careful that you provoke him not. And now I am away—meet me here at nine o'clock. For the present *au revoir*."

I now return to Harvard S. His term of service hav-

ing expired, he left his employer at Portland, and engaged with a Company at Catskill, to sell India rubber table covers, then a new article of traffic. Now said covers would last, if we may credit the assertions of the seller, according to the nicest calculation, one hundred years—save more than cost in three months in the article of soap alone; as wonderful to tell, they never require washing. This, truly, was an important desideratum, and the benefits resulting therefrom, were eagerly seized upon by the ladies. All must have a table cover, that promised to save so much soap, water and labor.

They cost the remarkable sum of twenty-nine cents, and sold for the marvelously low price of two dollars and a half. This, all things considered, was a handsome profit, and the fair purchasers, I fear, will call our inimitable hero some hard names when they learn how dearly they paid "for the whistle." I beg of them however, to be as temperate as may be in their animadversions, as he has long ago repented of his "wickedness," and now wishes to sell them a book to repair all, and apprise them—consoling thought—how much they have been, to use a scriptural phrase, "taken in."

With one hundred dollars in his possession, and a wagon full of the above mentioned table covers, Harvard reached New York. He knew but little of cities or of the vices of which they are naturally the receptacle. Upon the evening succeeding his arrival he was accosted by a person of good address, who seemed desirous of conversation.

Harvard was an inveterate talker, and never neglected an opportunity to indulge in his loquacious powers. Talking was a part of his business. The stranger, in the most civil manner in the world, invited him to drink. In an evil moment he complied, although the warning words of

his father rang in his ears when he carried the glass to his lips; and he felt that he had done wrong when he left the bar.

Miller—as of course the reader will recognize him—was uncommonly courteous, and made rapid advances in cultivating the acquaintance of my hero.

“Have you been long in the city?” anxiously and kindly inquired the stranger.

“Came in to-day, sir.”

“Then you are a stranger here?”

“Entirely, sir!”

“Are you, indeed. I shall be happy to show you the curiosities of the place, my young friend, on the morrow, providing some other individual has not volunteered to do you that service.”

“Thank you, I shall avail myself of your kind offer.”

“There is much here which is worth seeing, that would be likely to escape your observation without a conductor.”

“No doubt you are correct.”

“Many visit the city and return to their homes, nothing wiser than when they left.”

“That is the case with many travellers, I fear.”

“Great numbers, unquestionably; but sir, this shall not be the case with you. I have lived in the city from a boy and am conversant with every part of it. Try some more of this brandy, my young friend—your health.” (Drinking.)

Harvard was gradually thrown off his guard, while the meshes of villainy were skillfully woven about him.—The voice which had rung in his ear soon ceased to be heard. He became heated with strong drink, and the dupe of the designing black-leg, who had adroitly insinuated himself into his confidence. The accursed poison that has

destroyed so many, and burned out so many hearts, diffused itself through his system—maddened his brain.

He followed the tempter—he played and lost, and again partook of the liquid that lures to hell and steepens the soul in perdition. Curses formed themselves upon lips unused to profanity, the name of God came impiously from tongues polluted with alcohol. The sound of unearthly merriment rang out upon the chill night air from that gambling hell, and the honest pedestrian shuddered and hastened on as he heard the sound thereof.

The earnings of many weeks were being squandered,—filched away by those libels on humanity, known as scoundrels, but presume to call themselves men.

Harvard's stakes were quickly swept away, and he madly renewed them, until the money belonging to his employer—one hundred dollars—was gone. In one hour more the goods intrusted to his care, together with his wagon and horse, had shared the same fate, and he found himself little better than a beggar, in a strange city, far from friends and home.

With the worm of remorse gnawing at his heart, he staggered to his lodgings. He threw himself upon his bed, and cursed bitterly his folly, while the words of the old man, his father, *beware of the gaming table and the bowl*, rung unceasingly in his ears.

He turned from side to side, in vain endeavors to compose his thoughts to sleep, he paced the floor, he threw up the window and inhaled the fresh air, and yet no drowsiness came to his burning lids.

Reflections too painful for utterance, were teeming, tumultuously, through his brain. How should he meet his employer? how could he tell him the humiliating truth, that he had squandered his money, and proved unworthy of his trust. How should he pay his bill at the

hotel, where he was even then tarrying? Maddened with these thoughts, he rushed from his sleeping room into the street, not caring whither he went, could he but escape from himself.

Alas! it is hard to fly from the stings of conscience.

The streets were nearly deserted, and he wandered, or rather ran, up Broadway as if his only hope lay in that direction. He passed the merchant leaving his counting room, the mechanic weary from his shop, the man of pleasure from the theatre, the daughter of sin upon the pave, and all paused to look at him as he rushed onward, and note his disordered manner.

But he heeded them not; he was running from himself, and going he knew not, recked not, where. The cool night air fanned his temples, but refreshed him not—brought no hope to his heart. He was arrested by a police-man.

"Stop, my friend, you are in a hurry; a night's rest in the Tombs will do you good."

The quick intellect of Harvard saved him from a dilemma.

"Where does Dr. — live?" he asked, without heeding the words of the night guardian.

"At No. —, on the left," replied the police-man, changing his air at once, when he learned the nature—as he believed—of the case.

Our hero passed on without interruption. In a few moments he stood in front of that heap of stone-work, known as the Tombs, and but too well known as a prison to many unfortunates. He gazed mournfully upon it, and half wished that he had suffered himself to have been taken there by the police-man. Those living graves would hide his shame, and give—though poor indeed—a shelter to his head, and a rude resting place to his limbs. Then

the thought recurred to him, and there was much of bitterness therein, that there was nought there to "minister to a mind diseased," or hush to quietness "the thick coming fancies" that crazed him.

Without any object in view, than that which had already guided his foot-steps, he turned down Chatham street and found himself at the "Five Points," the concentration of all that is vile, where vice and prostitution stalk abroad without one redeeming blush, and filth and degradation hold their unsightly revels.

He met faces bloated with dissipation, or made disgusting by disease; the wanton and her victim, the poor Ethiopian and the child of Erin, and all were steeped in sin more deeply than himself, though they betrayed no remorse. The frequent indulgence of the passions, and the repetition of crime had hardened all within.

Doubtless upon the occasion of the first offence, their regret was most poignant and sincere; upon the second it was less so; upon the third, it sent forth scarcely a whisper of remonstrance; the fourth, perhaps, finished the wreck of a human soul. Harvard shuddered as he looked upon them and deemed that he was in the path that wound darkly downward after them, through the murky labyrinth of iniquity, to end finally in the perdition of human hope. He communed with himself:—

"My first step in that descending scale is already taken—my first great act of folly committed;—henceforth my destiny is down! downward!!" '*Beware of the gaming table and the bowl,*' echoed the voice of the old man in his ear, and Harvard hastened on to escape from the voice.

"Fool that I was, to be thus entangled in the foils of a villain, and stripped of all. But the cursed beverage had mounted to my brain, and overthrown my better judgment.

I will drink no more, and when next I gamble, may I be even as *now*.

At that moment, his ears were saluted with a shriek of distress, which seemed to issue from a dilapidated dwelling—if dwelling it may be called—on his left. Obeying the generous impulse of the moment, he was quickly at the door. He listened—all was silent. He was about turning away when the same cry again fell upon his ear, but sharper and more expressive of fear than before.

He threw himself against the door with all his strength. It yielded to the shock, and he rushed into the room too wretched to describe, and found a young girl struggling violently with a brutal looking man of three times her years, who seemed bent upon her ruin. To seize the rascal by the neck, with a vigor that caused him to utter a cry of pain, to administer several "punishers," and thrust him into the street, was the work of a moment.

He turned to the young person to whom his coming had been so opportune. With a cry of joy and recognition, she rushed toward him and grasped his hand. St. Paul! it was Imogene—the identical Imogene who had appeared to him by the road-side, and been with him ever since, in dreams—the Imogene of whom he had thought and talked, and whom he had loved.

The joy of meeting her, however, soon gave place to another feeling; a feeling of dread. Why was she there in a place so disreputable at that hour? The answer to these queries he feared to hear, and yet he would barter all his future prospects to know.

