

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette.

VOLUME III.

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NUMBER 28.

Santa Fe Weekly Gazette

TERMS.

WEEKLY—\$2 50 a year, payable invariably in advance; single copies 12 1-2 cents. Advertisements, \$1 00 per square of ten lines for the first insertion, and 50cts. for every subsequent insertion.

D. V. WHITTE,

COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS,

Pennsylvania,
Connecticut,
New Hampshire.

Santa Fe, Jan. 1, 1852—1f.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to do all kinds of cabinet and carpenter's work on the most reasonable terms. Shop, two doors above the store of Jesus Lopez.
Santa Fe, May 7, 1853.—y JAMES H. CLIFT.

NEBRASKA HOUSE,

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI.

BY
B. W. TODD.

I have removed from the "Noland House," to the "Nebraska House," in Independence, Missouri. The Nebraska House is a large new building, and has recently been much improved by alterations and additions. Having taken this house for a term of years, I intend to make every effort to promote the convenience and comfort of travellers. The patronage of my friends and the travelling public is respectfully solicited.

B. W. TODD.

January 1st 1853—1y.

SOUTHERN MAIL.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

THE southern mail via El Paso to San Antonio, Texas, leaves Santa Fe on the 15th of each month, arrives at El Paso in from six to eight days, and reaches San Antonio on the 14th of the next month. Returning, leaves San Antonio on the 15th of the same, arrives at El Paso in from 14 to 18 days, and reaches Santa Fe on the 14th of the next month, making the trip through in from 25 to 28 days, winter and summer. The Contractor has spared no expense in placing upon this route spring carriages, the best adapted for the convenience as well as comfort of passengers. Persons going to, or coming from the States will find this a very pleasant route, particularly during the winter months, as it is entirely free from the intense cold and heavy snows that so frequently obstruct the eastern mail route to Independence.

RATES OF FARE.

\$125 00 through from Santa Fe to San Antonio.
30 00 from Santa Fe to El Paso.
Passengers allowed 40lbs baggage.

HENRY SKILLMAN,

N.B. Passengers not required to stand guard.
Santa Fe, Oct. 7, 1853—1f

NOTICE.

WE WOULD most respectfully inform our friends and the public, that we have taken the house of the late Jon Patton in Albuquerque, and completely fitted the same as a Hotel. Our friends will always find us on hand. No pains shall be spared to render all who may give us a call comfortable and well provided for. Attached to the house are corals and stables. At all times we shall have in abundance of forage. Our tables and bar will be well filled with the best of the country affords.

Terms cash.

BRANFORD & JEANNERET,

Santa Fe, Oct. 15, 1853.—1f

For Sale or Rent.

THE undivided third of the Ranch of Galisteo. Also the undivided half of the building and lands at Albuquerque at present occupied by the U. S. troops. Apply to

J. H. HOUGHTON,

Agent.

Santa Fe, N. M., October 12, 1853.—1f

BEING about to leave this Territory, I request all persons having claims against me to present their bills at once, and all knowing themselves indebted to make payment to the Hon. J. Houghton, who is appointed my sole agent.

Mr. Houghton is further authorized to make sale of any or all of my real estate in the Territory.
FRANCIS J. THOMAS.
Santa Fe, Nov. 25th, 1853.—1f

CHRISTMAS BALL

AT THE

EXCHANGE,

ON CHRISTMAS EVE, DEC. 24th, 1853.

Tickets for one Gentleman and lady for the Ball and Supper, \$5 00.

The supper table will be furnished with the VERY BEST that the market affords.

PROPRIETOR.

A witness, (Irish, of course, before the Clair Election Committee) having said he had been "all day canvassing," was directed to "define" canvassing, which he did thus:

"To try to induce and force the voters to vote for Corney O'Brien, and if they would not, to give them drink till they could not vote at all."

Fubbs, while recently engaged in splitting wood, struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw, and knocked out a front tooth. "Ah," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you have had a dental operation performed, I see?"

"Yes," said the sufferer, "accidental?" And by such a pun he revenged himself upon fate.

