

ed about for some time, till they were at length caught in a very heavy shower of rain, which still added to their misery. Not being able, conveniently, to return home, they went into a tavern and there had some refreshing cordial, with their last shilling; this being spent, they resolved to start home, but from the heavy rain that fell, and the darkness of the night, it seemed almost impossible to accomplished it.

Having at last reached the Batteau Guardhouse, which was at that time unoccupied, Hart and his dearest resolved to lodge there for the night, and quickly made their entrance by breaking through a window. As soon as day made its appearance, Hart went in pursuit of some bitters, which being obtained, he instantly returned to his chosen partner, whom he found comfortably sleeping in the military mansion. But their repose here was but of short duration, for scarcely had Hart re-entered when he was surprised with his loving spouse; taken, and conducted before a Magistrate, and both sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. The time of their commitment having expired, they were again set to their freedom. On leaving gaol, Hart and his wife took different roads, to shift for themselves. After beating about for several days, they accidentally met, at one of the free inns in the Suburbs. Hart was now completely fatigued, and entirely destitute of friends and money. In this deplorable state he applied for a few shillings to his wife, whom he, somehow or other, knew was in possession of a considerable sum. She positively declared that she had not one penny, and still, to his repeated solicitations, persisted in denying. Convinced then that she was not as kind as he could wish, and feeling himself in distress, and denied relief from her whom he had long befriended, and with whom he had spent his last farthing, he soon resolved on an expedient, and that was, to take from her a cloak, for which he had given six dollars. In doing this he told her that he knew she had money and denied it, and therefore he would sell the cloak to relieve himself, and reward her for her falsehood. Hart, laying the cloak over his arm, bade her good-bye. He soon disposed of it, and straightway directed his route to Three-Rivers. On arriving there, he went into a shop, under a pretence of pur-