"Imogene, as I hope for heaven!" he exclaimed, as he grasped her trembling hand.

"Harvard," was the only response, as the poor girl fell sobbing into his arms.

He led her into the open air; awaited for her to recov-

er herself, anxious to assist one who had occupied so many of his thoughts, and to unravel the mystery of the strange incident.

"Accompany me to — street," she said hurriedly, when she had regained, in some measure, her composure. "Ask me no questions to-night, but meet me at No. —, — street, and I will tell you all."

With his bosom filled with emotions which he could scarcely analyze, he walked with her in silence towards the place specified. He had found her he loved—but of whose residence of late years, he had been unable to learn aught—under circumstances the most suspicious and mysterious. They were soon at the place designated by Imogene—before he had time to collect his scattered ideas or attempt a solution of what pained and puzzled him.

"Think gently of me, Harvard," she said in a soft, pensive voice, as she stood upon the threshold of a dwelling of respectable appearance, "the mystery which hangs over the occurrences of to-night shall be explained to your satisfaction. Accept my warmest thanks for your timely interference, and my dearest wishes for your happiness. Meet me here to-morrow, if you regard me with feelings akin to friendship."

She reached out her hand to Harvard, and he felt the little fingers tremble in his palm.

"God help you Imogene."

As she turned from him, she dropped a glove that might fit the tiny fingers of a fairy. Harvard quickly recovered it, and was about restoring it, when she bade him keep it.

"'Tis yours 'till we meet again, and all within," The next moment, and her *petit* figure had vanished, while my hero stood gazing as doubting the reality of what he saw at the door which had hidden her from his sight.

How long he would have stood in the street, I have no

means of knowing, had he not been accosted by a watchman.

"Have you any abiding place in the city, sir?"

"No, sir; nor *out* of the city," replied Harvard fiercely.

"A vagrant, then?"

"Just as it suits you, sir," again retorted our subject, in a voice anything but musical.

"Then you must go with me," continued the watchman, laying his hand upon his shoulder.

A few minutes before, Harvard might, perhaps, have gone unresistingly, with the officer of the night; but since he had seen Imogene, hope had, in some sort, revived in his breast, and he resolved to free himself from so unpleasant a companion in a less amicable way than on a previous occasion.

With an unexpected adroitness, he tripped up the heels of the night guardian, and put his own in rapid motion, leaving him at full length upon the pavement. He did not pause until beyond pursuit.

CHAPTER V.

Wherein much interesting matter is revealed to the reader.

"Shall I tell you a lie? I do so despise a liar, as I do despise one that is false; or, as I despise one that is not true."

Merry wives of Windsor.

* * * * *
Escal. I am sorry one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angels, have still appeared,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
A lack of tempered judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure:
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it."

Measure for Measure.

HE wandered to the Park, and seated himself near the Fountain, which flashed and sparkled pleasantly in the mellowed moon-light. All was silent there, and the stars looked quietly down upon the scene, as if to soothe to quietness the conflicting jarring elements at work in his bosom. It wanted several hours of day, and he had ample time for reflection. What should he do? Where should he go? were questions which he asked, but found himself unable to answer. Should he return to his employer, or should he not? Should he deal truly with him providing he did return, or should he glaze over the matter with a falsehood?

Upon mature reflection, he resolved to take a just and

honorable course,—to go to his employer and tell him the plain, unvarnished truth, though he choked with mortification. When he had arranged, mentally, this matter, he felt calmer, and his blood flowed less tumultuously.

The form of a young girl came gently between him and the source of his bitterness, and suffering his vision to rest upon her, he half forgot his own friendless and helpless condition. His recent rencontre, and unexpected meeting with her, appeared more like the wild vagaries of a dream than a real incident.

He dwelt thereupon in every light, but could not satisfactorily account for meeting Imogene in so disreputable a place. Still he framed a thousand excuses for her being there, and tried to persuade himself that she was not guilty of any breach of impropriety. While speculating upon this interesting subject, he gradually lost consciousness of all in sleep.

Oh, sleep! "tired nature's sweet restorer," thou art a skillful physician, and stillest and soothest the o'er wrought brain more effectually than balm or medicament.

When Harvard awoke it was broad day-light, and the city sent forth its "hum" and bustle. The incidents of the preceding night passed in painful review before him, and there was but one bright spot in the events of the night, and that was his timely meeting with Imogene.—With the events of the last few hours, came the recollection of the glove; and he took it from his vest pocket where he had carefully deposited it. It will not be out of place, to remark here, that such things are always most carefully kept by all true lovers. I will not affirm that my subject actually kissed the glove, but *will* say that he gazed upon it long and fondly. It was the only memento he had of her he loved.

The reader, if of the stronger sex and gallant, would

have done the same. As he held it in his palm, he imagined he felt something within, and upon examination, discovered a paper rolled up in one of the fingers. What was his astonishment upon finding it to be a bank note of five dollars? Then he recollected her words:—" 'Tis yours 'till we meet again, and all within."

"Kind, generous girl," cried Harvard; "with one like thee for a companion, how smoothly and sweetly should I float down the current of life. No rude winds should threaten my safety; no storms arise to wreck my happiness. Alas! I cherish a delusive hope. Imogene and happiness may never be mine."

Leaving the Park, he wandered about the city until nine o'clock, and then sought the No. and street where he had left Imogene. He rang, and no one came. He repeated the operation again and again with no better success. Astonished and mortified, he was about turning away, when his attention was taken by a nicely folded note lying upon the step. His heart fluttered strangely when he discovered his own name written in a handsome hand, upon the outside. With some trepidation, he opened the little missive, and read thus:—

DEAR FRIEND:—Circumstances, over which I have no control, again drive us asunder, deprive *me* of the pleasure of meeting you again, and *you* of the promised explanation. I have not time to tell you *why* I am compelled to forgo the happiness of the meeting proposed, nor the grief I feel in leaving you thus abruptly, with so much mystery hanging about my appearance and disappearance.

Suffice it to say, that the merest accident threw me into the power of the ruffian from whose brutality you so opportunely rescued me. Keep the glove as a small memento of Imogene, together with the note therein. If you would hear of me again, inquire here, for Imogene, as often as you visit the city.

IMOGENE.

"Mystery indeed," thought Harvard, as he put the singular note in his pocket. "Is it that my life is henceforth

to be crowded with mystery and incident. I am scarcely out of one adventure before I am engaged in another. A villain robs me of my money, and a young girl and almost a stranger, shares her purse with me. One takes from me, and another restores. It is a strange world, and I scarcely know whether to look upon it as a great farce or reality; but the events of the last twelve hours have been of too serious a nature to believe the former, although some of them are too whimsical for me to be a staunch believer in the latter."

His disappointment at not meeting with Imogene, was deep, for he had thought of but little else since the last night. At first, with all the extravagance of a lover, he resolved to seek her, all over the world—to carry his search into the most impossible and improbable places—and to prosecute it with the most unheard of zeal. But such thoughts gradually yielded to the voice of reason.

First, he knew not where to look for her; secondly, he had not the means of traveling, as he should be obliged to do; in such a case; thirdly, he might be going directly from his object. So, instead of starting off on such a Quixotic mission, like a sensible hero, as he is, went to his hotel, ate his breakfast with a tolerable appetite, paid his bill, and with a cane in his hand set out for Catskill, consoling himself with the idea that "honesty was the best policy;" also, that he should be as likely to meet with Imogene while pursuing his avocation as a wandering merchant as in the afore mentioned way.

I opine that the reader must concur with me in the opinion that he took the most philosophical course. To hunt for an eccentric young lady who goes off like a shooting star, or appears like a comet, is a hopeless piece of business, requiring more ardor than discretion. By the aid of the money he had so providentially received, he at length com-

pleted his journey, and stood before his employer, at Catskill.

"Well, Harvard, you have returned?" he said, as our hero presented himself.

"Yes, sir, I have returned—returned to tell you that I have proved unworthy of your confidence—that I have squandered your goods, and thrown away your money."

"Explain, sir," continued his employer, mildly.

"I have gambled, sir, and lost one hundred dollars of your money, together with the remaining goods, and my horse and wagon. All gone, sir, all; and I return to you penniless, and what is worse, with the consciousness that I have wronged one who has been kind to me. This reflection is the most humiliating of all:—I have betrayed my trust."