A young lady at Newport, who was about leaving the "gay and festive scene" which the parlors of the "Ocean" presented, with the intention of retiring for the night, turned to her friend, and remarked—

"Well, Mary, I've done my duty; I've seen all the clothes, and every body has seen mine; so I shall now go up stairs. Good-night."

"What could be more graphic. The very mottoes of a fashionable watering place—to see and to be seen!"

SELECTED POETRY.

GIRLHOOD.

A sweetness in the morning air,
A witching light in the woods,
A group of maidens everywhere,
With glowing cheeks and flowing hair,
And not a sorrow or a care
Within their dainty hoods!

An agile fleetness in their limbs,
A lit of morning on their brows,
Their postures full of girlish whims;
No dappled fawn so nimbly skims
Along the silver lakelet brims,
Beneath the dripping boughs!

They are a ruthless, romping crew,
Mariners of each nook and cleft;
They disappear with song and shout,
They beat the forest all about,
And ferret timid flowers out,
Then come in glee again.

Such knots of flowers and knots of girls,
With beauty in their busy eyes,
One plait a cluster with her curls,
Another in her finger twirls,
A roseary rich with liquid pearls,
A tell-tale in disguise.

Oh! girlhood is a garden fair,
That still is left a recessed race;
There's witchery in its wayward air,
Sprinkling the sunshine everywhere;
Alas! that later years impair
Its simple galleless grace!

From the Winchester Republican.

Deutsche Advertisement.

BY C. TOLLER WOLFE.

Mein horse ish shlop'd and I'm afraid,
He has been daken, shoten or shir-y'd,
Mine big black horse ist looks so shry,
'Dout fourteen oder twelve hands high;
He has been got chert four foot six k,
Mid shriped spots all toun his pack,
Dwo loks before mid dwo behind,
(Pe sure you keep all stis in mind)
He's a l-k all over dat ish dree,
All but his vace, and dat's pla k-ton;
He drot and gaters, vaxe and bese,
Und outworks Beetzepoh in drees;
Und ven he gallops in his shreft,
He vaks up in his loks and feet,
Und loks goes up, und d' wale d'ler,
Und always follow vax anoder.

He has dwo ears shuck non his he d,
Boie of dwo vaxer vix non sel,
But hote alike, shud von you see,
Ish blacker dan de oler se,
He's not dwo eyes dat loks von var,
Only he lost one toder var;
Und ven you wish to dake a ride,
Shume p in his pack on taly side,
Und it is shud as gospel dree,
De eye dat's blind vill not see you!
His gelly's pig, und dwo shuck out
About a foot oder shere about.
(Or lks mine ven I vaks togerent!)
His d'p's shubid big, long and shlek,
Only I cut him off last week,
Und d'vorse lks not any more
As hiff so long as 'twas h'fore.

He vocks his ears, und loks shary,
Und vil out start und run away,
But ven he's vaxt he makes von spring
Und shums about lks every dng.
He rides along mid shvax und gart,
I never saw sich loks for shpurt,
Und sometimes he goes on de road
Midout nonpely for his loks,
But says of gorn, und takes de truck,
Mid a l'ffer vax non in his back;
Mine horse is not so vey d'ly,
Nor haff so young as ven he's foat'd;
Und ven he gallops, rear or shump,
His head comes all before him plump,
Und den his tail goes all nehd.
But sometimes ven he dakes de mind
Gits mad und durns all round, pe sure
Vy den his dail goes all before.

Whoever vill mine plack horse got
'hall bay den tollars on de shpot,
Und if he brings de t'rl alive,
Vy den he pays me twenty-five,
Midout non questions ax'd by me.
Pe mine advertisement you'll see,
I liff out d'vax by Sejusoider's gap,
Near Schtoeffenk's.

JOHANNES SCHNAP.

THE THREE MELON SEEDS.

When I was a schoolboy, more than fifty years ago, I remember to have read in an English journal, (the name I have forgotten), a story which may have been a fiction; but which was very naturally told, and made a deep impression upon me at the time. I will endeavor to draw it forth from the locker of my memory; and engage before-hand, to be very much indebted to any one who will indicate its original source.

