The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1864. NO. 10.

THE HERALD

WILL BE PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,

BY

EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

At his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0

" " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING,

of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the HERALD Office.

ALMANACK FOR DECEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 6th day, 3h. 22m. morning, N. W.
Full Moon, 13th day, 3h. 0m. morning, S. W.
Last Quarter, 21st day, 0h. 51m. morning, E.
New Moon, 28th day, 5h. 9m. evening, W.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Days	Length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Thursday	7 28	4 10	11 55	7 5	8	42
2	Friday	29	10	morn	8 12		41
3	Saturday	30	10	0 36	9 21		40
4	Sunday	31	10	1 19	10 31		39
5	Monday	32	10	2 4	11 41		38
6	Tuesday	33	9	2 57	morn		36
7	Wednesday	35	9	3 58	0 51		34
8	Thursday	36	9	5 20	2 0		33
9	Friday	36	9	6 42	4 9		32
10	Saturday	37	9	7 54	6 17		32
11	Sunday	38	9	8 49	8 23		31
12	Monday	39	9	9 8	8 25		30
13	Tuesday	41	9	9 37	rises		29
14	Wednesday	41	9	10 20	6 12		28
15	Thursday	42	9	10 59	7 13		28
16	Friday	42	10	11 38	8 13		27
17	Saturday	43	10	A 13	9 12		26
18	Sunday	44	10	0 49	10 10		26
19	Monday	45	10	2 2	11 7		26
20	Tuesday	45	11	2 45	morn.		26
21	Wednesday	46	11	3 30	0 4		26
22	Thursday	46	12	4 33	1 1		25
23	Friday	47	12	5 42	2 0		26
24	Saturday	47	13	6 52	3 0		26
25	Sunday	48	13	7 58	4 0		27
26	Monday	48	14	8 50	5 0		28
27	Tuesday	48	15	9 36	5 59		29
28	Wednesday	48	16	10 21	sets		30
29	Thursday	48	17	11 2	5 56		31
30	Friday	48	18	11 42	7 6		32
31	Saturday	48	18	morn	8 18		3

THE HERALD

Book and Job Printing Establishment,

CORNER OF PRINCE AND KENT STREETS.

Printing of every description executed with neatness and dispatch!

Having procured an entirely new Stock of Plain and Fancy Printing Material, he is prepared to execute any orders in the above line cheaper than can be done elsewhere, such as

Pamphlets, Catalogues, By-laws, Reports,

HANDBILLS!

BILL-HEADS, CARDS, CIRCULARS,

Blanks of all kinds!

FANCY PRINTING!

Blank Receipt and Note of Hand Books!

Visiting Cards, &c., &c.

Jobs ordered by Mail promptly executed and dispatched by parcel post.

Share of public patronage respectfully solicited.

EDWARD REILLY.

HERALD Office,
Corner of Kent and Prince Streets, Oct. 13, 1863.

THE LONDON AND LANCASHIRE FIRE AND LIFE Insurance Companies,

HAVING A LARGE PAID UP CAPITAL,

Accept all classes of Risks

At reasonable rates of Premium.

HARLES YOUNG, Agent.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.,
March 21st, 1864.

Bank of P. E. Island.

(Corner of Queen and Water Streets)

HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; WM. CRAWLEY, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m., to 3 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

UNION BANK, P. E. I.

THE Days of Discount at this Bank will be MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, in each week. Notes to be left with the Cashier on these days before one o'clock.

JAMES ANDERSON, Cashier.

Charlottetown, June 3, 1864. 2m

MAILS.

THE MAILS for the WESTWARD, viz: to Tignish Cascumpec, Port Hill, Princetown, &c., will, on and after Monday, the 2d November, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, at 8 o'clock, a.m.

L. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

General Post Office,
Charlottetown, Oct. 28, 1863.

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

KENT-STREET, - - - CHARLOTTETOWN.

THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ The Best of Liquors always on hand. Good Stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Nov. 26, 1863.

Meeting of the Legislature.

