The Herald.

VOL. I. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1864. NO. 6.

THE HERALD

IS 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.

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ALMANACK FOR NOVEMBER.

MOON'S PHASES.

First Quarter, 6th day, 7h. 41m. evening, S.
Full Moon, 13th day, 1h. 21m. evening, S. S. W.
Last Quarter, 21st day, 3h. 5m. morning, S. E.
New Moon, 29th day, 5h. 5m. morning, N.E.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon sets	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Tuesday	6 46	4 42	11 40	6 23	9 56
2	Wednesday	47	40	morn	7 14	53
3	Thursday	49	37	0 18	8 11	49
4	Friday	50	36	0 48	9 14	46
5	Saturday	52	34	1 31	10 21	42
6	Sunday	53	33	2 19	11 29	40
7	Monday	55	31	3 18	morn	36
8	Tuesday	56	30	4 32	0 38	34
9	Wednesday	57	29	5 49	1 49	32
10	Thursday	59	27	7 12	3 1	29
11	Friday	7 1	26	8 15	4 13	26
12	Saturday	2	25	9 8	5 24	23
13	Sunday	3	24	9 55	rises	21
14	Monday	5	23	10 38	5 39	18
15	Tuesday	7	22	11 16	6 30	15
16	Wednesday	8	21	11 56	7 28	13
17	Thursday	9	20	A 35	8 28	11
18	Friday	10	19	1 17	9 28	9
19	Saturday	12	18	1 57	10 27	6
20	Sunday	14	17	2 40	11 23	3
21	Monday	15	16	3 29	morn.	1
22	Tuesday	16	15	4 32	0 22	8 59
23	Wednesday	18	16	5 39	1 19	57
24	Thursday	20	15	6 43	2 17	55
25	Friday	23	14	7 40	3 15	53
26	Saturday	24	14	8 31	4 14	51
27	Sunday	25	13	9 17	5 15	49
38	Monday	26	12	9 56	sets	47
29	Tuesday	26	12	10 37	5 6	45
30	Wednesday	27	12	11 15	6 2	40

THE HERALD

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EDWARD REILLY.

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

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HON. THOMAS H. HAVILAND, President; WM. CUMMIT, Esquire, Cashier. Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays. Business Hours—From 10 a.m., to 1 p.m., and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.

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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 21 November, be made up and forwarded from the General Post Office, Charlottetown, at 8 o'clock, a.m.

E. C. OWEN, Postmaster General.

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

NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,

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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.

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JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Nov. 25, 1863.

Select Literature.

THE COW HUNT

A TALE OF FORMER TIMES IN IRELAND.

Though wint'ry waves and stormy sea
May sever me far aye from thee.

Such were the concluding lines of a short poem which I wrote in an album, where, I have reason to believe it is still regarded with some admiration, which it shares in common with fourteen 'Forget thee! No—first shall this heart,' and five bearing reference to India's burning shore, all written by young officers under the same circumstances as myself. I chose the above, not as I was going to make a long voyage, but because I thought it poetical and novel.

I was ordered to join my regiment in Ireland. I know that she for whom I wrote the lines thought me a martyr; and I packed my portmanteau with the feelings of Quintus Curtius, feeling at the same time that, unlike him, my departure would leave blank a chasm in more than one circle.

I was prepared for the worst, but, like a philosopher, made the best arrangements in my power—viz, four boxes of full-flavored Havannah cigars, six volumes of Bulwer's novels, two of Byron; a small, wiry-haired terrier dog, with these, an army list, and a good deal of sleep, I calculated on being able to pass the time. A friend of mine who had been reading Cook's Voyages, recommended me to bring some glass beads and cheap cutlery to pacify the natives in the more remote districts, but I rejected this, as it seemed pusillanimous.

