

prodigious black... frightened eyes, and terrible... groaning, screaming, and... through the valley like the wind...

"I certainly hear the tramp of a horse at full gallop in the distance," exclaimed O'Byrne, "but what of that?"

O'Byrne consented, and Daly proceeded as follows:—"You must know, my lord, as every one knows, that the reign of the Red Hag, (Cath-leach Ragh) as we Irish term the blood-stained Jezabel—Elizabeth—was a period of sorrow as well as glory to the gallant clans of O'Byrne and O'Kavanagh. Many a terrific battle your heroic ancestor, Feah MacHugh, fought against the hiring soldiers of Elizabeth. Many a time he fed the eagles with their flesh. But to make a long story short, after a long career of victory, he fell a victim to the treachery of the agents of the English Queen. Among the monsters of treachery who plundered the O'Byrne, and made his estates their own, Old Proby, the ancestor of the Earl of Carysfort, was perhaps the most treacherous. When the last remnant of the clansmen of the heroic MacHugh retreated into the most lonely valleys and caverns of their native mountains, Old Proby was accustomed to hunt them with blood-hounds. He followed them with his ferocious dogs and a fierce band of savage *cearn mhara* into the thickets, bogs and briary glens, which he often dyed with the blood of his screaming victims. These poor outlaws were supplied with food by a trusty messenger named Kevin Dathy. He was called Dathy on account of his nimbleness. Kevin used to lurk in secret places, and keep watch and ward on the movements of Old Proby, and fly with the news to the persecuted people who were in danger of falling into Proby's hands. These poor fugitives met one night at the very Rath which we are now approaching. They were heartless, and hopeless, and breathless, and silent; their object in meeting was to deliberate as to what course they should adopt under present circumstances. Proby was out that very night, scouring the woods with his blood-hounds and his Kerns. He learned from his spies that the outlaws were at the Rath. He and his crew immediately came sweeping along the ravine to capture or kill the poor fellows. They resisted, and were butchered like sheep in and about the Rath. Every night, since Old Proby died—and it's the very next night, they say, he died—he comes running out of the cavern of the ravine, in the shape of a prodigious black pig, with frightful eyes blazing like fire, and great tusks as white as snow, and he groaning, and screaming, and running, as if his entrails were on fire, and the horseman, the good messenger, Kevin Dathy—who was burned alive by Old Proby—comes sweeping on his black steed like the wind, in full pursuit of the big black pig, and accompanied by all the Kerns, yelling in the shape of blood-hounds, a-hunting their former master, Old Proby. And that's to be his doom until the day of judgment."

"Oh! Lord, sir, don't you hear them?" exclaimed one of the party; "don't you hear the horrid clamor, and the clatter of a horse's hoofs?"

"Here he comes," exclaimed another; "here he comes. Cross of Christ between us and all harm."

"Here's the horseman, by the laws, sure enough. Here's Kevin Dathy. Here's the white Messenger."

Richard O'Byrne remained perfectly silent, as he observed a man mounted on a wild black horse, flying as swift as a hawk down the gully, waving a letter above his head. As the stranger neared the party he seemed to cheer his gallant steed. The delegates cleared the way with wild terrified, and hasty expedition, while O'Byrne, holding a pistol in each hand, calmly waited to see the result of it. He had scarcely made this arrangement when the horseman passed him with the impetuosity of a whirlwind. As he swept along he flung at O'Byrne's feet the large letter which he had been previously waving over his head—then continued his course without uttering a word of explanation, and was soon lost to sight in the turn of the valley.

The effect which this mysterious apparition produced upon the people may be easily comprehended. They remained motionless, breathless, silent, awe struck and paralyzed.

"Lord save us, its the white spectre," cried one. "Oh! he came to convince the scoffers," said another, alluding to Jack Gunn who had derided the legend of the 'Good messenger' as an old woman's fable. This explanation met the unfeigned approbation of all present—even Jack Gunn himself who lent a sanction to it by his attitude of undisguised terror. Richard, meantime took up the letter which lay at his feet, and which the wind turned over and threatened to blow away. He turned it again and again, looked at all its sides and all its extremities as if to assure himself that it was really a letter and not a figment of his own brain. He vainly tried to read the address—the feeble light of the clouded moon did not admit of this. But he could easily see to his no small astonishment that it was sealed with the royal arms.

