

# THE MORNING NEWS,

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DEVOTED TO GENERAL INTELLIGENCE, LITERATURE, &c. — NEUTRAL IN LOCAL POLITICS AND RELIGION.

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### MOON'S PHASES.

JUNE.

☾ Last Quarter, 7th day, 4h. 15m after.  
 ☽ New Moon, 15th day, 5h. 12m even.  
 ☽ First Quarter, 23rd day, 11h. 10m morn.  
 ☽ Full Moon, 30th day, 2h. 2m morn.

### HOW JACK MARLAND SOLVED A VERY STIFF PROBLEM.\*

The two young men entered their chabrettes, each accompanied by a friend, and drove towards the Bois de Boulogne. Arrived at the appointed place, the seconds wished to arrange the matter. This, however, was very difficult; Jack's adversary required an apology, whilst Jack maintained that he owed him none, unless he himself was either killed or wounded; for unless this happened (Jack) would not have been proved wrong. The seconds spent a quarter of an hour in the attempt to effect a reconciliation, but in vain. They then wished to place the antagonists at thirty paces from each other; to this Jack would not consent, observing that the point in question would not be correctly decided, if any difference were made between the distance now to be fixed, and the distance at which his antagonist had hit the bull's eye in the gallery. It was then proposed that a lous should be thrown up, in order to decide who was to shoot first; this Jack declared totally unnecessary, that the right to the first shot naturally belonged to his adversary; the Frenchman was anxious that Jack should take advantage of this one chance, he was firm, and carried his point. The "gargon" of the shooting-gallery had followed, and was ready to charge the pistols, which he did with the same measure, the same kind of powder, the same kind of balls as those used by the Frenchman in the gallery a short time before. The pistols, now, were the same; this condition which Jack had imposed, a *sine qua non*. The antagonists, placed at twenty-five paces from each other, leveled his pistol; and the seconds retired a few paces, in order to leave the combatants free to fire on one another, according to the stipulated arrangement.

Jack took none of the precautions usual with duellists; he attempted not to shield any part of his body, by any other means; but allowed his arms to hang down at his side, presented his full front to his enemy, who scarcely knew what to do of this extraordinary conduct. He had fought several duels, but it never been his lot to see such a *frivol* in any one of his antagonists; he felt as if bewildered; and Jack's feint occurring to his mind, he could but little to reassure him; in

short this celebrated shot, who never missed either his man or the bull's eye of the target, began to doubt of his own powers. Twice he raised pistol, and twice he lowered it again; this was of course contrary to all the laws of duelling; but each time Jack contented himself with saying, "Take time, monsieur! take time." A third time he raised his arm, and feeling ashamed of himself, fired. It was a moment of most painful anxiety to the seconds; but they were soon relieved, for Jack, the instant after the pistol had been fired, turned to the right and to the left, and made a low bow to the friends, to show that he was not wounded, and then said, coolly, to his antagonist, "You see, sir, I was right?"

"You were," answered the Frenchman; "and now fire; in your turn."

"Not I," said Jack, picking up his hat, and handing the pistol to the gargon. "What good would it do me to shoot at you?"

"But, sir," said his adversary, "you have the right, and I cannot permit it to be otherwise, besides, I am anxious to see how you shoot."

"Let us understand each other," said Jack. "I never said that I would hit you; I said, that you would not hit me; you have not hit me; I was right; and now there is an end to the matter; and in spite of all the remonstrances and entreaties of the Frenchman, Jack mounted his cab, and drove off, repeating to his friend, "I told you there was a mighty difference between firing at a doll and firing at a man." Jack's mind was eased; he had solved his problem, and found that he was not a coward.

### TWO DAYS IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL.\*

The first morning after a young officer has joined his regiment, he finds himself exalted on a spirited steed, some sixteen hands high, from whose back he dares not cast the eye downward, to take even a glimpse of the immense space between him and the earth. His chin is so elevated by a leather stock, that he can just see the head and ears of the animal on which he sits; his heels are screwed out by the iron fist of the rough-rider; and the small of his back is well bent in. Having been knocked and hammered into this posture, the word "march" is given. This command the well-drilled animal obeys immediately, and the machine is suddenly set in motion, the result of which usually is, that the young gentleman speedily finds his way to the ground, with the loss of half a yard of skin

\*This most amusing and cleverly written sketch is from "Memoirs of the Extraordinary Military Career of John Ship, late a Lieutenant in the 87th Regiment. Written by himself."

from his shin, or with his nose grubbing in the earth.