To one fond of snipe-shooting, few places offer a more eligible a retreat than the village of Kilmaskulla, to which I was ordered with a Captain and a company of soldiers. For miles around the country presented a wide expanse of rich bogs, diversified with cottiers' huts, and from our back windows we might easily have bagged a brace or two, without leaving the house. Our front ones looked upon a more animated scene. Before each of the houses was a small pond, stocked with duck, amid which the children played with the pigs and cur-dogs, while the old grandmothers chatted at the doors. Occassionally the stillness was broken by a pig hunt or a dog with a kettle tied to his tail.

Our society was small and select, being limited to a Mr. Cuppage, an inspector of public works—a small, sandy haired man, with just enough of chin to grow an imperial on—(it has always struck me as a strange fact that sandy haired men should have such a fondness for imperials, and that in cavalry regiments three out of every four moustaches should be red.) He had also a very strong predilection for punch, and out shooting was not a very safe companion, as he once peppered me with small shot. As far as we could learn from him, his great object was to do as little as possible, and to run up a heavy bill at the end of the month for travelling expenses. He informed us that as it was near the end of the month he had taken a tour of all the posts under his charge, to swell his bill, which he lamented was very small, remarking, with some indignation, that it was quite impossible to charge for a journey he did not take, as the kept a strict watch upon him.

His friend Mr. Finny, who also honored us with his society, was distinguished by a seeming invulnerability; he had been attacked four times, and fired at three, and had come off unhurt. He was particularly useful in the then state of the country.

Almost every evening our friends dropped in after dinner to tell us some bits of news, chiefly professional. There was no want of moderate excitement at least in our villlage, for, according to these two gentlemen, the people were always firing at a pay clerk, or shooting a steward, or burning down a haggard, on all of which they expatiated with a good deal of humor. Their visits were chiefly remarkable for the extreme quantity of whiskey punch consumed; but agreeable as their society was, we were not sorry when a Mr. Ormsby, who owned a place near, called on us and invited us to dine and spend the day with him.

Mr. Cubbage and Finuy were also invited, and kindly offered us seats in their car, which we accepted, but in their multitudinous duties they must have forgotten to pay for it, as the bill was brought in to us some mon ths after.

'Poor Dick,' said Mr. Cuppage, alluding to the eldest brother of Mr. Ormsby—'poor Dick, he was a pleasant fellow; he never went to bed without his thirteen tumblers—hot, strong, and sweet, was his motto—and every drop of water you put in after the whiskey spoils it.' The present man is not a bad fellow,' he continued, 'in an apolegetic tone, 'but he never gets beyond his third.'

'Nine girls, though,' said Mr. Finny; 'only see Emily cross a country; she is a regular Die Vernon.'

'Ay, but only taste a tumbler of punch mady by Mrs. Strong,' interrupted Cuppage, in a tone of rapture, 'and you'll say you never tasted punch before.' He swallowed his own at a gulp, as if the recollection was too much for him, and immediately proceeded to brew a fresh one.

'So the present man is not equal to the late one?' said my brother, Captain Morgan.

'He's not a bad fellow,' said Mr. Cuppage, contemptuously; 'he means well; but poor Dick! there were not many like him, he was president of a club he established, who called themselves the 'Good Samaritans,' who set up drinking all night, and slept all day; but they are all dead now, and I think you would find it difficult to establish one like it.'

He said this in a tone of extreme disgust at the degeneracy of the human race.

'Did you ever hear of him at the subscription ball at Limerick?' said he turning to Finny.

Mr. Finny replied that he should never forget it, but begged that it might be related for our benefit.