CHAPTER X. While our friends—ruminating over the recent event—were proceeding in the direction of the Rath, a man armed with a rifle, suddenly hopped up from a clump of furze (behind which he had been evidently crouching) and cried, "Who goes there?" Richard advanced, and uttered the pass-word. The sentinel dropped his rifle, and the party proceeded without interruption. When he approached the Rath, Richard O'Byrne felt an indefinable apprehension and unwillingness to enter this community. Yet it was quite certain that his fervent patriotism—his il-

lustrious... friendly reception from these... They glared on him, but thought with suspicion and curiosity; but no sooner had he uttered a few words than they came flocking round him full of attention and respect. They listened with eagerness to his persuasive discourse which had all the success he could expect. Marks of sympathy perpetually revealed themselves as he developed his plans for the delivery of his country. The apparition of the white spectre—which speedily passed from lip to lip, and which assumed as they told it all the proportions of an inexplicable miracle, contributed not a little to ensure him a friendly reception. It was believed or suspected that the "White Spectre" had brought O'Byrne orders from the other world with relation to Ireland. This splendid prodigy ensured success to the rebels. Daly who was generally regarded as an oracle seemed to propagate this rumor. He caused himself to be led from group to group, and those who listened to Daly, did not fail to greet O'Byrne with rapturous applause. O'Byrne was in short regarded as an ambassador from France, and an envoy from on High. When confidence was thus established, the measures were discussed which were necessary to ensure success to the plans of the association. We shall merely glance at the resolutions which were arrived at in this assembly. It is enough to say that Richard who had received an exact account of the character of the men he had to deal with managed to make them amenable to his will without irritating their self-esteem. The chief were selected with sagacity and appointed with judgment. Everything was arranged, and the insurrection was to break out the following day in the great fair of...

The eastern region of the sky began to brighten, and the light of the stars to wane pale, ere all these matters were arranged. After repeating his instructions to each of his new friends, O'Byrne bade them good-night. Some were to hasten to their homes and kindle rebellion in their respective neighborhoods, while others should proceed to the fair-town, and wait there ready to obey Richard's commands. Then the meeting dissolved, and Richard was about to depart—accompanied by Gunn and Daly—when he heard a timid voice call him by name.

"Who are you? What do you want?" asked O'Byrne, with some impatience.

"Did your honor read the big letter I threw a while ago?" asked a white figure emerging from the bushes, "there's great news entirely in that letter. Did your honor read it at all?"

O'Byrne recollected the letter received in so extraordinary a manner, and which his preoccupation of mind prevented his opening. He hastily drew it from his pocket, and approaching the fire, from which some light still radiated, gazed on it with his soul in his eyes. He found it, with astonishment, directed to Lord Powerscourt. He tore it open—it contained a proclamation issued by Lord Clarendon. It also contained a warrant for the apprehension of Richard O'Byrne, late captain in the native Indian army—now reputed leader of the insurgents of Wicklow, Wexford, and the adjoining counties, and said to be lurking in or about the Seven Churches. The warrant directed his lordship, as lord lieutenant of Wicklow, to order all deputy lieutenants, magistrates, chiefs of police, and all good and loyal subjects in general, to seize, and cause to be seized, and arrested, the body of the aforesaid Richard O'Byrne, for which a reward of one thousand pounds should be paid to him who should make the arrest, and lodge the said Richard O'Byrne in any of her majesty's jails or prisons in the United Kingdom.

This document agitated the mind of Richard with indescribable feelings. He read it and re-read it, until nothing more could be learned from it, then he turned to the man who gave it to him.

"How did you get this document? Who are you?"

"Is it me? Isn't it Tom Kavanagh I am?"

"Karanagh?" asked Richard with serenity. "Was it not you that set fire to the house in the village?"

"Then, your honor knows that? Faix, I believe you're a witch. Oh! sorra one else. I set it on fire with my own hands."

