

spirits. It had a contrary effect, it made me drunk for the first time in my life."

"I hope it will be the last."

"Yea, if the repetition does not prove more agreeable. My head aches, my limbs tremble, every thing is distasteful, who could feel pleasure in a vice so bestial."

"Habit, Noah, reconciles us to things which at first awakes aversion and disgust. All pleasure which has its foundation in sin, ends in pain and self-condemnation. Drunkenness is one of those vices, which, when first indulged, creates the deepest sense of shame and humiliation, but custom renders it a matter of indifference."

"I took a cup of strong tea, and after immersing my head in cold water, the nausea from which I was suffering gradually abated, and I soon felt myself well again. While I was standing at the open window, I saw Adam Haws and Bill Martin pass. They seemed in earnest conversation—I called to Haws and asked him if he were going to see the cricket match?"

He said "that it depended upon the loan of a horse. Harry Barber had promised them his, but it had broken pasture, and they were going in search of it."

I did not believe this statement, I was sure that it was meant for a blind, and I told them, "that in case they did not find Barber's horse, I would lend them mine."

They were profuse of thanks, but did not accept my offer. "They were certain of finding the lost animal." At four o'clock in the afternoon, I heard that they were still at a tavern just out of the village. If I did not keep my appointment with Mr. Carlos, I felt certain that they would.

All day I was restless and unable to settle to the least thing. My mother attributed my irritability and want of appetite, to the brandy. I knew the real cause, and as the night drew on, I was in a perfect fever of excitement, yet not for one moment did I abandon the dreadful project. I had urged myself into the belief, that it was fate and that I was compelled by an inexorable destiny to murder Mr. Carlos. I was to meet him at ten o'clock, two hours earlier than the time I had named to Adam Haws. At half past nine, my mother went to bed, complaining of indisposition, I was glad of this, for it left me at perfect liberty to arrange my plans.

I dressed myself in a waggoner's frock and hat and with Bill Martin's knife in my pocket, and a large bluggeon in my hand, I sallied into the road; my disguise was so complete, that few, without a very near inspection, would have detected the counterfeit. Fortunately, I met no

one whom I knew, and reached the second gate in the dark avenue, just in time to hear the coach rattling along the turnpike road, and the well known voice of the coachman speaking to the horses as he drew them up, in order that my victim might alight.

There was a short pause—I heard Mr. Carlos, in his frank and cheerful good natured tones, bid the coachman good-night, and presently after, his step sounded upon the hard gravel walk. The first gate that opened from the road, swung to after him, and he began to whistle a favorite hunting song as he entered upon the dark road where I was waiting his approach.

Nervous as I had been all day, I was now calm and collected I had come there determined to do a deed of blood, and no human interference could at that moment have shaken my resolution. I stepped behind a large tree, that grew beside the gate, for I did not wish Mr. Carlos to recognize me as his murderer. When he turned to close the gate, he called out in a clear voice.

"Noah! are you there?"

I did not answer, but springing from my hiding place, with one blow levelled him to the ground. In the hurry of the action, my hat fell off, the moon suddenly burst forth, and his eyes met mine as I plunged the bowie knife to the hilt, in his breast,—he gasped out.

"This from you, Noah Cotton. Poor Elinor, you are indeed avenged!"

He never spoke more,—I hastily searched his pockets, and took from him a pocket-book, which I knew must contain the coveted treasure, and flinging the bloody knife some distance, I hastily retraced my steps to the lodge.

I entered at a back gate, and going up to my own room, I carefully washed my hands and face, and dressed myself in the clothes I usually wore, thrusting the waggoner's frock and hat, and the fatal pocked-book into an old sack, I carefully concealed them, until a better opportunity, under a heap of manure which had formed a hot bed in the garden. When all my arrangements were completed, I once more had recourse to the brandy bottle, and taking a less potent dose than the one of the preceeding evening, I took down my gun, and walked to the cottage of the second game-keeper, and asked him to accompany me to the avenue to meet Mr. Carlos. George Morton instantly complied with my request, and we walked to the appointed spot, discussing in the most animated manner as we went along the probable result of the cricket match. As we entered the avenue, we were accosted by Bill Martin and Adam Hawes.