COLONIAL SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
15th November, 1864.

WHEREAS by a Resolution of the House of Assembly, passed on the 14th day of April, 1860, it was resolved that the Initiation of all Money Votes should be with the Executive:

Notice is hereby given that all applications for MONEY GRANTS for Roads, Bridges, Wharfs, &c., and all Petitions for grants in aid of any object whatsoever which parties may desire to submit to the Legislature at its next annual Session, are required to be sent into this Office on or before the First day of February, 1865.

By command,
W. H. POPE, Col. Sec'y.

DAWSON'S BUILDING,

CORNER OF GREAT GEORGE AND KENT STREETS.

WILLIAM H. WILSON

HAS just opened a large STOCK of GENERAL MERCHANDISE, consisting in part of—

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, in all the latest styles; Coburgs, Alpacas, Lustres, delaines, wincies, French merinos and delaines,
Grey, white, striped and printed COTTONS,
Shirtings, tickings, osnaburgs, drills, jeans, sheetings in grey and white,
White, red, blue and fancy Flannels; broad cloths, doeskins, Tweeds, &c., &c.,
Superior Meltons, very cheap; mantle cloths, mantles, and ready-made Clothing,
Feathers, hats, shawls, bonnets, gloves, hosiery, &c., &c.
Hardware—shovels, hoes, plough-mounting, weevers' reeds, nails, &c., &c.
Table Cutlery, sheath knives, powder, shot, caps, blister steel, &c., &c.
Boots and Shoes, ladies' Wellington Rubbers, Rubber Shoes, &c., &c.
Groceries—Tea, superior quality; Sugar, Molasses, Raisins, Tobacco, &c., &c.
Hoop skirts, in great variety.

W. H. W. begs to call special attention to his stock of FURS, imported direct from the Montreal Factory, consisting of—

BOAS, in Mountain Martin, Stone Martin, Fitch, Mock Fitch, Lustred, Opossum and Minesota.
A few Princess Royals, very superior; also, Caps, in Hair Otter, Plucked Otter, Grey Plushed Alfred, and a lot of other styles.
Dawson's Building, Nov. 16, 1864.

DENTIST.

DR. LOUIS DE CHEVRY

SURGEON DENTIST, (FROM PARIS,)

Office, - - - Great George Street, Charlottetown.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted in every style, with such close imitation of nature that the most skilful eye can not discern the difference. The greatest care is bestowed upon the manufacture of the plates, and their make and finish bear evidence of fine workmanship. All dental operations are performed with professional dexterity. Teeth inserted with or without extracting the roots—the best substances are employed. All work warranted as represented. Prices moderate. *Advice given daily free of charge.*

DENTIFRICE ELIXIR,

For purifying the mouth and preserving the teeth, prepared by Dr. Louis de Chevry, Dentist, (from Paris.)

This Elixir strengthens the gums, renders the breath agreeable and keeps the mouth in a constant state of freshness and health, and is indispensable to those who wear artificial teeth.

Directions.—Put a few drops of the Elixir in a little water, dip the brush, and clean the teeth as usual.

Superior Tooth Powder.—Infallible remedy for Toothache.

Dr. de Chevry will be found at his Office at all hours of the day.

Charlottetown, Sept. 21, 1864, 3m

NOTICE!

THE subscriber begs to announce that he has this day admitted Mr. EDMUND F. BYRNE into Co-Partnership. The Business will be carried on under the style and firm of DELANY & BYRNE.

He also begs to tender his thanks to the public for the generous patronage extended to the late firm of Delany & Wilson, and respectfully solicits a renewal of the same for the new firm.

T. DELANY.

Charlottetown, Oct. 31, 1864.

IN connection with the above, we desire to acquaint our friends and the public that we HAVE RECEIVED, per 'Commodore' and 'Lotus' from ENGLAND, and 'Franconia' from BOSTON and HALIFAX, and are

NOW OPENING

at the Old Stand,—

Renfrew House,

GREAT GEORGE STREET,

A LARGE STOCK

—OF—

General Merchandize,

Comprising:

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

in all the new styles.