Three young gentlemen, who had finished the most substantial part of their meal, were lingering over their fruit and wine, at an eating house in London, when a man of middle age, and middle stature, entered the public room where they were sitting, and seated himself at one end of a small unoccupied table; and calling the waiter, ordered a simple mutton chop and a glass of ale. His appearance, at first view, was not likely to arrest the attention of any one. His hair was getting to be thin and grey; the expression of his countenance was sad, with a slight touch, perhaps, of melancholy; and he wore a grey surcoat, with a standing collar, which, manifestly, had seen service; if the waiter had not—just such a thing as an officer would bestow upon his serving man.—He might be taken, plausibly enough, for a country magistrate or an attorney of limited practice, or a schoolmaster.

He continued to masticate his chop and sip his ale in silence, without lifting his eyes from the table, until a melon seed, sportively snapp'd from the thumb and finger of one of the gentlemen at the opposite table, struck him upon his right ear. His eye was instantly upon the aggressor, and his ready intelligence gathered, from the ill-suppressed murmuring of the party, that this petty impertinence was intentional.

The stranger stooped, and picked up the melon seed, and a scarcely perceptible smile passed over his features, as he carefully wrapped up the seed in a piece of paper and placed it in his pocket.—This singular procedure, with their preconceived impressions of their customer, somewhat elevated as they were by the wine they had partaken, as they were by the wine they had partaken, and a burst of irresistible laughter proceeded from the noisy group.

Unmoved by this roteness, the stranger continued to finish his frugal repast in quiet, until another melon seed from the same hand, struck him upon the right elbow. This also, to the infinite amusement of the other party, he picked from the floor, and carefully deposited with the first.

Amid shouts of laughter, a third melon seed was soon after discharged, which hit him upon the left breast. This also he very deliberately took from the floor and deposited with the other two.

As he rose, and was engaged in paying for his repast, the gaiety of these sporting gentlemen became slightly subdued. It was not easy to account for this. Lavater would not have been able to detect the slightest evidence of irritation or resentment upon the features of the stranger. He seemed a little taller, to be sure, and the carriage of his head might have appeared to them rather more erect.

He walked to the table at which they were sitting, and with that air of dignified calmness, which is a thousand times more terrible than wrath, drew a card from his pocket, and presented it with perfect civility to the offender, who could do no less than offer his own in return, which he did with embarrassment.

While the stranger unfolded his surcoat to take the card from his pocket, they had a glance at the address coat of a military man. The card disclosed his rank, and a brief enquiry at the bar was sufficient for the rest.

He was a captain whom ill-health and long service had entitled to half pay. In earlier life he had been engaged in several affairs of honor, and, in the dialect of men of honor, was considered a dead shot.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, containing a challenge, in form, and one only of the melon seeds. The truth then flashed before the challenged party—it was the challenger's intention to make three bites at this cherry—three separate affairs out of this unwarlike frolic! The challenge was accepted, and the challenged party, in deference to the challenger's reputed skill with the pistol, had half decided upon the small sword; but his friends, who were on the alert, soon discovered that the captain, who had risen by his merit, had in the earlier days of his necessity, gained his bread at an accomplished instructor in the use of that very weapon.

They met and fired alternately, by lot—the young man had selected the pistol, thinking he might win the first fire—he did—fired, and missed his opponent. The captain levelled his pistol and fired—he ball passed through the flap of the right ear, and grazed the bone; and as the wounded man involuntarily put his hand to the place he remembered that it was on the right ear of his antagonist that the melon seed had fallen. Here ended the first lesson.

A month had passed. His friends cherished the fond but delusive hope that he would have nothing more from the captain, when another one of those accursed melon seeds arrived, with the captain's apology, on the score of ill health, for not reading it before.

Again they met—fired simultaneously, and the captain, who was without, shattered the right elbow of his antagonist—the very point upon which he had been struck by the melon seed; and here ended the second lesson.

There was something awfully impressive in the action so rapid and exquisite skill of his antagonist. The third melon seed was still in his possession, and the aggressor had not forgotten that it had struck the unoffending gentleman upon the left breast.