'Poor Dick was seldom in the habit of attending balls; it was one of his sayings that he could never understand why people went out at night, if they could have a snug tumbler of punch at home. But he was induced to go to one by hearing that the Landlord gave an unlimited supply of sherry negus. The first thing he did when he came into the ball-room, was to go to the refreshments to satisfy himself that the report about the negus was correct; but as the room was very full, and Dick was always modest among ladies, he did little in that way, he merely finished all the glasses within his reach, and then went to look at the dancing. He used to tell afterwards that when he first saw the people waltzing he remarked to a friend next him, that he thought they must have poor heads indeed, to go on in such away, on such weak negus. After remaining a short time, and exclaiming that from what he could see, balls were the stupidest things in the world, he went to the refreshment saloon, which was now empty, and prepared to set to work seriously. The waiter had just left a large tray containing eighth-and twenty long glasses of sherry negus, and had left the room. Dick who was always a methodical fellow, commenced taking them by platoons—beginning on the right hand, and finishing the first row, and then going from right to left along the second, putting each glass in its place as he finished it. He had just finished the twenty-fifth glass, when the waiter came into the room to lay them along the table. 'Waiter,' said Dick, 'tell the landlord with my compliments, to put more nutmeg and sherry and less water into his negus, or the deuce another ball of his will I patronise.' With this he finished the three remaining glasses; and the waiter was discovered about half an hour afterwards, speechless with horror.

'I remember a story they used to tell of him in Dublin,' said Finny. He belonged to the Friendly Brothers' Club, in Sacville street, and had his lodgings for convenience; and every night at three he left the club, guiding himself hand over haud, along the railing, which were then around Nelson's Pillar.

On he went, round after round, thinking that he was going straight to his lodgings. 'Deuce take these railing—will I ever reach home?' said Dick, at the tenth round; 'I believe it is near the Green I am.' With that he turned back, and went on, round after round, searching every now and then, for the hall-door, until he was discovered by the watchman at half-past six, still holding fast by the railing.'

With such pleasant stories they beguiled the evening, and it was not until the low state of the bottles betokened the lateness of the hour that they retired.

The next morning we set out for Loughlinstown, on the out side car, carrying our guns loaded in our hands, as the peasantry were just seizing arms in the anticipation of a rebellion, or some other excitement, as Mr. Finny told me.

'The fact of the matter is, it is not generally from any desire to harm you that a fellow takes a shot at you, but merely from a love of excitement,' in corroboration of which he informed me that a friend of his, who was quite a stranger in the country, had been riding at a tremendous pace to catch a railcar, when he was fired at. There happened to be a police near, and the perpetrator was taken in the act, which he did not deny. Upon being expostulated with by the gentlemen for having fired at him, when he had never seen him, or knowing anything about him, Pat replied, scratching his head—

'Begorra, yer honor, it was not my fault; but when I see you going so fast, I couldn't for the bare life help having a slap at you.'

Indeed, as Finny himself remarked, 'take them for all in all they were a harmless set of fellows.'

Our way now led through a dangerous defile, tall banks of mud rearing themselves up at either side, and a little further on we passed a body of the workmen employed to cut down a small hill. They had a gipsy appearanre, most of them being employed in cooking their own breakfast; others were lying stretched at full length near the fires; while small parties ware smoking their pipes and playing with greasy packs of cards, on the tops of empty beer barrels. I passed them numerous times afterwards, and always found them cooking and playing cards, so much so that it quite astonished me to know how they found time to commit the numerous attacks on the pay-clerks.

Just as we came in sight of Loughlinstown we had to turn down a by-road, as the high-way here became impassable, and after two miles around again reached the gate. It was at the time more ornamental than useful, as the hill had been cut away below it, and the piers were left standing about ten feet above the road. Mr. Cuppage said, that it was one comfort to Mr. Ormsby that he was not worse than Mr. O'Farrell, whose gate stood in the hollow which had been filled up to a level with the two phœnixes which ornamented the top of it. We were received most hospitally by Mr. Ormsby, or 'Jack,' as Cuppage used to call him, but not to his face, and introduced to the ladies, who, as far as appearance went, I would have taken for English. At breakfast I was seated next Emily, and was delighted to find that she did not eat with her knife, and was surprised to hear her ask me if I would take some meat pie, in quite a distinct tone, such as I was totally unprepared for; indeed, only for her attention, I should have fared badly, being naturally of a retiring and bashful disposition—a complaint which did not trouble Mr. Cuppage or Finny, who, after laying in a strong foundation of pickled salmon, attacked the meat pie with redoubled ardor.