"This is bad, Harvard, very bad. I do not speak solely in reference to my loss, but to the habit which I fear will hereafter enslave you—that of gambling. But, Harvard, you have done well for me hitherto, and I will again trust you upon one condition. Promise me that you will never gamble."

Harvard paused, and after a moments reflection, replied,

"I will go, sir, because it may furnish me the means of repaying you."

"Think not of that, young man, I will not receive a cent from you. All I require of you is, to "beware of the gaming table and the bowl."

"My father's words, sir, upon leaving the home of my childhood, and in the future, I will make an effort to profit thereby."

With a proper outfit, Harvard again commenced his wanderings, or rather, continued them. The good people of Staten Island were now induced, by his persuasive eloquence, to purchase India rubber table covers, but wheth-

er they saved more than cost, in the article of soap, is what I have never been able to learn.

During this excursion, my subject adhered faithfully to his promise, neither indulged in strong drinks, for which recently he had felt an increasing appetite, or played games of chance. He daily felt his good resolutions growing stronger, while thoughts of Imogene nursed the visions of hope that had hitherto been waning in his breast.

After a tour that was uncommonly successful, he returned to his employer, and in a few days was off again, upon similar business.

CHAPTER VI.

In which my hero profits but little by former experience.

The world which you figure to yourself smooth, and quiet as a lake in the valley, you will find a sea foaming with tempests and boiling with whirlpools: you will be sometimes overwhelmed by the waves of violence, and sometimes dashed against the rocks of treachery.

JOHNSON.

TIME passed on,—time which heals all wounds, and cures all sickness—which hurries us into the world, and hurries us out. Harvard recovered his cheerfulness. The spirit which had bent like the reed, when the storm sweeps over the earth, sprung back to its uprightness when it had passed.

The youthful mind retains not long the memory of its misfortunes, and in some respects it is better thus. If the heart pondered continually upon its sorrows, there would be time for little else, and a sad countenance would be produced. Our memory is not as our vices—the first may leave us—the second clings to us forever.

If a man tells you his memory begins to fail, you may believe him; but if he assures you that his vices have also gone, you may write him a hypocrite or a fool.—Which of the two horns of the dilemma are the worst, I leave the reader to judge.

Human nature is human nature, after all; and men differ but little save in shrewdness. One individual to

whom nature has meted out a stinted capacity, brands him who is more liberally endowed, as a knave, because, forsooth, he has done a more clever thing than the former found himself able to perform; no matter whether it be in selling India rubber table covers or half a continent, the same principle is developed.

What is true in small matters, is true also in large.—The man who makes a speech in Congress, or even in the pulpit, may perpetrate as gross a falsehood as the merchant behind his counter, or the pedler upon his box, when he assures his client that he is "selling at cost" and takes two hundred per cent. above.

After easing my conscience in relation to these matters, I proceed.

It is known that professed gamblers are usually found in clubs, mutually sworn to each other's interest. Sometimes they are composed of lawyers, who get no briefs; doctors, who have no practice; broken down politicians, spend-thrift young gentlemen, those who are too lazy to work, and rascals in general.

Some of these vermin are constantly upon the alert to corrupt the unwary, and free them of their money, which is a responsibility they commonly discharge much to their own satisfaction. They may be seen—these feeders upon kind—at the corners of the principal street, at hotels, cellars, restaurants, and all public places and gatherings, ready to pounce upon their victim.

How many of the young and inexperienced have thus been taken in their foils, ruined and driven to despair? Who shall answer? Let the strong arm of the law put an end to such villainous practices, and treat the participators therein—if not with a "strong cord and short shrift"—as it would pickpockets and thieves in general.

Far more honorable and respectable is he, who takes to

the highway, and with his shooting tube levelled directly at your head, bids you "stand and deliver." This method has something of manliness, and you part with your cash with less reluctance; but this low, sneaking rascality which not only filches your purse, but your "good name," is past endurance.

It is bad enough, in all decency, for you to lose your money; but to be learned a vice and lose your reputation, all at the same time, is still worse. If forgery is punishable by the State's prison, let the professed gambler be hanged; or, if the practice must needs be perpetuated, let our legislators grant licences to steal, to certain persons, at certain times.

Now there was, in the fair city of New York, at the date whereof I am writing, a club of four persons, who were associated together for the purpose of better carrying forward their respectable business, which consisted of "coming the possum"—to speak classically—over all the unsuspecting, by means of cards, dice, props, billiards, the wheel of fortune, or ten pins.

These excellent individuals were not slack in the vocation whereunto the devil had called them, but were exceedingly assiduous therein. No countryman was suffered to escape who could be caught by their arts.

One of the quartette might have been, in his sunniest days, a traveling "animal magnetiser," or a quack doctor—had a nose like a red potatoe—a mouth like a rent in the wall—eyes, that expressed everything but honesty, most eloquently—stood about five feet six, which, considering his expanded abilities, was quite modest.

The second of the party, might, in the months of his prosperity, have been an itinerant "New-light," or a third rate actor—wore a suit of black, which very possibly was second handed—had a pale, cadaverous look—a contemp-

tible snub nasal organ—a mouth that reminded one of something they could't think of, long ears, low forehead and sore eyes.

The "third person, singular," of this remarkable association, was large and portly, and had, in all human probability, "in days past," whose memory still lingered to haunt him, lived with a rich uncle "who fared sumptuously every day," for he was high in flesh, and the weight thereof was exceedingly onerous. His face was smooth and "shiny" as the surface of a glass bottle when glass bottles are most glossy, and in the middle thereof arose a Roman nose of colossal size, while just below was that yawning abyss, which his friends charitably call his mouth; and above, a tolerably good forehead, and eyes expressive of indolence.

The fourth, and last of the club, was a genteel figure, a very good address, and had probably been a dentist, and founded a reputation in some country village, upon filling teeth with an extraordinary amalgam of quick-silver and lead, which reputation finally obliged him to leave. His features were sly and insinuating, and on the whole, far from displeasing. He was the "decoy bird" of the flock.

Imagine these four worthies, seated in a low drinking house, on Church street, not much inferior to "Almacks," with a goodly array of decanters and glasses before them. They are making themselves glorious over the juice of the potatoe.

Here I might indulge in various interesting reflections in regard to the uses and abuses of the potatoe, but will let the reader off by merely remarking, that it is never so ill used as when made into whiskey. However, I will wish the whiskey makers nothing worse than the happiness of being strangled in the blessed beverage which they distill.

After the bottle had circulated freely, and the reckoning was called for, the respectable gentlemen were unanimous in the opinion that their funds were getting low. No one could dispute the justness of their conclusion, who had looked into the condition of their finances.

"We must turn a pocket," said he of the Roman nose, figuratively.

"And take out the *lining*," said he of the eye sinister, following up the metaphor.

"Something must be done," pursued he of the long ears and sore eyes.

"Exactly," responded he of the genteel figure.

"We need money," said No. one.

"We will get it," chimed No. two.

"And spend it," said three.

"Precisely," again responded four.

"Send out the decoy," again commenced one.

"Of course," followed up two.

"Find a sucker," suggested three.

"And pluck him," retorted four.

At this moment a well dressed and genteel looking young man passed by the open door of the drinking house.

"A subject," cried Roman nose.

"A countryman, I'll wager," exclaimed eyes sinister.

"He has the 'tin,' or I'm no judge of character," chimed long ears, prophetically.

"I'll after him," cried the 'decoy,' and rushed into the street.

The individual who had attracted so much attention, turned into Broadway, and passed down by the Astor House, whether he was followed by the decoy. In front of the Museum, he paused, and after a moments hesitation, turned and walked into the Park. Harvard—it was he—again approached the Fountain, beside which he had

passed a night so gloomily, and sat down upon the very seat he had then occupied.

He had been to inquire for Imogene, at the place where he had parted with her on his previous visit to the city, but had met with no better success than then. He had cherished some faint hopes of meeting her, and was disappointed at the result of his inquiries.