Wincies, Coburgs, Lustres, &c.,

Mantles, Shawls, Bonnets, Hats, Feathers, Flowers, Gloves, Hosiery, &c.

Grey, White and Printed Cottons, Shirtings, Tickings, Osnaburgs, Denims, &c., &c.

Red, White, Blue, and Fancy FLANNELS, Serges, &c.

Black Cloths, Colored and Black Does, Fancy Tweeds, Heavy Coatings, Fine Melton do., Clothing, Under do., White Cotton Shirts, Fancy Flannel do., Collars, Ties, Fur Caps, (some very choice), Felt and Tweed Hats, Mens' and Boys' Cloth Caps, &c.

A large stock of Ladies' Fashionable FURS, Sontags, Hoods, Skeletons, Skirts ank Skirtings &c.

Men's, Mrs.' and Children's

BOOTS and SHOES,

and a variety of other Goods.

GROCERIES — Tea, (warranted good,) Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Raisins, &c.

HARDWARE—Nails, Plough-mounting, Glass, Paint, Putty, &c.

We respectfully request a call from Town and Country buyers, feeling satisfied of our ability to give them satisfaction. We may observe that, with a view to obtain that patronage so necessary to success, we shall offer our customers such goods only as we can warrant, and at the lowest possible prices.

DELANY & BYRNE.

Charlottetown, Nov. 12, 864.

Poetry.

THE DREAMS OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Dreams, come home to my heart again,
With the memory of the past!
Come, with your pleasures and your pain,
And your hopes too bright to last!
Come from you hidden graves that lie
In the beautiful realms of the days gone by!
Come from your glorious graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

I will welcome ye all again,
As once in the halls of old,
Welcome the pleasures and the pain
For the beauty your brief lives held!
Dreams come out of your secret graves,
In the woodlands wide, and the dim sea caves;
Dreams come out of your myriad graves,
In the wilds and the dim sea caves!

Ye throng the halls of my heart once more,
With forms sad with pain!
Oh failed ghosts of the dreams of yore,
The joys come not again!
Go back! to your mournful graves that lie
In the shadowy realms of the days gone by—
Go back! to your mournful graves that lie
In the realms of the days gone by!

"WEEP NOT FOR THE SUMMER."

Weep not because the summer's gone,
With all her wreaths of roses;
Weep not because o'er hill and dale
The dark brown leaf reposes.
My home has yet the buds of spring,
Not touched by winter's frost;
No drought hath parched them in their youth,
No winds their bright locks tossed.

Weep not because the haggard hills
By autumn's blasts are bare;
Weep not because the mountain tops
Feel winter's chilly care.
Weep not, for winter—Death—shall crown
The youthful and the hoary;
Shall crown their brows with evergreens
Of everlasting glory!

Select Literature.

THE GOLDEN-HAIRED WIG.

You remember that very long cold winter of 18—when the frost continued from October to the end of April?

We got so accustomed to it that we never expected it would change. A good many curious adventures happened to me while that cold weather lasted, some of which I have related to you. I shall now tell you my adventure with the Golden-Haired Wig.

It was about the middle of December; the night was dark and stormy, and the cold intense. A dismal storm of sleet and snow was driving on the wind like spiteful mischief; but notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, I was braving it out in a horse and chaise on a very long journey. I had been up to Newberg to inspect the traces left by some villains in a daring burglary committed at a rich brewer's mansion, and having completed my task, was hastening back to the city, where my presence was urgently needed on another affair no less important.

You know that every noted burglar has his own peculiar style of carrying on his operations. By an inspection of the premises, it is easy for a detective to tell whether Bandy Bill or Bosky Bob be the artist. In the case I had been inspecting, I was sure Bandy Bill had been at work.

The burglars had been disturbed while engaged in their work, and made a precipitate retreat, not without carrying off considerable plunder, however. The coachman had fired a large pistol, loaded with swan-shot and slugs, at the retreating burglars; and it was supposed that the charge had taken effect, for traces of blood were distinctly visible on the gravel-walk, along which the robbers had hastily retreated.

