

stage coach, to make my way to the metropolis, I commenced my journey as an humble pedestrian. Having travelled in this way many miles, I stopped at a mean inn by the way side to refresh myself, and was soon seated amongst the motley group of the usual hangers-on at such places of resort. Finding that, about two miles further on the road, I should arrive at a small market town, where accommodation for the night, of a much more convenient nature, could be procured, I resolved, after having sufficiently rested myself, to make my way thither to seek a place of repose.

On producing my purse to pay the demands of my host, I took out casually two or three of my dollars, and laid them on the table, surrounded by the bores of the village, who were attracted by the sight of coin so unfamiliar to their eyes; and to satisfy their curiosity, I shewed them my store, and explained their history and relative value. During the proceeding, a greedy-eyed, ill-looking fellow, seemed to fix his eyes on me and my purse, in a way not the most pleasing to me. Many men are fond of having their purses examined and admired by others; but I have lived long enough in the world to believe that no eyes are so fitting to examine such an object as those of its possessor.

I soon took my departure, and proceeded leisurely onwards to the place of my destination. The evening began to close; and on arriving at a dull part of the road, overhung by high banks, covered with furze and briars, I found myself, in an instant, stunned by a blow, administered by some one behind me, the effect of which soon disabled me from making any attempt to protect myself against further violence of my brutal assailant. I sank exhausted and senseless.

When I recovered my consciousness, for I could hardly deem myself sensible, I discovered I was bleeding copiously from my nose, and lying in a wet ditch half-drowned, apparently in my own blood, which made a great show, mingled with the water. A countryman was leaning over and humanely endeavouring to assist me. I felt in nearly a lifeless condition, although no actual fracture had succeeded the blow; and while my good Samaritan was deliberating what to do, I lay motionless, and, to his apprehension, certainly dead; for I heard him say he would go and find a doctor, but he could do no good, for all was over with me. For this humane purpose he left me just as he found me.

It was then nearly dark, and I resolved to rouse myself, and endeavour to pursue my walk for the short distance that remained. With considerable effort I roused myself from my muddy resting-place, and found my clothes, which were none of the best, wet through, and being scarcely worth the carriage I thought it best to leave them behind me, and soon equipped myself in another suit, which I carried in my knapsack. I washed myself as well as I could, and put the best face on the matter. I recollected the ill-looking fellow, who had cast his amorous glances on my dollars, and singled him out as the perpetrator of the crime; but I was

rejoiced to find that his obvious intentions were defeated, and I carried off my purse of dollars in triumph, congratulating myself heartily on my narrow escape.

I pursued my walk to the market town, and soon arrived at the inn. I had scarcely taken my seat, still suffering from the blow I had received, before I overheard an indistinct conversation amongst several men, stationed at the other end of the room, accompanied by expressive looks, directed towards me. Knowing myself to be a perfect stranger in the place, this did not excite my surprise. The conversation soon became louder and more distinct, and, at length, I heard a strangely exaggerated story of my own murder. It was confidently asserted that a stranger had been robbed and murdered a short distance from the town, and that he had been found by a labourer in a ditch, with his skull fractured, his brains scattered about the road, and his pockets turned inside out. I listened to this marvellous history with great amusement, thinking how easily a strange story is made to pass current, grounded on the slightest facts.

Having taken some refreshment, I ordered my bed, and being an entire stranger, I chose to pay for both before I retired for the night, and again produced my purse, containing my dollars and other money. At this juncture an inquisitive looking old man came up to me and looked at my dollars, and then fixing his eyes on my face, turned round to his companions, and with a significant gesture, whispered, "there's blood on this man's face—he has got some dollars—where did he come from—who is he?" This excited a general sensation. A pause ensued, and all seemed "at fault," as the sportsmen say. The inquisitive old man again approached me, and asked me in a significant manner, whether he did not just now see some dollars in my possession? I replied in the affirmative, and produced one or two. He turned bluntly round to his companions, and put his finger cunningly up to his nose. He then renewed the attack, and asked me, where I had procured them? whether there were many to be met with in this country? and a variety of other questions, all of which I answered carelessly—not much pleased with the old man's impertinence.

He then, for the first time, observed aloud to me, with a look of scrutiny, that I had some blood on my face. To this observation, I replied as coolly as I did to his questions, not choosing to gratify curiosity, and wishing to hear more of my own murder.

At this moment an addition was made to the company, by the arrival of a person who had been my good Samaritan, who found and left me in the ditch. He was full of his subject, and came to relate the "full, and particular" account to his pot companions. He stated at length where and how he found a strange man in a sailor's clothes, with his skull fractured, and his pockets turned inside out, and that he left him quite dead. He stated he went for assistance to the village from whence I came, and on inquiring at the little pub-