'Gad, what an appetite a drive before breakfast gives one!' and Cuppage, to the company in general, as he took a third help of it.

After breakfast we drove to a wood a few miles off, which we were to shoot over. Before we commenced, Cuppage declared that the pickled salmon lay rather cold upon his stomach, and expressed a wish for a drop of something hot, which Mr. Ormsby furnished him from a small flask; but although it set his stomach to rights, it did not improve his shooting, as he fired once at Moore through a holly bush, in which he said he thought he saw a woodcock, we kept him well ahead during the rest of the day, and he only once again endangered our lives, when he turned suddenly and fired at a cock a few feet over my head. He always discharged both barrels at every cock that was flushed, and laid claim to every bird, being always persuaded that he had touched it with the second barrel.

We returned home to dinner, with seven brace. The only addition to the party was a Mr. Waller, a fresh complexioned, good-natured looking man, who from his looks, seemed free from the cares of life, but I found I was mistaken in this, as he came guarded by two policemen.

At dinner I was seated next Maria, a sentimental, blue-eyed girl. As I have remarked, being of rather a retiring disposition, during the soup and fish I made but little progress. However, after a couple of glasses of wine I began to feel less nervous, and enlarged, I am convinced, with some degree of humour on our day's shooting; but I soon found that sentiment alone was not the thing, and getting myself up to the mark with numerous glasses of sherry, I turned the conversation to 'Ernest Maltravers,' which stood me in good need. With the skill of an accomplished general, I dashed in *medias res*, and soon found myself very much out of my depth.

'I felt Maria's soft blue eye upon me as she tridled with the wing of a chicken. The sweet girl had eaten absolutely nothing; but as I looked upon her beautiful rounded figure, over which her golden hair fell lightly, a shade of dark suspicion crossed my mind. Perhaps she had lunched. Even goddesses in former days were not nourished on air. The chaste Minerva, perhaps, sometimes had a cut of Ambrosial mutton; Venus was known to have taken a cup of nectar from her lame husband's hand; perhaps the delicate Phœbe took a slight repast with Ganymede before the immortal feast was served. But I banished such material thoughts, as I listened to her silvery voice.

'What,' she said, in a thrilling voice, would be the richest, the enjoyments of the world, to one who was severed from all that was dearest to him in life.'

'Nothing' said I in a tone of deep emotion and cherry. 'When once the heart has learned to love, its every feeling would twine round the object of its adoration—'

Heaven knows what I would have said more; but certainly it must have been something very beautiful, when I perceived that there was a dead silence and that I was the observed of all.

'Bravo! —excellent;' said Mr. Waller, who was seated opposite me. 'If that does not amount to a declaration—'

I never felt such a thorough abhorrence of what is termed a quiz, and could with pleasure have hurled the decanter at his head. I tried to look as if I was not blushing. Mr. Cuppage also thought; but I rather think I turned the laugh against him afterwards. Mr. Waller and Mr. Ormsby had been arguing what weight each rode hunting; and as both were stout each felt convinced that the other had increased in weight, whilst he himself had remained as before.

'I'll bet you two to one, Waller, that you ride at least three pounds, or say one, for arguiant sake, heavier than you did three months ago, when we weighed.'

'With all my heart; but you will find that you have increased the pound, and not I. It was only yesterday that Corbet was remarking how fat you were growing.'

'You remind me of Shylock, Mr. Waller,' said I, 'bargaining in this way about a pound of flesh.'

Here Mr. Cuppage, who had a great knack of making other people's things his own, thought fit to break in—

'That's not fair, Anstruther; you must have seen me going to say that; you took it out of my mouth.'

'Well,' said I, looking steadily at his imperial, 'I allow that I do see a deuced Shylock on your face. Perhaps that suggested it.'

I felt that I had crushed him.