A month had passed—another—and another, of terrible suspense; but nothing was heard from the captain. Intelligence had been received that he was confined to his lodgings by a very severe illness.

At length the gentleman, who had been his second in the former duels, on a more peculiarly himself, and tendered another note, which, as the recipient perceived on taking it, contained the last of the melon seeds. The note was superscribed in the captain's well known hand, but it was the writing evidently of one who wrote definite means.

There was an unusual solemnity, also, in the manner of him who delivered it. The seal was broken, and there was the melon seed in a blank envelope.

"And what, sir, am I to understand by this?" said the aggressor.

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you—he is dead!"

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

Written for Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE HILLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Would you center your home in a panorama of beauty, surpassing all others which the great Artist has painted? Build your house among the hills. Not in the valley-depths, with near mountains rising all around you, so that your eye is as weary as your feet would be, with constant climbing; but on some gradual slope, where you may command the contrasts of valley and stream, and hills ever retreating into the shadow of greener hills; where you may see far-off summits standing in robes of purple mist, swimming and floating in the ebullient tide of sunset splendor.

If you let the Hand which penciled that unutterable beauty write its translation within you, and if the souls around you grow up understanding it, then have you completed the harmony of the scene, and have caught some dawning beams from the glory of the "new heavens and the new earth." For what can that golden time be, but a perfect union in the song that rises from nature and from the heart of man—a correspondence between a beautiful humanity, happy, because holy, and a beautiful universe, no longer blank and meaningless, because men are blinded by sense and sin.

It is a thing to be grateful for, to live where the inward vision can always float away through the outward, over the undulations of a hill-horizon; the sadness it brings is humanizing, the mystery it hints of, elevating; and beholders are better for beholding, although they may not always know it themselves.

But to dwell among the mountains cannot be the lot of all. Well, the little hills are everywhere; the prairie has its mounds, and the seaside its rocky cliffs.

Do not children show the upward instincts of nature, in their squirrel-like fondness for climbing? Here, upon this barren height, perched over with blueberries and juniper, its grey granite rocks fringed round with the graceful boughs of the barberry-bush, we are far enough removed from the grandeur of inland mountain-scenery. The juvenile population around, doubtless, think this hill raised for the express purpose of sustaining that white-walked, black-roofed powder-house, and for the exhibition of sky-rock-

ets and Roman candles to the town, on the Fourth of July evenings. Yet even this elevation of earth brings with it a conscious elevation of soul. These children, who have come up to share our after-ten ramble, feel it as well as we.

Little two-year old Frankie there, who thought himself so tired, that he must be carried through the hills, insists upon climbing all the highest rocks, without assistance; and when he has reached the top, gives vent to his emotions of the sublime, by throwing up his coming little arms, and uttering a prolonged "ah!" It is the only symbol-note he can command, for he has not learned to talk yet.

He does not see what we older ones do, in the wide scene around us, who have trod those grounds in childhood and mature years, with both joy and grief for companions. We can fancy the laughter of our playmates even now echoing along the banks of yonder sparkling river; the waves of yonder blue ocean wear a tinge of sadness for hopes of ours they have buried, and dear ones they have borne far away. That graveyard, thickly filled with white stones as a harvest-field with sheaves, reminds us of our sweet loved-ones, whose memory the Reaper has gathered in with the grain.

But, Frankie, dear child! only feel that his little soul has come out into a great cheerful room, which he is trying to fill with his energetic "ahs!"

And there is Lizzie, his sister, standing upon a ledge of trap-rock, crossed over curiously with lighter veins. She has heard that these veins were pushed through the older rock, when the melted mass was hot; and being struck with a singular moisture in their appearance, is shouting to us to know if they are cooled sufficiently yet, to make it safe for her to step upon them.

This other boy, who has never seen the sun go down, except behind clustering houses-tops, wants to know what it is that makes the clouds in the west have such bright ruffles and red tints; and as the departing day-god drops slowly out of the purple robe of clouds, fervidly ejaculates, "That isn't the same sun that shines up in the middle of the sky!"

