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CHAPTER LXIII.

COACH RIDE AT NIGHT FROM HALIFAX TO WINDSOR.—THE PRINCE
EDWARD'S MAN, AND THE GENTLEMAN FROM NEWFOUNDLAND.

IMMERSED in fog, and shut up in a small coach, three of us, a Prince Edward's man and a gentleman from Newfoundland, rode at a round trot, with but two or three brief intermissions, from ten o'clock in the evening until six next morning. The country, I conclude—if a man may have any conclusions, who rides with his eyes fast shut, and sleeps and nods—is a succession of hills and dales. From the bridges, over which we rumbled, and from the crowing of the cocks at midnight and at dawn, I argue that there were farms and streams. My companions were agreeable. Being partners in the enterprise, at the cost of twenty-two dollars and a half for an eight hours' drive, we had fellow-feelings on all things in general, and upon the expensiveness of night travel-