Bandy Bill was pretty well known to me. He had often been in trouble, and I had frequently been his guardian. You never would have taken him for a desperate burglar. He was a little, active fellow, slightly made, with hair of a peculiar golden brown color, smooth-visaged, with no beard, nor a particle of hair on his face, although he must have been at least seven-and-twenty years of age. I believe he was an Englishman; but that's neither here nor there. I only knew that he was a daring, desperate fellow, who stood at nothing in accomplishing his designs.

Why was he called Bandy? Well, he *was* rather queer about the legs it is true; but as he usually wore loose, sailors' trousers, this defect of nature was not so very conspicuous. Had he been a woman, why, of course, nobody would have ever known of his peculiarity.

But to return to the road. About nine o'clock I found myself approaching the neighborhood of——. My fast mare seemed exhilirated by the storm, and dashed along "light and swift," imparting some of her own dash to my drooping spirits; and the prospect of a good supper and a roaring fire soon rose as a bright vision to my mind's eye.

The village—or town I think they call it—was about a couple of miles in the rear, and we were bowling along at full speed, when suddenly my mare shied—so suddenly, in fact, as nearly to jerk me out of the chaise. Looking out into the darkness to ascertain this very unusual conduct on the part of the faithful animal, I discerned a dark object in the snow, lying a little on one side of the road, which I imagined to be a human being.

I well knew that no man or woman could survive exposure to the cold on such a night as that, so I jumped out of the vehicle to see if it really were some poor creature whom it was my duty to save from perishing.

I found my surmise realized. The form was that of a woman, but of what age or condition the darkness prevented my discerning. I could feel the bonnet and woolen shawl, and that decided me. My duty was clear, for the person, whoever it might be, was apparently benumbed with cold, and fast sinking into that torpor from which there is no awaking.

I raised her—she was rather heavy—and lifted her into the vehicle, intending to convey her to the nearest inn, where she could receive proper aid and shelter. I wrapped her in a large horseman's cloak upon which I had been sitting, and propping her up as well as I could, drove on, musing on the pleasing theme of my own philanthropy.

Before long, however, this comfortable feeling of self-complacency gave way, and was succeeded by a less satisfactory feeling. I remembered that footpads frequently disguised themselves as a woman, and being treated to a 'lift' by generous and unsuspecting travellers, turned suddenly on their benefactors and robbed them of their money, sometimes making a pretty good haul, when the victim happened to be a country farmer returning from markets, with his pockets filled with the proceeds of his sales of produce and stock.

This suspicious feeling gained upon me every moment, and was in no respect diminished by my companion pressing very heavily upon me. All things considered, my situation was far from enviable. Here I might be sitting cheek by jowl with one of the greatest villians in the state. I would gladly have got rid of my anonymous companion, but as yet there was no excuse for dropping her on the road. I resolved to stop at the first inn we came to, and leave her there. Soon one came in view, and I attempted to rein in the mare; but when I endeavored to do so, found to my amazement and horror, that the reins was no longer between my fingers; the cold had so benumbed them that the reins had slipped down. I was afraid to stoop for the reins, least my companion should take advantage of my position, so, after a moment's reflection, I determined to rouse my equivocal travelling companion, and at once commenced the operation. I took off my gloves, and put my hand to her cheek—it was warm. I felt her hands—they were warm too. I had a flask of brandy in my breast coat pocket, I put it to her lips, and she sucked down the cordial with remarkable avidity. I had hopes new of a speedy and complete revival. I spoke a few words of inquiry, but gained no response except a groan, followed by a sigh.

It must be a woman after all!

Meanwhile the mare continued to dash along at her own free will with unabated speed. I had no control over her, but every confidence in her sagacity. At this rate, I thought, we must soon reach a turnpike, and then we must stop. And in a few moments, in fact, the mare came to a stand-still.

'Gate! gate!' I shouted.