He indulged in various reflections, which were tinged with sadness, and also animadverted somewhat severely upon the eccentricities of the whole female race. Still his heart was not so heavy as on a former occasion, for his last tour had been more than successful, and he pleased himself with the idea of putting large profits into the hands of his employer, who, on every occasion, had shown him so much kindness.

While thus ruminating, his hand almost unconsciously sought his pocket, and drew therefrom a roll of bank notes. His countenance lighted up as he gazed thereon, and he anticipated the pleasure he should experience in giving it to its rightful owner. What a contrast between his condition now, and a few months ago, when he sat there, friendless and penniless, with the full consciousness of having done a disonorable act. But he could now meet his employer with an unclouded countenance and an approving conscience.

Wiping the moisture from his eye, he restored the money carefully to his pocket, and then his father's words came to his ear—beware of the gaming table and the bowl. So forcibly were they sent home to his mind that he started, and looked about him to learn if any one spoke. The power that admonishes us of evil was giving him a friendly intimation of coming events.

He was arising to go, when his attention was attracted

by a genteelly dressed person, who, apparently, was thoughtfully admiring the Fountain.

"Very fine water is this Croton, sir," said the stranger, turning courteously to Harvard.

"None better," he replied, in the same tone. "It is the chief attraction of the city."

"Exactly," continued the stranger, whom the reader will recognize as he whom we have hitherto designated as the "decoy." "Take away the Croton water-works, and the city loses half its beauty."

"And the citizens would also sustain an irreparable loss, inasmuch as they would be obliged to forgo the use of pure water."

"Precisely so. There is no beverage so healthy as pure water, although there may be some artificial preparations more agreeable to the palate."

"I am not sure that there is any beverage more agreeable than cold water, when one is really thirsty," replied Harvard with a smile.

"Pardon me, my friend—have you ever drank soda with raspberry syrup, in its best state of preparation?"

"Never, that I recollect. I have hitherto imagined that I should not like it—it is too much like saleratus. I was never fond of alkalies."

"Ah, my friend! you have deprived yourself of a great luxury. In a hot day like this, it is most delicious—more grateful even, than cold water."

"I am incredulous," replied Harvard.

"Oblige me, sir, by testing that delicious beverage."

With a smile, my hero consented, and with the stranger, walked leisurely towards a restaurant.

"They keep it here, sir," and turning to the bar:—"two glasses of soda, directly."

"What will you have in it?"

"The raspberry syrup—the best you have. You know how I like it."

A significant look passed between the decoy and bar keeper, but it was unnoticed by Harvard. They touched their glasses and drank. Fatal draught; better that it had never met his lips—better, far better, that he had never gazed upon that insinuating face, that was smiling upon him—better that he had never listened to his serpent tongue.

That draught mounted speedily to his brain, and set his thoughts on fire. Every object seemed swimming indistinctly before him, and he saw not that which was, or should be, but a confused blending of all. He abandoned himself to the guidance of the wily stranger, and drank at his suggestion. He led him, as if by accident, to a bowling alley.

"As much as I deprecate games of skill or chance, I must confess I love to look on and watch the chances of a game like this," said the decoy, piously.

But Harvard made but little response—he hardly comprehended his meaning.

"I am half tempted to set one of those balls in motion, myself," continued the tempter, musingly. "It seems an innocent recreation, after all."

He took up a ball, examined it with apparent curiosity, and then, in a clumsy manner, rolled it.

"Upon my word! I have knocked over one of those sticks there—what do you call them?—pins. It is amusing, truly. Here, my friend, take this ball and see if you can beat me."

Harvard took the ball, mechanically, and threw it.—Three of the pins fell.

"Bravo," cried his quandom friend. "You are more than a match for me. However, here goes again," and

another ball flew along the alley. "I perceive nothing very criminal in this sort of recreation. Let us, to give the matter a deeper interest, stake some trifling sum.

It was done. First, twelve and a half cents, and then twenty-five, were staked; and finally, fifty, and the "*interest*" of the game continued to increase. There were three individuals, standing a little aloof from the parties, attentively observing all, who winked significantly when occasion offered, at the 'decoy,' who winked back again in a patronising manner, equivalent to saying: "It takes me to do this sort of thing!"

One circumstance which might have appeared singular to a disinterested observer, was that Harvard had hitherto been, in every case, the winner. He of the Roman nose, now came forward, and, bowing politely to the parties, expressed a wish to participate in the "fun."

"My friend, here," replied the 'decoy' acting for the other party, is not acquainted with the game, and it is a question with me whether he will consent to your request; still he plays better than I, and I have no objections to your participating in our amusement, stipulating that the stakes shall be small."

The play went on. The stakes increased; also, the "interest!" Harvard lost, drank, then played again to win it back, and was still the loser. He left the bowling alley that night, with but two hundred dollars left of the five in his possession, in the morning.

He had drank deeply during the day, and previous to retiring he finished his day's work with a gill of brandy. Of course there followed after this operation a blank, which blank lasted 'till morning. He arose with a rack-ing pain in his head and a worse one in his conscience. To quench the fires of remorse, he threw off a glass of old

Jamaica, and in ten minutes after took another for the pain in his head.

After waiting thirty minutes, not feeling much improved by the operation, he "threw in" some brandy for his general health. In twenty-five minutes from the brandy, he "turned down" some gin because his conscience gave him a few random twitches, and shortly after took some "bitters" to give him an appetite for his breakfast. This was doctoring with a vengeance.

CHAPTER VII.

Wherein my hero becomes desperate.

Let me play the lion too: I will roar, that will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, *let him roar again, let him roar again.*

Midsummer night's dream.

THE little insect, known as the "miller," flies into the blazing candle and is burned, falls down, flutters a moment, repeats the operation and suffers more severely than before. Its experience makes it none the wiser.

A man plays, loses his money, reproaches himself, returns and loses more. The similarity of these two cases is striking. Harvard returned to the bowling alley where he had lost so much, in order to win it back. He found his acquaintance of the day before, awaiting him. Again they fell to and played with various successes, but Harvard was finally the winner, and went to his hotel that night with the three hundred in his pocket that he had lost the day previous. His potations during the day had been deep, and he had found but little time to reflect upon what he was doing, were he in a condition to do so.

He slept soundly that night, and got up with a severe headache and an *awful* thirst. Drank once, and thought he should leave off playing altogether; drank twice and believed it would not be wrong to play occasionally; drank three times, and really supposed there was nothing crimi-

nal in setting a 'ball' in motion, playing with painted bits of pasteboard, or little blocks of ivory, called dice, almost any time. Upon the fourth indulgence, he concluded he should play a little that very day—just enough to win a hundred or so, and then quit the business!

Oh! thou piece of flesh called "the heart," thou art a strange thing; "deceitful above all things," and I fear, "desperately wicked," as a better man than I affirmed of thee once upon a time. Much good flows from thee, and more of evil. Thou art full of whims, absurdities and regrets; thou art the seat of the liveliest pleasure and the keenest misery—and, finally, thou art—I know not what.

The reader may now look for my hero at the bowling alley, where he had for two successive days lost and won. Fortune has justly been called the "fickle goddess," for Harvard went reeling to his hotel that night without a single farthing in his possession. His employer's money, to the amount of five hundred dollars, was lavished away.

But he did not leave the scene of his losses without leaving some ugly marks upon the "mortal frames" of those, to use a sporting phrase, who had "plucked" him. Finding his money gone, the four worthies ordered him away, which mandate he was not in a mood to comply with.

A man of iron sinews who has just had five hundred dollars swindled from him, cannot certainly feel in a very pleasant humor, especially with those who have "done him." They essayed to enforce their commands; but upon this occasion, at least, they were mistaken. They had not weighed his "blood and brawn."

Quicker than I can write it, he dealt Roman nose a crushing blow upon the "sconce," who, falling upon the alley, made a remarkable "ten strike;" he administered long ears a "punisher" which sent him to enquire after

the fate of the first; he bestowed a terrible left-hander upon the "bread basket" of him of the sinister eyes, which left him tied in a hard knot; he planted a "slasher" upon the nasal organ of the decoy, accompanied with an astonishing kick in the rear, that caused him to throw several somersets and double somersets in the shortest space of time possible.