Having now given... I feel some... further allusion to the... necessary for me to enter into any details on this subject... I might seem guilty of ingratitude if I were, upon the present occasion, to pass over altogether without notice the enthusiastic greetings with which I was welcomed from New York to New Orleans, and from thence to Richmond, by those that I received in Canada (loud applause). I can only say that they have left upon my mind recollections which can never be effaced—recollections which are the more fraught with pleasure, because the sentiment which was called forth on the occasion of my visit was entirely spontaneous, since upon no one occasion did I encourage, whilst upon many occasions I discouraged, even to actual incivility, the demonstration of these sentiments. These recollections are also fraught with pleasure, because I regard the participation of the native born Americans and of native born Canadians in these manifestations of kindness as an evidence, not only of respect towards myself, but also of sympathy with my country, and of attachment to the Irish emigrants who have settled in America (cheers). "I was pleased also to find that this sentiment was not a momentary caprice, but increased in intensity as I proceeded on my journey. It has often been said that the Americans are capricious in their treatment of strangers—that they show them much attention on their arrival, but neglect them before their departure. Certainly I had no reason to complain of such veracity. I was well received at New York on my arrival, but even at Washington, who had rendered life-long services to his republic, might have been content with the ovation which attended me on the day of my departure from New York. It is wonderful, then, that I should have carried away from the shores of America sentiments of the warmest attachment to the inhabitants of both the United States and of Canada? (Applause.)

AMERICA AND ENGLISH TOURISTS. It was supposed by many that he intended to write an account of his travels in America, but he had not done so for two reasons—firstly, he could not ponder to English feeling by satirizing a people who had treated him with so much kindness and hospitality. He desired to abstain from the style of criticism adopted by certain English writers, who flattered with fulsome adulation those who treated them kindly as long as they were amongst them; but who, when they came to write a book on America, only brought forward such points of national character as were calculated to excite ridicule or detestation [cheers]. In the next place, he did not remain long enough in the country to enable him to speak fully on those various topics which they would naturally expect to find treated of in a book.

THE LECTURER'S ROUTE. Although he travelled 7,000 miles throughout America, he only spent three months in doing so, and he had not time to write down notes of his impressions. However, although not prepared to write an elaborate work on America, there did not exist any objection to his giving in one or two lectures the ideas which he had formed of America and its institutions. He had many favorable opportunities for observation, as from the moment of his arrival in New York up to the time of his departure, he was surrounded by men of all classes, creeds and parties, whose chief desire seemed to be, that he should heartily enjoy his visit to America, and have every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the institutions of the country. Mr. O'Brien then proceeded to give an account of his voyage to America and of the route which he took in travelling through that country.

THE IRISH IN NEWFOUNDLAND. Starting from Galway on the 5th of February, the most inclement season of the year, after a voyage of twenty days he reached Newfoundland, where he became the guest of Dr. Mullock, the Catholic Bishop of that district. This was the only dependency of the British Crown where Catholics and Irishmen enjoyed an ascendancy, and the administration of affairs in that island tended to prove that Irish Catholics might be safely entrusted with the duties of self-government [loud applause]. The people were not only independent in character and exceedingly enterprising, but he was informed by the bishop that they were highly distinguished by the morality of their conduct. Mr. O'Brien then proceeded southward to Washington, and from thence to Richmond, Charleston, Augusta, Mobile, New Orleans, Memphis, Huntsville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Saint Louis, Nanticoke, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Niagara.

SELF-GOVERNMENT. From the Falls he proceeded to Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, where he had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of some of the leading politicians of that country. Mr. O'Brien took the present opportunity of thanking those gentlemen for the politeness with which they had received him, and for the efforts they had made to procure his restoration from exile. It was natural that the people of Canada should sympathize with the Irish people in their desire for self-government; for Canada had suffered scarcely less than Ireland had done from the intervention of the imperial government in its local affairs [applause]. Many Canadian politicians complained occasionally of the mis-government of the country by the party to which they did not belong; but he doubted if a single individual would wish to return to the system of government under which their local affairs were regulated by orders from Downing street [loud applause].

THE FRENCH IN CANADA. Mr. O'Brien then touched briefly on his visit to Montreal, Ottawa, and other Canadian towns. He alluded to a visit which he paid to a gentleman who was possessed of one of the old French seigneuries. His tenants were all descended from the French, and spoke the French language. They occupied farms varying from 50 to 100 acres in extent, and as they held at a quit rent of one halfpenny an acre, and had a perpetuity of tenure, they were in fact proprietors. Though it was the habit of English writers to represent the French Canadians as inactive and unenterprising, he could say that in no part of the world had he seen any people who enjoyed a greater amount of social comfort and peaceful independence. Mr. O'Brien afterwards proceeded to Quebec, where he spent a few days and was received with the greatest kindness and enthusiasm.