I resumed my conversation, with Maria in that low and thrilling voice which lovers use in a legitimate novel. I could see that her hand trembled with emotion, as she sought in vain to place an obstinate piece of blank-mange on her plate. I offered my assistance; my heart also beat more strongly as I saw it glide gracefully into her lap off the hot plate, which the stupid servant brought, and held in a slanting position. She endeavoured to speak in vain. Our eyes met.

* * * * *

When the cloth was removed, a large square decanter of whiskey was placed in the centre of the table, flanked with lemons and sugar.

'Put the church in the centre of the parish,' said Mr. Ormsby, giving directions to the servant. I saw it was a daily joke, and of course laughed. I was proceeding to follow the example of the others, and mix a tumbler, when Miss Strong kindly offered to make it for me, observing that English people did not know how to make whiskey punch. I felt convinced this was only a feint to blind the others, who were Irish, to none of whom she had made the same offer. Feeling highly flattered, I accepted to it.

Often it had been my lot to taste the various compositions known under the name from Roman down to milk; but I may exclaim in the words of the poet—'Never such as this.' After having finished half of it, I found myself in a most argumentative strain, and was deep in a discussion on poor laws, about which I knew absolutely nothing, and on the representation of Ireland, of which I knew, if anything, less.

'If our members only stood by us said Mr. Waller, 'all would be right; but when they elect a parcel of paupers, how can we hope that they will have courage or strength of mind enough to refuse situations which a minister can bestow? Who cuts our threats by joining against all measures beneficial to Ireland? The Irish members, who take paltry bribes, and keep aloof, and disgust any Englishman who is anxious to benefit Ireland. The Irish members—'

'Tut,' said I, giving the table a thump, 'don't bribe them yourselves? Get up a society for bribing the members of Parliament, and you may one day see the country prosperious and happy.'

I felt that I had made a grand stroke, and retired from the field into the drawing-room. I arrived in that happy state of mind which is the result of strong punch and a clear conscience. I must confess that I felt a little jealous, when I saw Mr. Cuppage buttering Miss Maria's slim cake, and I whispered Childe Harold into her ear, especially as the brute never read a line of poetry except the day before, when he deceived my unsuspecting nature, by asking me to show him an effective passage.

I drank my tea, and ate my slim cake meekly; but swallowing my indignation with them, I requested Miss Maria to give us a song.

'I am sure you sing Mr. Anstruther,' said the charming girl.

'Mr. Cuppage will be happy to sing for you, by-the-by, I have no doubt,' I said pointedly, as he was always boring us with a remarkable common-place story of how he cracked his voice, and which I just heard him tell after he had disposed of the slim cake and Childe Harold.

'Is it possible you never heard how I lost my voice? I was drinking tea with my grandmother, a fine old lady, and remarkably fond of singing, and as usual had to sing, 'A frog he would a wooing go, heigh-ho, said Roly;' when, just as I came to the 'Gammon and spinache,' I felt my voice go with a sort of wheeze.'

This story, which I have compressed, occupied a long time in telling, as he was fond of dwelling on his grandmother, who, he informed us, was no more; in connection with his own youthful days and passtimes, and it afforded him an opportunity of enlarging on his youthful feelings, which were uninteresting to an unconcerned spectator.

I could see that during its recital, Miss Maria, who was too well bred to move, was on tenter-hooks, and with a feeling of triumph, I led her to the piano.

'I am sure you sing,' she said to me, when she had finished the song, during which Cuppage turned over a leaf too soon, and nearly put her out. I resisted in vain; the punch was doing its work, and I acceded, if she would accompany me. I cannot venture to state how I got through it, but I know that I felt remarkably shaky on the high notes. I was loudly encored and applauded when I had finished, and felt convinced that I must have succeeded beyond my warmest expectations, for Cuppage, with a jealousy which was inherent to him, actually put in for, and attempted a song, forgetting the fate that attended his last endeavors.