It was a thing to see and not to read of. If my hero cannot boast of having made a "ten strike," he has unquestionably made a *four* strike, and a remarkable kick. Number one recovered the use of his nether limbs after an awful pause, rubbed his skull and realized one's idea of a toad in surprise, if a simile wanting so much in classic beauty, can be swallowed by my readers. Two rolled himself up in his ears. Three quivered and gasped like a burning martyr, or a cod-fish in *articulus mortis*, while four did just nothing at all save "act the lion's part," which was to roar. An old stage manager who was passing at this crisis, remarked that the imitation was most felicitous, though far from musical.

That night Harvard drowned his bitter reflections in old Jamaica, but with the golden sunlight they came back with tenfold power. If his remorse had been keen upon a former occasion, it now drove him to the verge of despair; if he then wished for oblivion, he now as fervently desired death that the memory of his folly might perish forever.

It is true that his horse and carriage were left, but nothing wherewith to defray his charges at the hotel. Few who have not been in similar circumstances can imagine the suffering, the deep mental anguish and mortification consequent upon such a situation.

There are moments in life when the human mind, stung to intense agony, sickens at all below and wishes for rest in the last long sleep; and to Harvard, this was one of

them. This was the second time that he had betrayed the confidence so generously reposed in him; and once too, when others would have loaded him with reproaches. The kind and forgiving words of his employer, coupled with the prophetic warning of his father, were borne to him on the wings of memory and added to the torture of his bosom.

He would have flown to the bowl for relief, but he had not the means of doing so, and he wandered about like one bereft of reason. Amid this internal conflict, he thought of Imogene, and instinctively bent his footsteps to the place where he had parted with her. When opposite the dwelling, he was afraid to ring for fear he might meet her at the door, and she should read the history of his guilt upon his forehead. He felt unworthy to be gazed on by eyes so pure, and sadly turned away and faltered onward. He had gone but a short distance when he recognized the face of an old acquaintance. He would have turned aside to avoid him, but it was too late; before he could do so his friend had hailed him.

"Harvard, whither away so fast. Heave to or I shall sink you," cried the warm hearted sailor, in sea-faring parlance—"coming along side," and grasping his hand:—"why, old fellow, your rigging looks new and jaunty, but your figure-head looks devilishly bad."

"It feels bad, Ned," sighed Harvard.

"Ha! I see how it is—you have been on a lee shore, carried too much sail, strained your spars, and lost your ship stores."

"All gone by the board, Ned—nothing left."

"Not quite so bad as that; I hope."

"I tell you, Ned, I am ruined, completely ruined," replied Harvard in a hoarse voice; but farewell, old friend, I'll not trouble you with my losses or pain you with my

regrets. As for sympathy, I deserve none, and shall soon cease to feel the want of it. Beware of the gaming table and the bowl, Ned—my father's words—and let my fate be a warning. They lure to ruin, Ned; they bring a crushing agony upon the heart; they work despair; they end in perdition. Ned, dear Ned, don't let my sufferings move you, though

"I thank you for the generous tear,
This glazing eye could never shed."

I have a mother who has wept and prayed for me often, Ned—give her this miniature, and don't tell her, Ned, the fate of him she loved; it would break her old heart. Tell her I have gone to some distant country, Ned, and will return after the lapse of many years to gladden her old eyes—to bless her old age. Tell her it will be long, very long, Ned—that journey—and I shall be very happy in that far off land, and that her boy will think of her often, Ned. Tell her that it is a land of perpetual summer and sunshine, and there is no sorrow or sickness there. Don't forget, Ned, for mayhaps it will make her heart ache the less or dry up a tear, and that would make it easier for me in the last hour. As for you, Ned, I have nought to give you but my best wishes and one more grasp, thus—*thus*. Farewell; God bless you."

Wringing the hand of his friend, he rushed down Broadway, towards Castle Garden.

Hurt and astonished at the grief of his friend, the generous child of the sea hurried after him.

Turning to his right, Harvard directed his footsteps towards the Quay, impelled by an impulse which the reader may guess. Arrived there, he looked eagerly about him to learn if he was observed, and then for a brief moment, bowed himself upon his hands and seemed oblivious to all

without, while emotions which few of the living have felt, had full power within.

Perhaps his thoughts wandered back to dwell again for an instant in the home of his childhood, and then bid it adieu forever, while early scenes were recalled and dear associations remembered. Perhaps the soul confessed its sinfulness to God and prayed to be forgiven, and it may be that the image of Imogene stirred and struggled in his heart, in that sad hour. Throwing off his coat and neck-cloth and hat, he prepared for a fearful leap into the water. Casting a hurried glance upward, which seemed a mute appeal for mercy, he was about making the awful plunge, when he was arrested by a strong grasp upon his shoulder. Turning with disappointment written upon every line of his pale visage, his friend Ned was beside him.

"This is unkind of you, Ned," groaned Harvard, as he turned slowly from the Quay.

"It was *very* unkind of you, Harvard to think of throwing yourself to the fishes, when you have a friend with a dollar in his pocket. It would be kind indeed for Ned Buntline to look on and see a fine fellow jump into the dock. How could you think of such a thing, old fellow?"

"Why should I live, Ned?"

"To enjoy yourself of course, like other people."

"Alas, my good friend, I am past that now. There has been a time when I pleased myself with visions of happiness, but I have done with such thoughts now. Those youthful and pleasing vagaries of the mind, I have done with forever. Why then should I wish to live, when the past is worse than a blank, and the future holds out no hope of happiness?"

Fie! Harvard, you have got the blue devils, and not in a reasonable mood, if I was scholar enough to reason with you. But I am not learned, Harvard; my days have been

spent upon the open sea—I have listened to the shrill piping of the wind instead of the pedagogue's voice—to the roaring billows instead of lessons of wisdom taught by men—to the rattling of cordage and the hoarse voice of command, instead of the fine precept of the philosopher or the moral of the preacher; still I have learned something from Nature: for to me, the thunder has had a language, the storm has contained a moral, the motion of the sea enforced a truth. I have learned enough to know that you are in the wrong. If you have done an imprudent thing, live to repair it; if you have committed follies, live to learn wisdom; if you have done wickedly, live to do well. If you put an end to your existence, you put an end also to all hope of repairing the wrongs you have been guilty of. Never, my friend, sit down and lament and despair over what is done and cannot be undone; but arouse yourself with the strong energy of a man, and resolve to make the only amends that are in your power. Meet the world with a bold front and an honest heart, and fight bravely the "battle of life." A *man*, Harvard, a *MAN*! should never give up; he should be invincible, and stand the shock of the world like a rock when lashed by the storm-driven surge. Rise above the force of adverse circumstances, tower above the storms of life as a statue of adamant; discipline your mind—self-discipline is the true secret of greatness—and there was never a great man who had it not, never a successful man without some portion of it. This, Harvard, I deem a great truth; one which you should treasure up and act upon: a truth which should be kept in view by all. You have a good intellect, Harvard—a strong mind—you *can* and *must* be a man!"

Ned paused and my hero replied:

"There is much philosophy in your doctrine, and much

truth in what you have uttered. I will endeavor to profit by it."

"Give me your grappling iron upon that, old fellow. Now promise me that you will not think of jumping into the dock, but of becoming a man."

"I promise, Ned, in all good faith."

"It is enough; I am content. Now oblige me by taking this. It is a small sum, but it is half of my earthly fortune, and you are welcome to it. Nay, don't hesitate, I shall doubt you if you do. It will assist you somewhat in your present condition."

Ned Buntline, while giving utterance to the above, had forced into the hand of Harvard a five dollar note. As little as he wished to receive it he felt that to reject it would be ungenerous. As he thrust it into his pocket, he thought of the five hundred he had thrown away, and sighed. Alas, sighing never remedied a single evil.

With a sad, though somewhat lighter heart, he parted from his generous friend and sought his hotel. He called for his bill with a tremulous voice, fearful that it might exceed his means. With a shaking hand he grasped the scrap of paper of such trifling importance to him who presented it, (but oh, how important to him) and nervously ran his eye over item after item until it reached the last. The amount was precisely five dollars. Thankful it did not exceed his abilities, he paid it with the note he had just received from Ned Buntline.