A MILITARY COLLEGE. He next proceeded down the St. Lawrence, and visited Richmond, Portland, Boston, and New York. Situated on the Hudson—the most beautiful in America—between Albany and New York is the military establishment of West Point, to which he paid a brief visit. He believed that some American writers advocated the reduction of this establishment; but he thought this would be a serious mistake. The army of the United States being so much smaller in proportion to its population than that of any other state in the world, it was important that an establishment should be kept up which would always supply a body of the most highly instructed officers. He was introduced by his friend, Mr. Thomas Meagher (hear, and loud cheers) to the officers of this institution, and he had to thank them for the politeness with which they pointed out everything worth notice, and the hospitality with which they had treated him.

FRIENDS IN THE FAR WEST. He afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mr. Charles O'Connor, whose name proved his descent from the kindly house of O'Connor, and who owed his success in life, which had placed him at the head of the legal profession in America, to his great talents and his high-minded sense of honor. He might appeal to his excellent friend (Mr. Dillon) who sat beside him (loud cheers) for confirmation on this point. A position similar to that which Mr. O'Connor held would soon be occupied by one of the exiles of 1848, a native of Dublin, his friend, Richard O'Gorman (loud cheers). For a long time Irishmen had occupied a high position at the bar of New York, and Richard O'Gorman took a high place in that forensic circle, graced by the names of Emmet, O'Connor and others, who, though less known, were entitled to respect (cheers). Whilst at Port Washington, the residence of Mr. O'Connor, he visited several institutions of New York—an almshouse, a penitentiary, and a lunatic asylum, and upon the whole, it appeared to him that these institutions were conducted in a manner highly creditable to the great city, of which they formed an appendage. After leaving Mr. O'Connor's house he was received by Mr. Townsend, the father-in-law of Mr. Thomas Meagher, at his home in Fifth Avenue, New York, and remained as his guest until his departure. They would be glad to hear that he never saw Thomas Meagher better in his health, more happy, or more respected than he was when he (Mr. O'Brien) parted from him (loud applause). He was married to a most amiable lady, whose relatives were amongst the most respected inhabitants of New York. Mr. O'Brien then continued.

THE IRISH EXILES. The emotions of pleasure with which I witnessed this demonstration of public feeling at New York, were mingled with but one source of regret. I could not grasp the hands of my friends, Meagher and Mitchell (loud cheers)—perhaps for the last time—without feeling that I was scarcely entitled to return to Ireland whilst they continued in banishment, exiled from their native land for no other offence than that in which I had been their associate, and as regards at least one of them, perhaps their guide—the offence of having endeavored in the most critical period of Ireland's history, to rescue its people from starvation and its property from ruin (enthusiastic cheers).

Well may the nations of Europe and of America feel contempt for the government which is still afraid to withdraw its proscription of three Irish exiles, whilst it suggests to continental despots the propriety of offering amnesties to all political offenders without reserve. May not this contempt be extended to the Irish nation if it lends its sanction to such pusillanimity? Is all magnanimity, is all manly spirit departed from this land, which was once famed for the generosity of its sons? I address this question to those who differed from the men of 1848. It is unnecessary for me to say what is the duty of those who think that these men—these proscribers—committed no crime, and who know that they were convicted by base and unfair means—by jury-packing in Dublin, and by a violation of every principle of justice and honor at Clonmel (vehement applause).