"Well done, sir; Astley himself could not have done better. Mount again, sir; these things will happen in the best-regulated riding-academies; and, in the army, sir, you will have many ups and downs. Come, sir, jump up, and don't be down-hearted because you are floored."

"Well, sergeant, but I am very seriously hurt."

"Nay, nay, I hope not, sir; but you must be more cautious for the future."

The pupil mounts again, and the order is again given to march, and off goes the horse a second time, the sergeant roaring out at intervals—"Well done, sir! Head a little higher—toes in, sir—heels out—bend the small of the back a little more—that will do, sir—you look as majestic as the Black Prince in the Tower, or King Charles's statue at Charing-Cross. Bravo, sir—rode capitally! We will now try a little trot. Recollect, sir, to keep your nag well in hand,—trot."

"Well done, indeed, sir—knees a little lower down, if you please—that's higher, sir—no, no, sir, that's higher, I say—you look for all the world like a tailor on his shopboard. What are your elbows doing up there, sir?—Elbows close to your body—you pay no attention to what I say, sir—*faster, faster.*"

"Oh dear! oh dear; oh dear!—Sergeant, halt; I shall be off! I shall be off! oh dear, oh dear!"

"Bravo, sir, that's better—*faster.*"

"Sergeant! I am sick, sergeant!"

"Never mind such trifles, sir; riding is an excellent remedy for all kinds of sickness. Now, recollect, in changing from one to two, you round the horse's croup well, by applying your right leg to his flank, and take care he does not kick you off. *Change from one to two.*"

"Halt, sir; halt! that won't do: what the devil are you about? That's the wrong way; I told you from one to two: turn your horse about from one to two."

"I can only just see the top of the riding-school—I can see no figures at all, sergeant."

"Well sir, we'll dispense with this for the present; but soldiers should learn to turn their eyes every where. Suppose we have another march, sir. *March—trot—faster—faster;* very well, indeed. Now, sir, you must recollect, when I say the word *halt*, that you pull your horse smartly up, by throwing your body well back, and pressing the calves (if any) of your legs to his side. If you don't keep your body upright, the horse's head will soon put it in its proper place.—*Faster—a little faster—halt.* There, sir, I told you what would be the consequence of your not keeping your head properly up!"

"Stop, stop; my nose bleeds, my nose bleeds!"

"Rough-rider, get a bucket of water for the gemman. You had better dismount sir."

"Dismount, sergeant? How am I to get off this great breast?"

"Why, jump, sir, to be sure—jump off. Come, sir, we cannot wait all day; you delay the whole drill. Come, come, sir, dismount!"

"Put your hand on the horse's rump, and lay fast hold of his mane," cries a young officer, who had just surmounted the same difficulties, "and you will soon be off." The tyro in riding follows this friendly advice, and finds himself neatly floored by a tremendous plunge of the horse, thus finishing his first day's drill.

The next morning the pupil attends the riding-school, with his nose somewhat embellished by his fall. He enters the school with his—"Good morning, sergeant;" for it is always good policy to keep friends with both riding-masters and rough-riders.—"Good morning, sir," says the sergeant; "I hope you did not hurt yourself yesterday."

"Oh, no—oh, no! Mere scratch—mere scratch—not worth mentioning."

"Glad to hear it, sir. We must expect in the army both scratches and falls. I have ordered you, for to-day, a horse somewhat more spirited, that will jump under you like an antelope."

"Much obliged to you, indeed," says the pupil, making a tremendous wry face.

"Oh, don't mention the obligation, sir. It is my duty to make a good rider of you, and I flatter myself that I have turned out some of the best riders from this school that are to be found in the kingdom, and with a few accidents as could reasonably have been expected; though, of course, casualties will sometimes inevitably happen, in a large academy like this. To be sure," continues the sergeant, winking at the rest of the party assembled, "there was poor Cornet Shins, who broke his neck, and, by the bye, off the very horse you are going to ride to-day; but that, of course, was no fault of the poor animal's. Then, there was Lieutenant Stew, who broke his thigh, and a few other trifling circumstances of this kind, which make good for the army."

"Good for the army!" How do you make that out?"

"Why, sir, it is a plain as the eighteen manœuvres. We will just suppose, for the sake of argument, that your neck is broken this morning."

"My good sergeant, what are you talking about?"

"I am only *supposing*, you understand, that your neck was broken; in which case it must be clear to you