His throat was dry and scorching with a burning heat when he mounted his box, although he had swallowed large draughts of cold water. It had no power to allay that unnatural thirst. It could only be slaked with strong drink. How many have been hurried on to destruction by the cravings of that terrible thirst? How many have felt its knawings, drank and died?

He was upon his box, but whither should he go? That was a subject upon which he had had but little time to reflect. He felt that he could not again meet his employer. The first folly had been forgiven, but his heart told him that the last could not be. His employer upon learning his second fall would lose all confidence in his promises of reformation.

He resolved not to return until he was able to discharge the heavy obligations which his imprudence had incurred. He would pay him all, and feel himself once more an honest man.

Having settled this matter, he resolved to visit Massachusetts.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which matters are but little mended.

Hen. What! fought you with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

KING HENRY IV.

At a distance of nine miles from New York, Harvard's thirst became intolerable. The strength of a rum appetite will be in some measure understood by the following scene. Harvard accosts an individual who is standing in front of a dwelling house in Harlaem:

"My friend, did you ever indulge in strong drink?"

"Never to any great extent, sir," replied the person addressed.

"Did you ever experience the burning thirst that follows upon the heels of a beastly debauch?"

"I never did, sir, and God grant I never may," replied the stranger with more earnestness than before.

"Then you know nothing of the pains of the damned! Stranger, that terrible thirst is burning out my vitals and I must have drink."

"You can get it just above here if so be you must have it."

"I cannot—I have no money—lost it all—fooled it

away at the gaming table; but I have a few goods here, sir. Take any of them at your own price."

"No, sir, I will not take your goods, but you are welcome to *this*."

Blushing at what he was doing, Harvard stretched out his hand, and a twelve and a half cent piece was laid upon his palm. He felt degraded by that act. Opening his box he threw the man a table cover, such as he had been selling for two and a half dollars, and then drove quickly on. He wished for no time wherein to reflect upon what he had done, for he knew that that proceeding was beneath him. He reined up at the first Inn.

"Will you have anything for your horse, sir?" asked the obsequious hostler, as my hero dismounted.

"Yes! some old Jamaica!" immediately replied Harvard in an absent manner.

"What sir?" said the hostler in astonishment.

"Old Jamaica if you have it, if not, brandy or gin."

"For your horse, Mister?"

"Then give me new-rum,—be lively."

"For your horse?" again gasped the hostler.

"Zounds! no, man, for *myself*!" retorted Harvard, fiercely stepping to the bar.

He then swallowed a large glass of liquor, and felt no better. He had still enough left for another "smile," and after an interval of ten minutes "threw in" a remarkable glass of Jamaica. Throwing down the last four-pence in his possession, he again mounted his box and drove off.

He made a feeble attempt to whistle "God save America," but the sound died away on his lips—the Jamaica was not strong enough! He tried to sing, but the notes suffocated in his throat—the brandy had too much water in it! As a last effort to feel better, he essayed to crack his whip, but the snapper was gone. He was forced to

sit still. After a four day's drive, Harvard reached Boston and took lodgings on Union street, at a well known house.

There he met an old acquaintance, and considered the meeting very fortunate, as he wished to borrow money. When the first greetings were over he made known his wishes, as follows :

"Can you change me a ten spot, Harry?"

"I can give you two fives for it; that is the best I can do."

"That won't help me at all. Well, no matter! lend me a five. That will do—thank you," and Harvard pocketed the needful and walked up Union street.

As chance of fortune or ill luck would have it, he wandered to — street and found himself standing by Moor's prop table. Oh, wonder of wonders! how could he get there in such an innocent manner? Ye Fates and Furies! how long will ye play your mad antics with humanity? how long will ye make the human mind a strange contradiction—a living absurdity?

Harvard was a silent spectator, and watched the game with some interest—drank a little gin and the interest increased! Several lost and as many won. Feeling somewhat thirsty after the lapse of seven minutes and a half, swallowed, without any difficulty, a glass of rum and water, which after an interval of twelve minutes he discovered had left a shockingly bad taste in his mouth, forced down some brandy and water to correct the difficulty?

The game had now become *intensely* interesting!—and what harm was there or *could* there be in shaking shells filled with sealing wax?—took a surprising "horn" of Jamaica and *knew* that the most innocent amusement in the world was shaking "props!"

With a *shaking* hand he commenced "shaking." For-

tune favored him, and he followed up with *gentle stimulants*. When he left the play he found himself twenty dollars richer than when he commenced. Again he swallowed another glass of rum to keep up a uniform action in the system, and express his gratitude. He returned to his hotel in a *high* state of elevation as may be imagined! He magnanimously paid back the money he had borrowed and five more to the landlord, very justly remarking, "that he had the needful then, but he might not have, to-morrow."

Slept well that night. Dreamed of winning five thousand, and marrying Imogene; which, all things considered, was a very comfortable dream. "Smiled" as natural as any person in the morning, ate his breakfast, and then walked out for the general improvement of his health.—Met a friend on Blackstone street who gave him some false "props," with the wonderful information that they would invariably fall "right side up." He put them carefully in his pocket, and after rendering more acute his moral sense of right and wrong with a moiety of best "Cogniac," he did feel within him a commendable curiosity to learn the truth of his friends words.

An opportunity soon presented itself to test the truth of the matter;—a stranger wished to "shake the shells." My hero very kindly, condescendingly and humanely acceded to his wish. Sitting down upon a stick of timber in Hay-market square, they shook, and for the first time in his life, Harvard used false props. (Wicked youth, how could ye do it?) The consequence was, that the stranger lost all that he had.

When once launched upon the career of vice, how fast we poor mortals speed on, and how surely we reap its fruits. For the above act, Harvard's conscience reproach him often; and he has ever since regretted the circum-

stance. Walked leisurely to a public house on Union street, where he shook again and won fifty dollars. While pocketing the "silver," the individual with whom he had played with the false props, made his appearance, accompanied by a well known pugilist of gigantic proportions.

The looks of both were anything but pacific, and wishing to avoid an open quarrel, he made the best of his way down stairs into the bar-room, whither he was followed by the parties above mentioned. Seeing these hostile demonstrations, my hero "threw in" something stimulating to strengthen the "outer man," and invited his friends generally to partake thereof, which they did in a style that in every day parlance might be termed "natural as life." While the offensive parties were drinking, Harvard thought he would make good his retreat, but abandoned the idea when they made demonstrations of following.

Believing that an actual engagement would be preferable to a disorderly flight, he gathered up his physical forces for the conflict, which must be considered rather unequal, being two to one. But there was no remedy; his enemies were already marshalled in the field. The first hostile movement was made on the part of the pugilist, who threw forward his right arm in a manner calculated to do some damage. It was parried by a counter movement on the part of the defensive party, with the addition of a "punisher" over the left eye which started the claret.

The pugilistic gentleman again came bravely up to the scratch, and made a demonstration upon the nose of the defensive, which raised the bark, and received in return a "settler" upon the jaws, which brought him down and knocked out three of his teeth. He recovered his legs and came up again in fine style, with the laudable intention of bestowing a "clinch" upon the right ear of his antagonist; but it was parried, and spent its force upon the

thin air; for his good will he received a terrible "slasher" between the eyes that floored him most effectually.

After finding the use of his limbs, and learned the extent of damages, he concluded that he had rather drink than fight. The consequence was that they drank and left off flattening noses. I will not attempt to portray the state of my hero's mind during the day that followed these events. His reflections were not of a nature to be coveted by the most unhappy.

He was conscious of his degradation, and he strove to drown that consciousness in deep and frequent potations. He was in the full tide of sin, and he wished not to dwell upon the past or anticipate the future. His appetite for alcoholic drinks was now strong and dangerous, and he lived and acted continually under its influence. Sometimes, perhaps, for a moment, the thought of Imogene checked him in his downward career and brought him partially to himself, but it passed quickly away from his heart's tablets, and he hurried on.

He had of late neglected his business altogether, though he had won large sums by games of chance or skill. He now resolved to quit trading. He went to Salem, sold his horse and carriage for about half their value, which he lost the next day. He now gambled daily; lost the four hundred which he carried with him to Salem, and was again penniless.

The months which he passed in that place was one continued series of losses and vexations. If he won a little one day, he was sure to lose it the next; and thus was his mind kept constantly on the rack. He resorted to many expedients to obtain money when entirely "broken," as it is termed, which I shall not relate.