CONDITION OF THE IRISH EMIGRANTS. Before I landed in America, I was impressed with a notion that the Irish in America were, for the most part, mere "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—that they might obtain for a season high wages by working on railways and public works, but that they were subject to many disastrous casualties which tended to render their existence very precarious. I found, on the contrary, that in every part of America, Irishmen—that is, men born in Ireland, or children of Irishmen—occupy as high a social position as men of any other race (cheers). At New York a great number of Irishmen were named to me as persons who were most prominent in the various ranks of society. I have already mentioned to you the success that has attended many of them in the legal profession, but it would not be difficult to enumerate an equal number of Irishmen who have been successful in commerce, and other departments of life. At Baltimore, at Richmond, at Charleston, I was introduced to large circles of Irishmen, who, in point of wealth, manners, and social respectability might vie with the most successful merchants of the commercial cities of the world. In the district of New Orleans, the largest sugar plantation of the south has been recently acquired by an Irishman; and few persons in America hold a more honorable position than my host, Mr. Maunsell White, the transplanted scion of a family highly respected in the south of Ireland. This observation applies to almost every town and district that I visited in both the United States and Canada. Whilst at Washington, the seat of Government, I found the Presidential chair occupied by the son of an Irishman, Mr. Buchanan (cheers); and I was introduced to the Senate Chamber by an Irish Catholic, General Shields (renewed cheers), the favorite hero of the Mexican war, who is the only person that has ever been elected to Congress as Senator for two different States. Having been admitted to the floor of the Senate and of the House of Representatives, I was presented to a large proportion of the leading members of both houses, and there were very few, who did not mention to me with apparent pride, that some of their nearest relations on their paternal or maternal lineage were of Irish origin (applause).

THE LABORING CLASS. With respect to the laboring classes, it is undoubtedly true that many Irishmen encounter disease and poverty in America, but I was universally assured that, except in very rare cases of misfortune, the success of every emigrant depends upon his own conduct. Whilst I was in America I conversed freely with thousands of persons belonging to different classes, and I was told by many of those who work upon steam-boats and railways, that, if they were to take care of their earnings, they would soon be in comfortable circumstances, but that the nature of their occupation tempts them to dissipation, and that they spend nearly all that they acquire in intoxicating liquors. I am convinced, however, that the number of those who live thus recklessly, bears but a small proportion to those who save money and proceed by gradual steps—often by rapid advances—to the acquisition of competency. In this country it is almost impossible for a laboring man to raise himself from the condition in which he was born—though some cases, thank God! occur in which men, gifted with great energy and perseverance, raise themselves from the humblest to the highest positions in society—but in America every man who is not afflicted with some special calamity, may hope to obtain an independence for his family, and admission to the highest offices of the State. If any information be correct, the average daily wages of the lowest class of unskilled labor throughout the Union cannot be taken at less than a dollar, that is four shillings per day. In some districts it would be more, as wages occasionally rise to two dollars per day, and sometimes more. Now, I was told that a laboring man can live for half a dollar a day, so that every week he may lay aside if he so disposed, half his earnings. On the other hand, land is so cheap that he can acquire possession in fee of an estate at prices which vary from five shillings to £10 per English acre, according to its quality and to the amount of capital

invested upon its improvement, and the numerous markets, &c. The remainder of Irishmen are to be found who are now in possession of landed estates, more or less extensive, though they landed in America with no other capital at their disposal than a shovel, spade, and pickaxe, and a pair of sturdy arms, which have been set in motion by a bold, patient, and resolute spirit.

THE IRISH IN CANADA. Nor is this success confined to the United States. I have often heard it said, that a great difference is perceptible between the condition of the Canadian territory and that of the United States by a stranger who passes from one border to the other. I am bound to say that I could not discern any such superiority. Indeed I might mention some points on my route in which my observation would have led me to an opposite conclusion. But, whatever may have been the case in former times, I consider that Canada is now in circumstances as advantageous as those which are to be found throughout the greater part of the United States. I may mention, by way of illustration, the information which I received at Richmond, in Lower Canada, from a Catholic clergyman—a Canadian of French origin—who invited me to stay at his house whilst I was waiting for the train from Montreal to carry me to Portland. He told me that there was in his parish a large number of Irish families (if I recollect rightly, above two hundred), several of whom could speak only the Irish language, who had originally been laborers, but had acquired farms as proprietors, and were rapidly becoming possessed of wealth.

GO OR STAY. In reference to the question whether an Irish laborer or small farmer ought to go to America, I am disposed to say—if you can live at home in decent comfort, stay in the old land. Increase of wealth does not always compensate for the sacrifice of home associations. To many, what may be called "sentiment" is dearer than wealth; and I am not one of those who would cast ridicule upon attachment to old traditions, to old places, and to old connections. But, if the circumstances of your position in Ireland be such as leave you no alternative but to live in Ireland as a slave and a beggar, or to emigrate to a distant land, I would say to you, as I would say to my own sons, go forth, trusting in Providence, in a manly and self-relying spirit, and win for yourself independence in some foreign country, in which honorable toil meets a more secure reward than it finds in Ireland. Such countries are to be found even in connexion with the British Empire. If one-third of those who have emigrated to the United States during the last fifteen years had gone to Australia, the Australian Colonies might now be called Irish settlements, for the Irish would have formed a large majority of their population, and there would have been one great continent in the world in which the Irish Catholic might have found himself in a position of equality, if not of ascendancy, in relation to other sections of the population.

