

understood too much about it willingly to invite its aid, his knowledge invariably kept him on the windy side. All men knew him for a rascal; no man could prove it to demonstration. Some rumoured that he was rich; all believed that if justice was done he must end his days on the hulks. Few, however, quarrelled with Mr. Honeywell openly, for it was a dangerous experiment. He bore himself very amiably toward the country-side, subscribed to three packs of hounds, and, being a keen sportsman, had many acquaintances of like tastes with himself, who declared that he was a straight rider and not such a bad fellow after all. He dearly loved a joke unless it was at his own expense, as when some persons unknown painted the words "Botany Bay" upon his house door on a summer night; but he was of a nature that few men cared to jest upon; he never forgave an injury, and he had proved it upon more than one occasion.

In person Mr. Honeywell shrank as much below the average stature as John Newcombe towered above it. He stood only five feet two inches; but he was a tough and wiry little man. His light weight enabled him to do great things on horseback, and, in addition to authentic achievements, he claimed performance of many marvellous feats which other sportsmen declined to credit, though they knew that he rode the best horses on Dartmoor.