The toll-keeper came out with a lantern. Now then, I thought, I shall see what sort of a companion I have got.

I turned to look at her. The head was drooping but I could see that it was covered with a profusion of curly hair—long ringlets of a very peculiar color. Some envious people might have called it red; but I, who have some taste in hair, especially woman's hair, pronounced the color to be golden brown—I nudged my companion gently.

Wake up, if you please, ma'ma. Would'nt you like to go in and warm yourself by the toll-keeper's fire?

No answer—only a groan and a heavy sigh as before.

'Better drive on to town, Mr. Barker,' said the toll-keeper; 'the road is not very safe at this time of night. Got your pistols, sir, I suppose?'

On hearing this my companion slowly raised her head, and, with widely-opened eyes (I could see no more of her face), took a keen survey of mine, but said nothing. I picked up the reins, and started afresh, in the hope that in another half-hour would put an end to my very uncomfortable state of suspense.

But I did not feel myself at all reassured in thinking over matters, so I made up my mind to prepare for the worst. I turned to drop my whip into the rest, spoke a few words to me mare, and began to whistle to keep up my courage.

'Steady, Polly, steady, old gal.'

I wore on this occasion an overcoat made of thick box-cloth, not over-long in the skirts, but long enough to reach to my knees; there were pockets in front, in one of which I carried a pair of bracelets, and in the other a pistol.

As I lightly turned to deposit the whip into its receptacle, my companion suddenly struck my left hand, by which I held the reins, and with his other hand gave me a blow on the head, sending my hat spinning into the road.

The sudden jirk on the reins caused my mare to stop and rear, but I very nigh lost my balance. This together with the blow on the head, had nearly sent me tumbling into the road, but I am rather solid in the flesh, and therefore quickly regained my seat.

At the same moment my companion leaped from the gig, and on reaching the ground struck my mare a blow on the haunch. The mare started, and doubtless would have made off, had I not fortunately retained a firm hold of the reins.

Whatever doubt I had previously entertained as to the character and sex of my companion, it was now pretty evident that she or he 'was no good.' The thought flashed into my mind that it was Bandy Bill, and the color of his hair strenghtened my suspicion.

There was a reward of five hundred dollars offered for the apprehension of this rascal, and I felt that I must use every effort to capture him.

But I was in an awkward fix. Upon leaping from the chaise, the rascal scrambled over a gate into a field, where of course I could not follow him with the mare.

Generally speaking, the intelligent creature was as obedient as a dog; but as she had been somewhat flurried by the unusual treatment she had received, I could hardly make up my mind to leave her alone on the high road at that hour. But there was Bandy Bill almost within my grasp. I felt that I must run all risks to secure him.

I drew the chaise as close to the side of the road as possible, and I fastened the reins to the wheel, patted the mare on the neck and spoke a few words to her.

'Steady, Polly, steady, old gal.'

She showed her impatience by pawing the ground furiously and champing her bit. As I turned to cross into the field, she looked after me and neighed.

'Steady, old gal, steady.'

All this was but the work of a moment. I had no time to look for my hat, so I bounded over the gate in double-quick time. I could see the dark figure of Bandy Bill relieved against the white snow about a hundred yards ahead. Supposing him to be incumbered with petticoats, I reckoned that I should soon overtake him. But he began to throw away his incumbrances! first came the bonnet and wig, next the woollen shawl, then a skirt that served, I suppose, for gown and petticoats in the disguise he had assumed. Of course I did not stop to pick up those articles then.

Bandy Bill was an active little fellow, as I have told you; and he made his way across the field with wonderful agility. I can skim then ground myself at a very good pace, but I soon found that I shuld have hard work to overtake him. He seemed to know the ground thoroughly well, for he struck diagonally across to a path, bounded over it and before I reached it he was half-way across the next field. My blood was up, I gave hot chase. He reached another gate, and cleared that, and was out of sight. When I reached the gate I found that it opened, not into another field, but into a narrow lane.