CATHOLICS AND KNOW-NOTHINGS. Again, if one-half of those who have emigrated during this period to the United States had gone to Canada, the Irish Catholic population superadded to the Canadian, of French origin, would have given a numerical superiority to the Catholics of Canada. Various circumstances induced the great mass of the Irish emigrants to settle in the United States, where they are, of necessity, absorbed amongst a population of which a large majority differs from them in regard of religious persuasion. There is no doubt that this difference—not to say antagonism—tends to render the life of the Irish emigrant in the United States less satisfactory than it would be if he found himself placed amongst persons who could worship at the same altar with him. Many of our fellow-countrymen, with whom I conversed in the United States, assured me that during the time when the "Know-Nothing" movement agitated the Union, their position was rendered so uncomfortable that they would willingly have left the United States if their circumstances had enabled them to quit that country without great loss. Fortunately the anti-Irish prejudice which then prevailed, though not entirely extinguished, has greatly abated. It was boldly and manfully encountered by some of the ablest statesmen of the Republic, who hazarded their popularity in defending the principles of the American Constitution and the cause of Religious Freedom (cheers). In the struggle which took place in 1854 and 1855, they triumphed in almost every part of the Union; and I was informed that in no one State, except Massachusetts, has the Know-Nothing agitation produced any effect upon legislation. I conversed openly and frankly with several persons who had taken a prominent part in this movement, and it gave me much pleasure to find that their tone is now rather apologetic than insulting to our countrymen (cheers). Though I denounced Know-Nothingism in several speeches which I made in America, and/or requires that I should admit that some protection was given, which tended to evoke this anti-Irish feeling. Nothing could be more laudable than the kindly and generous spirit with which the Irish were received in America at the time of the famine. At that time, when many of the organs of English opinion exulted in the destruction or emigration of the Gaelic race, that had resulted from the Irish famine, our people, landing in rags, and carrying with them pestilential diseases, were not repelled from the shores of America, but, on the contrary, were received with kindness and consideration (applause). The native American party think that they have reason to complain, because the Irish lost no time in taking part in the internal factions of the Republic, and allege that in many cases large bodies of Irish emigrants were brought from outlying localities to vote at places with which they had no connexion; that in many cases they used the influence which they so acquired in, in placing in office persons of exceptional character, whose subsequent conduct proved that they were not to be trusted with the administration of public affairs. Questions connected with education tended also to exasperate the feelings of the native-born Americans, and though, in regard to the whole of this controversy, I think that they failed to apply the proper remedy to the abuses of which they complain, and suggested remedies which were utterly at variance with the best interests, not only of mankind in general, but also of the United States; yet allowances ought to be made for prejudices, not always unfounded, whilst unfeigned gratitude ought to be rendered for the honorable feeling, which induced a great majority of the American people to encounter and subdue the intolerance which would have repelled from the shores of America every Catholic immigrant (loud cheers). Unfortunately the history of mankind in all ages shows that religious differences produce social antagonism. Such antagonism is as strong amongst the different sects of Mahomedans as amongst different sects of Christians. There never has existed—there probably never will exist a community from which it will be possible wholly to eliminate it. We can only hope therefore that it will, by the good sense of a majority of the population, be kept within moderate bounds. This has been done to a great extent in America; and before we complain of other nations on account of the exceptional cases in which religious toleration is violated we ought to begin by extinguishing religious intolerance on our own soil (applause).

THE HOME LONGING. I cannot conclude what I have to say respecting the Irish in America, without noticing in terms of unfeigned admiration, the attachment which they retain for the land of their birth. It is shown by their acts, as well as by those vague longings which naturally bear back the exile in imagination to the home of his youth, even though his judgment may convince him that he has acted prudently in seeking a new field for his enterprise.