

him for the cloak, poor Hart fitted her out in fine style, and generously forgot and forgave all her past offences.

Hart made quite merry that day, and part of the night, till by the soporiferous influence of grog he bade adieu to care. On waking from his Bacchanalian dream, Hart found himself once more in his old apartment, with all his money gone, which consisted of upwards of one hundred dollars. How or when he came into gaol he could not tell, but there he was, much as he left it. For this *faux pas* he was obliged to remain one month in prison. At the expiration of the month he was again discharged. Nor was he long at liberty before he met with his dear Jane; but not finding it convenient to speak much with her at the moment of meeting, they mutually agreed to see each other at a certain place, at nine o'clock the following morning. Hart was true to his promise, but his wife proved unfaithful; at this trick he was terribly annoyed, and firmly resolved to bring her to an account the very first meeting. Passing through Lewis-street the succeeding evening, he went into a stable for the purpose of lodging for the night; but as the place appeared not to suit his purposes, he soon made his exit, in the mean time taking with him a good fat goose, which he carefully plucked before his departure. He had not been but a few minutes out, when he discovered a woman, walking arm in arm with a bold son of Mars. From the walk and dress of the woman, he conjectured it was his Jane, who, though false, was still dear to him. He watched their route, till they housed snug in a Martial Department in Lewis-street. Love and indignation had now taken such possession of him, that he resolved to stand sentinel, and await her outcoming. After many hours had elapsed, his faithless Jane and her paramour made their appearance. He kept his eye well fixed on the red-coat, till they had fairly passed through John's Gate. "Now for victory and revenge," cried Hart, stepping up and seizing the trembling soldier by the neck; at the same time measuring him across the jaws with the well-plucked goose. Hart and his goose proved an over-match for the soldier and his polished steel. *Bellica Pallas abest!* Having well buffed his martial rival, he then began to dock off his inconstant Jane, whose unceasing screams soon gathered the nocturnal guardians. The well-