He commenced in the key too high, and then in the next one too low; at length he got into the right one, but it was flat and unprofitable. With a smile at the vanity of human nature, I saw him leave the piano. In what words can I describe the remainder of that evening? I remember teaching Maria Ormsby the polka, and then chasing her into the hall and kissing her, which I was constrained to do to redeem my watch which was pledged during a game of forfeits. When it was time to leave, I felt an Irishman all over.

I now became a constant visitor at Loughlinstown. My days were pleasantly spent riding with Emily, or flirting sentimentally with Maria, generally winding up with dining there. In a short time I used to be asked to take the bottom of the table and carve, and whenever we had no other invitation, to dine out we were expected there. Three months passed pleasantly away, when the confounded peasantry took it into their heads to become peaceable and give up landlord shooting. Although glad for the sake of several of my friends there, I could not but help wishing that they would get up a small rebellion, to keep us there longer; but they are an obstinate race—and with a heavy heart, we got the route.

I now lost sight of my friends at Loughlinstown, and can only describe the remainder as I heard it.

The potatoe disease, and consequent poverty, were every day ruining hundreds of the Irish gentry. The Ormsbys suffered among the rest. Most of the tenants emigrated to America. The all-devouring poor rate swallowed up his remaining capital. He was unable to stock his domain and farm. The estate was bankrupt, and the Ormsbys were beggars.

One of the few whose acquaintance I had made there who was not ruined or severely pinched, was Mr. Cuppage. He, on the contrary, rather benefitted by it, as a doctor, by a steady mortality; and when the cut-up and unfinished roads should be left as they were, and, when he was thrown out of employment he found himself appointed county cess collector.

Every state of life has its peculiar trials, and county cess collectors are not free from them more than other men. The bar—the stumbling block in Mr. Cuppage's life—was the poor law collector. It was no use to think that he was of higher birth than him. What was birth to a man who could scent, at a mile's distance, a pig belonging to a poor-rate defaulter, and who snapped it up, and had it up to auction before Mr. Cuppage was out of bed in the morning? A gentle melancholy preyed on his mind; but the cup was not yet full, and one more trial remained to convert him into a confirmed misanthrope.

Mr. Timothy Quillan—the poor rate collecter—was a man sprung from the people. He was one of those whom the troubles of the day had been brought into life. In him the law of Nature was carried out. He was one of the maggots which the corruption of everything good had brought into existence. He was destined to flourish and grow fat on it, and perhaps, after fulfilling his destiny in that shape, to start a new life, as a plethoric blue-bottle, and sport in the sunshine of future prosperity. His public life had not been, on the whole, fortunate. He was discovered to have watered the poor-house milk, when he had the contract; and was not perfectly cleared from a suspicion of having adulterated the Indian meal. But he knew human nature too well to suppose that trifles would make any difference. Never was the saying 'set a thief to catch a thief,' more truly justified than in Mr. Quillan; no one could pounce with half the quickness on a poor man's cow or sheep, seize and sell for five pounds corn that was worth twenty, and let the owner go to the poor house. Such was the man who was born to be the bane of Mr. Cuppage's existence.

Mr. Cuppage was taking a late breakfast, and [illegible] when the poor-rate collector had seized and sold under his very nose the county-cess was not collected and the day for settling accounts was fast approaching. He took a large bite of a round of toast, and gnashed his teeth, when he thought of the poor-rate collecter and the large poundage he would have compared to him. Just as he was raising his cup to his lips, his servant, Pat Delany, rushed into the room with anxiety and delight on his countenance.

'Glory be to the Lord, Masther John, but there's a cow of Paddy Dwyre's strayed away on the domain. I saw it down below again I watching her this hour, and she's now safe in the clover-field near the house. The cob is ready saddled; good luck to ye, and seize her before that bloody villian Quillan hears of it.'

Mr. Cuppage put down his tea. Even his buttered toast could afford him no gratification compared with that of 'doing' the poor-law collector. He seized his hat, and sailed out like an knight of old, prepared to conquer or to die.

There was a short way across the country, and, although a timid horseman, he prefers to take this to going by the road. He clears the fences gallantly;