At one time he sold some trifling article of jewelry to obtain means wherewith to gratify his appetite for strong

drink, and his passion for gaming. On one occasion he visited a prop table with a friend, who threw upon it a scrap of brown paper, partially folded, saying:—"I put up a dollar, who covers it?" The deception was not noticed, and the imaginary dollar was soon covered with bills. As luck would have it, he was the winner, and pocketed twenty-five dollars from such a beginning.

The cold season came on and found Harvard destitute of everything comfortable, and what was worse, with a conscience ill at ease. Although his moral sense had been blunted by the use of strong drink, it recovered its acuteness when that could no longer be obtained.

CHAPTER IX.

The course of true love never did run smooth :
 But either it was different in blood,
 Or else misgrafted in respect of years ;
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends :
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness, did lay seige to it ;
 Making it momentary as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is a redeeming principal in man which may finally work out his moral salvation. That element of *right* can never be wholly obliterated, however much it may be neglected, however rudely it may be trodden upon. Its voice is heard in the first faint whisper of remorse, and its power seen in the first bitter tears of penitence. In the full awakening of that conservative principle there is nothing pleasant, but much that is painful. It recalls every sinful act, and it fills the soul with poignant regret. How often, at this epoch of my tale, did Harvard feel its power and tremble at its reproofs.

Upon an autumn evening, he wandered into the fields and unfrequented places, to cool his fevered brow, and deliberate upon some future plan of action. Perhaps he was willing to commune with himself and fortify his heart against his besetting sins ; but he had formed so many

resolutions and broken them, that he had no confidence in himself.

He sat down upon a grassy knoll, and fervently wished that he lay peacefully at rest beneath. There the storms of life would pass harmlessly over him, and the vices that had destroyed, vex his pulseless heart no more. The brain no longer active would remember no more the history of its sorrows, and the whole organism no longer stirred by the vile passions, repose in eternal quietness.—The world with its jars and confusions, might roll on and on, but its cares and heart-aches could never reach him or disturb not, for an instant, his breathless, dreamless slumbers. He sighed for that rest, but it might be long, very long before it came.

He thought of suicide, but he had promised his friend, Ned Buntline, to lift never a hand against himself; that he would become a MAN, and live for some object: to atone for his youthful errors. Arising, he sauntered slowly to the village.

As he passed along, he paused at the depot, at the moment of the arrival of the Portland train. Impelled by a curiosity for which he was at a loss to account, he looked into the cars, his eyes wandered up and down as if in search of an expected friend. With an exclamation of surprise, he rushed towards the steps just as the engine sent forth its shrill whistle, and the ponderous wheels began to move. Puff—puff, rattle, whiz, and away roared the locomotive and its train, leaving Harvard transfixed with wonder to the spot, gazing with open mouth and starting eyes along the iron track. He had seen Imogene—*his* Imogene. How bright and beautiful was that vision, and how brief was the space allowed him to gaze upon it.

Like the *Ignis fatuus* it came—like that it vanished—

and was now being borne far, far from his sight, he knew not whither. Why, he asked, had she appeared to gladden his eyes for a moment, and then vanish like a vision of the night? There was one reflection, however, that consoled him in some measure: Imogene had recognized him, smiled, and waved her hand. That smile was on her lips as she was hurried from him, and its remembrance cheered him long after. When he had recovered somewhat from the amazement which this incident had occasioned, his first impulse was to take the next train for Boston, and there seek Imogene. But there was another trifling matter to be considered. Had he the means wherewith to pay his fare? This, truly was an embarrassing question, although the answer was but too obvious.

The idea occurred to him to borrow; but of late this had been rather unpleasant business, and mortifying withal, still there was no remedy. He must even borrow. If successful, he would go to Boston, become steady, and perhaps, pious; seek out Imogene, and finally, marry her! This was, no doubt, all very well and kind in my hero, and the only draw-back upon the matter was, would he and *could* he do it?

After three hours hard labor among all his acquaintance, he succeeded in getting the loan of two dollars. In the morning he took the first train for Boston. When about half way there, they met the Portland train, and he caught a glimpse of Imogene as it rushed by. Here, indeed, was another dilemma. he was running directly from the object of his journey;—Imogene was being hurried away in one direction, and he in another.

At this unexpected turn in the aspect of affairs, Harvard philosophically concluded that the fates were against him; and would, without doubt, thwart all his purposes as long as he lived. The next time he ran after a young

lady he would go directly from her, and then he should be quite certain to find her. The most eccentric and fickle of all created things, were young ladies. Henceforth, when he sought for Imogene, he would go directly from the vicinity wherein he last saw her. This in his idea of female philosophy, held out the only possibility of meeting her.

At this crisis the words of Shakespeare occurred to him:

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

And he added:—"Although it sometimes runneth very fast," which, on the whole, was an improvement on the original. He dared not follow the object of his regard to Portland, for fear he should meet her on her return; and, good faith! he had but little relish for another performance of the kind.

When my hero had put his hand into his pocket to produce the money to pay for his ticket, he brought from its empty depths a bit of paper which had lain there neglected for a great length of time. Upon examination it proved to be a recipe for putting shoes together without stitches or pegs! This, without question, was a great improvement immeasurably in advance of the age.

Think of the idea, reader: shoes, real shoes without stitches or pegs! Beware ye gullible ones; beware lest ye wear shoes without stitches or pegs; and if ye do wear them, trust not yourself upon such a treacherous foundation from the shadow of the door-step, and shun the water as ye would wet feet or a severe cold, or as ye fear returning to your homes barefoot! Shoes without pegs! Did you buy the wonderful recipe, reader? If you did was you not most wofully "sold" when you bought it?

Well, if you purchased "the whistle," keep it a profound secret—don't reveal it even to your wife for fear she

might whisper it in your ear upon the occasion of the next connubial brawl. Everything has a moral, and so has this, although ye bought it dearly.

Suspect the *genuineness* of any professed improvement, that holds out the promise of *extraordinary advantages*. Examine well, and without prejudice; and then act as the case may seem to warrant. By the sale of these astonishing recipes in various portions of the country, Harvard realized large sums of money—sometimes receiving a hundred dollars from one person for a recipe, and some instances even more.

The nice moralist may perhaps raise a question, touching the justness of such operations, and say they were all wrong and so on; but I shall not stop to argue the case for fear of leading my hundred thousand readers into a labyrinth which might very possibly perplex them to get out of. (Thank me dear reader for my consideration.) In my mind, the affair is plain enough, without any finely elaborated questions of right or wrong, being raised thereupon.

My hero does not differ from a large portion of mankind save in shrewdness; in this respect he unquestionably does in a greater or less degree.

In New Hampshire, he traded with a good deacon, in a manner that was calculated to teach him better than to transact such business on the *seventh* day.

"This secret sir, or art more properly" said Harvard to the deacon, referring to the recipe—"would prove of incalculable benefit to you, inasmuch as you and your boys (the deacon was a shoemaker) could make a hundred pairs of shoes in a day; but my good sir, I cannot stop until to-morrow to trade with you. My business obliges me to go forward upon my journey. I am sorry sir, that I cannot stop—still I see no help for it."

"What do you demand for the sole right to manufacture the shoes in this county?" enquired the deacon with some considerable interest; beginning to believe that a chance for an uncommon speculation was before him.

Even deacons, reader, are willing to avail themselves of a good bargain! Some portion of the earthly nature hangs about the best of men, although deacons in general may not feel disposed to make shoes without *stitches* or *pegs*!

"I want two hundred dollars, deacon, in clean money, for the exclusive right of this county. You can clear a hundred dollars a week the year round."

The deacon's eyes sparkled at the mention of the hundred dollars per week; and he no doubt wished it was any day but the seventh. Don't think that he was "worldly minded" or wished to speculate in the article of shoes!

"Well deacon, I must be off — its deuced unfortunate though, that it is Sunday."

"What is the *least* you will take for this county!" again interrogated the deacon with more earnestness than before, in his tones.

"Make me an offer," continued Harvard moving towards the door.

"I will tell you what I will do. If the boys are disposed, they may catch the horse which you saw in the pasture, and you may take him along with you, and leave me a recipe."