No, little Bent no more than you are the same now that you will be in the high noon of manhood, or the sunset of old age. And yet it is the same, only the varying clouds make it seem so different. So, down to a serene old age, whatever the changes of your skies, may your spirit always be a sun in light, warmth, and beauty.

And oh! ye children, be it ours often to come up to the hills with you; for in such an hour as this,

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

THE HUNGARIAN REGALIA.

The official Telegraph-Zeitung gives a particular account of the recent discovery of the royal insignia of Hungary, the following summary of which is taken from the New York Tribune:

It was fully announced by Auditor T. Von Karger that Kossuth first took the insignia to All-Orosva, but being unable to any degree of security to conceal them there, he took them to the Hercules Barba at Meladts. Finding, however, still less opportunity to hide them there, he returned forthwith to All-Orosva, placed them in the house of a certain George Theodor, and finally, by the assistance of trustworthy persons, forwarded them at night across the Cerna toward the Wallachian boundary, on horses bought for the purpose. It was also rendered certain that compasses of Kossuth had purchased on the same day, at All-Orosva, tools for digging, and had at night left for the Cerna. The winter on the lower Danube having come on very early, and covered the earth with snow a foot in depth, no search could be made for some months in the ground about All-Orosva, and when in April 1850, the snow and ice melted, all traces of any excavation had disappeared, and further research in this quarter was prevented, and the attention of those engaged in it turned to another part of the kingdom by the shrewdness of the Kossuth party, who secretly removed the private marks and signals to a different place.

Early last spring Karger was ordered to devote himself to the task of seeking the chest in which the insignia was deposited. He started on the principle that the secret could have been imparted to but few persons in order to attain to any degree of security, and that they must have chosen some point which could easily be found again by them or their messengers even upon the lapse of years, and, further, that they could have crossed the Cerna by only one way, and that the place of concealment must be beyond that river, a region affording but few places suited to their object. Although a pretty thorough knowledge of the surface of this territory had been gained previously, a most thorough and careful examination was once more begun. This lasted several months in all weathers, and even throughout the clear moonlight nights of July and August. Every opterned clod, every bush, tree, broken branch, stone, rut, or scratch in the earth was noted, the same spots were passed over and over again by those engaged in the search, some met in one direction, sometimes in another, now leaving the spot in detail of finding the clue, and yet, as if called back by some higher power, (says the Austrian writer,) returning again to the charge. The result of all this research was the conviction that the tokens of the place of concealment must be found in some peculiar conformation of the earth or hills, or in particular tree or trees.

Karger concluded finally that the desired sign must be sought among the trees. Now began anew a careful examination of the entire wooded district, and at last in a solitary spot, almost hidden from the eye, and not far from an old road untraveled for the last fifteen years, which once led to Wallachia, was noticed a clump of trees in which many branches had been lopped or partially cut, and which on the whole presented somewhat the appearance of having been trimmed with some special object in view. Next it was noticed that branches found entangled in the thorn bushes and in branches of other trees belonged to trees in the clump, which showed that these could not have been trimmed by the peasantry for fuel. In process of these examinations an elegant watch key was found and an axe handle, which indicated that a man of the better classes had assisted in the work. This, taken in connection with the light and friable soil, the peculiar position of the trees, completely covered with creeping plants, the solitary position of the place, and yet its proximity to the Danube on the one hand, and the Turkish-Serbian boundary on the other, awakened in Karger's mind a feeling of the highest confidence that the place was found.

He had been instructed not to begin the work of removing the trunk until he had unmistakable signs of having found the right place; but he was now so sure, that on the 6th of September last a space of twenty square fathoms was marked out, and men set to work examining it by digging ditches at intervals of a foot and a half, which were to be extended in each direction across the pits enclosed

here in the bend of the river Allion, on which the clump of trees stood. On the 8th of September, at eleven minutes past 8 in the morning, a man at work in the prolongation of the second ditch struck something which gave a metallic ring, and a moment later, a well locked iron box was exposed, taken to a place of safety, opened by force, and the Austrians last once more the Crown of St. Stephen in their possession.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

What blessed things Saturday Nights are, writes some one in the Tribune, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and garish glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautiful thro' the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago, smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "transmuted."