I could not see Bill; he might have turned to the right, or he might have turned to the left. I was completely at fault, I paused, but could hear no sound except the whisiting of the wind through the trees. He might be within a few feet of where I was standing; I should have been none the wiser, if he were armed, I was completely at his mercy; for sheltered as he was by the darkness of the lane, I should have proved an easy mark for him, while I was powerless to act either on the offensive or defensive.

I was anxious about my mare, which I left standing on the road. He might double and make off with her. I at once attempted to retrace my steps—a task of no very little difficulty, on account of the blinding storm of snow and sleet. Besides, I had no Bill to guide me to the gates.

I blundered along, trusting to 'fate and metaphysical aid,' and soon reached the first fence. I looked for the gate as well as the darkness permitted; but not finding it, I forced a passage through the hedge, and in this way I managed at length to regain the turnpike road.

But there was no horse and gig in sight. As I had not returned exactly by the same path as I first crossed the fields, it was probable that I had emerged somewhere above or below the spot where I had fastened the mare; so I winded my way along the road, hoping soon to come upon her.

I plodded on, I should say, at least half a mile without seeing anything of my mare. I was then forced to conclude that I had started from a point in advance of where I had left her; so I retraced my steps in no very amiable mood, I can assure you.

I had not proceeded far before I became aware of the approach of a vehicle. I could hear, but not see it. As it came nearer I drew on one side of the road. Presently it dashed past me at a furious rate. The glance I had of it was momentary, yet I made no doubt of its being my own mare and chiase, nor was I less sure that they were driven by Bandy Bill.

I heard him lashing the whip—my whip—as he approached and passed by. He had goaded the mare up to a pace of at least fourteen miles an hour. For a moment I was confounded with rage and indignation, to be done in that manner by such a rascal. I felt that my character was gone. I should be the laughing stock of my brother officers. The thought was unendurable.

I had my hands in my pockets while I was walking along the road, retracing my steps, and at that instant the mare and chaise passed by me, driven, as I had no doubt, by Bandy Bill. I drew out my pistol and fired in the direction he had gone. It was too dark to take aim and there was no probability that the bullet would take effect; but I did not consider my ammunition wasted, as the report might bring me assistance if anyone happened to be near.

A minute or two after I had fired my pistol I heard the report of another shot in the direction the chaise had gone. I did not know what to make of this, but I immediately hastened along the road, and in a few minutes came upon a saddle-horse, standing in the middle of the road, but without his rider, who was lying on the ground at the animal's feet, with the reins tightly grasped in his hand.

I stooped down, and addressing the prostrate man inquired of him what was the matter.

'Oh, that villian has shot me!' I am badly wounded. I'm very faint, but never mind me. Take my horse, and pursue the villian.

I gently removed the wounded man on to the pathway skirting the road, and following his advice, mounted his horse and started in pursuit.

Giving the animal the rein, I soon urged it into a fast gallop. Its pace was splendid—My mare, harnessed to the gig, could but trot. At the pace I was now hurrying along, I had no doubt that I should soon overtake her. I hoped that at least a wheel would come off, or some other accident enable me to come up with the object of my pursuit.

I knew that there was another toll-gate within a mile or so, and I had every hope that it might be the occasion of my meeting with my runaway, together stopping Bill's progress.

Soon I observed a moving light at some distance in advance. This I had no doubt was the toll-gate. In a few seconds I was there. I found my mare and chaise in the custody of the toll-keeper, but Bandy Bill was missing.

A few words of explanation informed me that the toll-keeper had been roused by the cry of 'Gate.' Upon coming out he found the mare with the chaise at the gate, but no driver.

I concluded that Bandy Bill, hearing the sound of the horse's feet, knew that he was pursued, and had thought it was wise to make off.

I informed the toll-keeper of the wounded man I had left on the road, and having seen him and his son set off on horseback to the poor fellow's aid, I proceeded to the nearest inn, whence I despatched a messenger to town with information of what had occurred, and requested that assistance might be immediately sent to me. I concluded that Bandy Bill would conceal himself in the neighborhood somewhere, and not dare to venture into New York.