

**JACK HAZARD
AND HIS FORTUNES**

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Jack Hazard and his fortunes by J. T. Trowbridge

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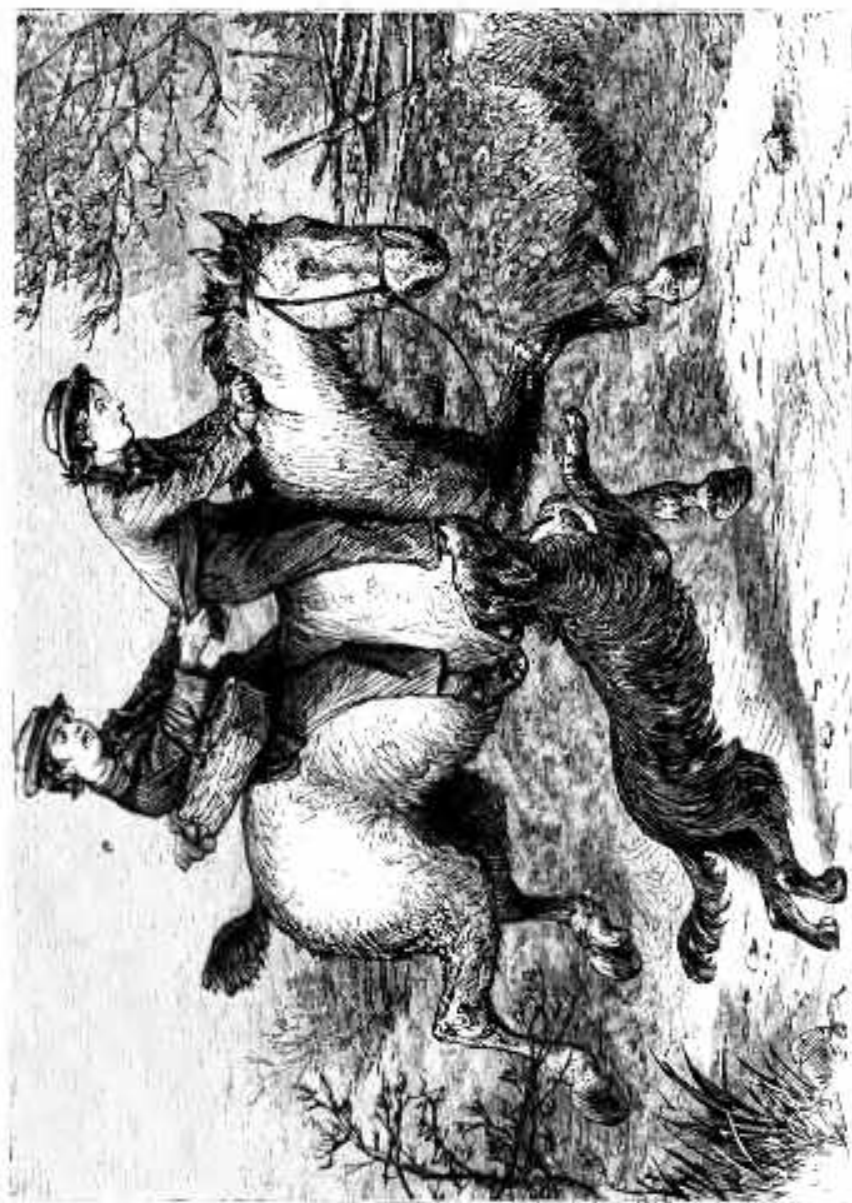
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J. T. TROWBRIDGE

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HOW OLD MAJIE CARRIED DOUBLE.

JACK HAZARD

AND HIS FORTUNES.

BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

AUTHOR OF "LAWRENCE'S ADVENTURES," ETC.

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JACK HAZARD AND HIS FORTUNES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE ERIE CANAL.



FREIGHTED scow was moving slowly against the sluggish current of the Erie Canal.

It was drawn by a pair of gaunt horses, too feeble even to keep the rotten tow-line from sagging into the water. At their heels, along the muddy tow-path, followed a ragged little driver with a whip in one hand and a piece of bread-and-molasses in the other. At one moment he took a bite of the bread, and at the next he gave the team a cut with the whip. Every time he whipped, up went

the rope dripping and swinging, and every time he bit, down it dropped again with a splash, or with a

series of splashes, as the poor brutes staggered unsteadily forward.

Once he neglected to ply the lash whilst he regaled himself with two or three bites. Then a gruff voice bawled out from the stern of the boat, "Lick along there!" It was the voice of a rough, swarthy, bare-headed man who sat smoking a short pipe on the after-part of the cabin, — the voice, in short, of Captain Jack Berrick, master of the scow. Crack went the whip again, and the little driver shouted back, from a mouth well filled with bread-and-molasses, "Ye can't lick life into a couple of old crowbaits. What they want is less whip and more oats."

Yet, for want of oats, he gave them the lash again in liberal measure. At the same time he swore at them, and at the old scow and the canal, in a fearfully voluble and energetic manner. Indeed, the little wretch seemed scarcely able to speak without swearing, — as if oaths were as necessary a part of the speech that came out of his mouth as molasses was of the bread that went into it. If you could have seen and heard him, you would have pronounced him the most profane little driver on the canal; but that would have been saying a great deal, for this was twenty-five years ago, when you might have travelled from Albany to Buffalo without finding a driver who did not swear. I remember once hearing of one who did not, but I never saw him. He was considered a phenomenon. The canal has since been enlarged; and, with other improvements, I believe