Saturday Nights make people human; set their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do, before the world turned them into war-drum, and jarr'd them to pieces with tattooes.

The lodger closes with a clank; the ironed-down vaults come to with a bang; up go the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday Night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes behind him; the world is shut out. Shut out? Shut in, the rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank.

Maybe you are a Bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, for fellow! Saturday Night is nothing to you, as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue-eyed or black eyed, but above all, true-eyed—get a little home, no matter how little, and a little sofa, just to hold two, or two and a half, and then get the two, or the two and a half, in it of a Saturday Night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God and take courage.

The dim and dusty slippers are swept up; the hammer is steadily thrown down, the apron is doffed, and Labor hastens with a light step, homeward bound.

"Saturday Night!" feebly murmurs the languishing lady, as she turns wearily upon her couch, "and is there another to come?"
"Saturday Night, at last!" whispers the Weeper above the dying, "and it is Sunday to-morrow, and—to-morrow."

The French Court at play.

The French Emperor and his young bride appear to be enjoying themselves, if we are to credit accounts, in a way that would shock the dignity of legitimacy. They seem to rejoice to escape from the stiff routine of a Court, and to partake, like other fellow-mortals, of unfettered amusements. A correspondent of the New York Observer gives an account of a picnic, indulged in by the imperial party, at a hunting lodge belonging to the Emperor, situated about twelve miles from Paris. A party of young folks on the Wischicon could scarcely give themselves to enjoyment with more zest than the French Court is described as having done on this occasion. Everybody partook of the sports, from the Emperor and Empress down. The ladies were dressed in muslin without ornaments; the gentlemen in ordinary costume; there was no formality, hats being kept on regardless of Louis Napoleon's rank. While the dinner table was being cleared, in order that the party might use the dining room for dancing, a game of foot ball went on in front of the Lodge, the Emperor and Empress participating in it as lively as the liveliest. The latter entered into it with such spirit that she tore her dress as it became entangled in her satin boot. During the dance, which was carried on with the greatest animation, they laughed, talked, and romped; as the spectator who described it writes, "there was nothing but fun and frolic."

The firm dignity of Queen Victoria, not less than the haughty exclusiveness of the Czar, would have been shocked at the mere proposition of such an affair. Nor, as the New York Observer remarks, would "the best society" of a New England village have been less horrified at such a picnic. Yet, if we fancy aught, the French Emperor and Empress act more sensibly in this hearty abandonment to form, than either the British Queen or our own precise Yankee girls. The one has the boldness to throw conventionalism aside, the other is afraid to do anything that is in the least natural. For, in these picnics of the French court, there appear to be no improprieties permitted; everything is "free and easy," so far as etiquette is concerned, but everything also is strictly correct. We have no doubt that it is with the keenest zest their majesties enter into those amusements, and the one finding in them a relief from the affairs of state, the other a momentary escape from the formalities of a palace. The French have a happy knack, moreover, of enjoying life better than we Americans. They know well the truth of the old adage, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and, in all stations, abandon themselves to a holiday with a glee, that, even to the old, brings back again the joyousness of childhood.

The Empress, it would seem, is almost as fond of a gun as she is of dancing and riding. We published, the other day, an account of her skill at duck shooting—a strange employment for a lady, most American ladies will say. Yet is not the objection principally, if not entirely, conventional? Our excellent grandmothers thought it neither unlady-like nor childlike to be considered good shots, and often, indeed, exhibited their skill at the expense of a deer, or wild turkey, or even, in cases of extremity, at that of an Indian. Field sports, discreetly indulged in, improve the health, so that there is really more solid sense in approving, than in denouncing such recreations. English ladies follow the hounds, and pride themselves upon it; why should not French ladies be allowed to handle a fowling piece? One is so much the fashion of good society as the other. Our prime reformers, who profess to be "righter" than all the rest of the world put together, contend for ladies wearing breeches, harraguing up and down the country, and hobnobbing