

cide whether, as you promised, you will still have the courage to follow me to the new world.

Of a fine morning, three days ago, I sallied out for a ramble before breakfast, thinking, perhaps, to see something worthy of observation; and as adventures were my object, I left the highway, or avenue, as it is called, and struck into the moor, that composes a great part of the city. I had not walked a mile, when I heard a gun go off, and saw the smoke rising at a little distance. Not caring to encounter fire-arms in so wild a place, I was turning back, when I saw a dog hunting about among the bushes, and close after him a young man, who came running towards me, not to plunder, as I for an instant apprehended, but merely to inquire if I had seen a covey of quails flying that way. He had a powder-horn and shot-bag over his shoulders, a liquor-flask hanging on one side, and a pouch full of dead quails on the other, was altogether rather coarsely caparisoned, and seemed to be intent on his game. Just after he accosted me, an officer, in a rich habit and laced hat, but unarmed, came riding very fast over the heath, leading a horse ready saddled and bridled, and drawing up close to where we stood, pulled off his hat, and said to the hunter, "Sir, there are despatches just arrived." "When?" cried the hunter. "Within this half hour—by express—two sets,* Sir." "Give me the horse, and take my gun,"

* This accidental exposition, from a disinterested quarter, of a point that has been so unfortunately contested between the U. S. and G. B. must place the fact beyond all future controversy.