You perceive by *this* that the deacon was a man of sterling principles, and delicate scruples; — he would on no consideration make a bargain on the Sabbath; but was willing that his sons should "catch the horse," — and pray, what possible harm could there be in that!

The steed was brought; and Harvard made one hundred dollars by the operation. Suffice it to say that my

hero accumulated several thousand dollars in this business, and what was better, left off drinking, and gambling. This was an important change. New hopes sprang up in his bosom, and something like happiness seemed dawning once more upon his mental horizon.

CHAPTER X.

Wherein is the "last scene of all, that ends this strange, eventful history."

"No telling how love thrives ! to what it comes !
Whence grows ! 'Tis e'en of as mysterious root
As the pine that makes its lodgings of the rock,
Where you would think a blade of grass would die."

It was June—a bright June day. The Croton waters never sparkled more merrily, and were never more grateful to parched lips than then. Harvard stood again by that Fountain, a wiser and better man. He was fashionably apparelled in a suit of black, and it was easy to perceive that fortune had dealt kindly with him recently, although she had flouted him once upon a time. He gazed long and pensively upon the flashing waters, which arose in beautiful jets and fell in graceful curves, reflecting the varied hues of the rain-bow.

The past came vividly to his mind, and as he dwelt upon its varied scenes, a broken sentence of thanksgiving arose to his lips to Him whose hand had mercifully preserved. "Henceforth," mused Harvard, "ye pure waters, ye shall quench my thirst, and your cool kiss shall be more grateful to my lips than the poison juice of the grape."

At that instant, a man of thirty-five, clad in wretched

rags, with the deep lines of poverty and suffering upon his brow, touched him upon the elbow. Harvard turned, and the stranger held out a tattered hat. My hero considered him attentively and recognized him as the author of one of his greatest misfortunes: the decoy, who had robbed him of his money.

Harvard's first impulse was to seize him by the throat and strangle him; but as he traced the fearful inroads which sin had made upon his person, his anger melted into pity. He needed no human punishment; outraged nature had dealt with him according to his deserts.

"Do you know of whom you ask alms?" inquired Harvard.

The gambler raised his sunken eyes, and looked at him attentively.

"I think I have met you before," and then he drew back as though an adder had stung him.

"Yes, vile remnant of humanity, thou hast met me, and well nigh proved my ruin. Fear not, thou reptile, I would sooner crush the poor worm than thee. Take this, and may it do thee good," and he dropped a quarter into his trembling palm.

The gambler turned hastily away, and disappeared in the crowded streets. What has been his fate, I know not; probably he ended his days in the alms-house. Harvard sighed as he watched his retreating figure, and fell into a musing mood from which he was aroused by a familiar voice. It was the kindly speech of Ned Buntline.

"Ned!" "Harvard!" were the first exclamations; and then Harvard grasped that manly hand which had rescued him from the jaws of death, once upon a sad occasion.

"Old friend, you are looking better than when last we met. You carry a better figure head. Fortune has dealt kindly with you."

"Yes, my dear fellow, and I *feel* better. Your counsel has never since been wholly forgotten. But how is it with you."

"My *health* is good Harvard, and since seeing you, my spirits are better," said Ned.

"How is it with your purse, Ned—have you a plenty of the needful?" inquired Harvard, looking anxiously at his friend. Ah! Ned, don't look confused, I know how it is with sailors. They lavish their money on the first person who meets them that appears to need it more than they. See here, Ned, I have got enough for the present;—oblige me by taking this. Nay, don't refuse—your own words, Ned—put it into your purse, and remember there is more where that came from if you should ever want," and Harvard held out two tens.

"No, old fellow, I can't rob you, I shall not take twenty dollars, I don't need it; but I will take five if you insist upon it."

No persuasion could induce Ned to take more, and resolving not to part for that day, at least, they sauntered to the hotel where Ned was tarrying. Here they passed an hour very pleasantly, smoking "Havannas," and conversed of matters in general. After this, followed a long silence, in which Ned seemed reflecting upon something of importance.

"Harvard," he said at length, "I have noticed that you seem the subject of a settled sadness. May I ask its cause?"

"You may ask anything, Ned."

"I take you at your word. Tell me what troubles you?"

Harvard paused, mused a moment, and then replied:

"The history of that sadness which you have observed, Ned, is a secret which I have revealed to no one; but

to you, my friend, I feel that that I can safely unbosom myself. You will not, you cannot betray me—of that your noble nature is a sufficient pledge. 'Tis a secret which I have carried long in my bosom; and who knows, Ned, but sharing it with one who has taken so deep an interest in my happiness, may make it lighter. A bright, beautiful girl, crossed my path in boyhood. I loved her, and her image was graven as with a diamond's point upon my heart. She has flitted athwart my checkered way, since then, like the meteor that illuminates for an instant the heavens, and disappears to be seen no more. My hopes of happiness are linked with her—and thoughts of her have made me a better man—they drove me from the gaming table and the accursed bowl."

Then he told his friend the whole history of his meeting with Imogene, from first to last. Ned listened with breathless attention, and during some parts of the recital, betrayed much astonishment. When he had finished, Ned burst into a loud laugh.

"You can laugh, Ned, if so disposed, but that was not my intention when I commenced, said Harvard, sentimentally.

"Pardon me, my friend, I have my reasons for laughing. Perhaps I shall make you laugh directly. Do you think Imogene loves you?"

"Really, Ned, I don't know; and in fact it is the very thing I wish to learn."

"We will try and find out, Harvard," replied Ned, leaving the room.

Harvard wondered whither he had gone so abruptly, or what could be his meaning. After an absence of five minutes, he returned, accompanied by a beautiful young lady.

Harvard sprang to his feet, and was the living picture of amazement.

"Ask her if she loves you, Harvard," said Ned roguishly — my sister, boy."

"Imogene — I mean Miss —"

"Fie, Harvard, don't stand upon such nice points, and turn all colors but the right one. Say, dear Imogene, and kiss her at once. She expects as much, old fellow, again laughed Ned in his joy.

As for Imogene, the rich color went and came, and then went again, when my hero followed the instructions of Ned.

"All right boy — Now I will go out, and whistle off some of my happiness, and you and Imogene may talk over matters, or do nothing but look at each other, just as you think best. I took you by surprise, sir — well it is good enough for you," and Ned whistled himself into the street. Of course an explanation, and declaration followed.

The mystery of her appearance and disappearance was explained.

She had at the period alluded to been spending a few months with an aunt, who was seized with a violent illness upon the night of their strange meeting. The other members of the family being absent, Imogene ran to call a physician, and afterward to go to her uncle's counting-room, and unfortunately lost her way. It was late and she wandering about for some time, until at length she found herself at the Five Points. She paused to inquire the way to the street where her uncle lived — of a man who stood in an open door.

Instead of replying, he seized her rudely by the arm, and drew her in where the scene took place, which has already been related.

A letter was put into her hands, early the next morning, informing her, that her mother was dangerously sick, and requesting her to lose no time in visiting her, if she wished to see her among the living. This accounts for her absence the next day. Upon the morning of her departure for Maine, her aunt had set out on an excursion to the Springs for the improvement of her health.

This left the house without an occupant, as Harvard had found it, at the time of his visit. Upon the next occasion of his seeing her, she was going to meet Ned in Boston. When she arrived there she learned that he had set out that very day for Maine, consequently she had nothing to do, but follow him in the next train.

Thus was the mystery cleared up, and the 'Fates' acquitted upon the charge of having anything to do with the matter. How often is it the case that we think providence is dealing strangely with us, when nothing is transpiring out of the common course of events.

Imogene had felt love's gentle witchery, from the period of their first meeting. The impression received at that time, had been strengthened by their singular meeting afterward.

But I will not dwell upon these details. In a month from that period, Imogene and Harvard, were made *one*, and as happy as they could reasonably expect to be.

Romantically situated upon the banks of the "Sandy river," the traveller may see a vine-clad cottage, where peace and contentment shed their choicest blessings.

It is the dwelling of Harvard and Imogene. Ned visits them occasionally, and adds much to the happiness of that quiet home.

Harvard cultivates the soil, and warns the young to "Beware of the gaming table, and the bowl."