

John McHoshead Esq.

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From the New York Courier.

CHARACTER AND CHIROGRAPHY.

A man's character may be learned
from his hand writing—provided
he knows how to write. Nay, even when John Smith and
John Thompson make their marks,
you will observe a character-stor-
difference. John Smith is a bold,
resolute, straight forward man—
when he makes his cross it is in
strong lines, which stand at right
angles. John Thompson, on the
contrary, is a timid, wavering, un-
steady man; wavering and unsteady
are the lines which form his cross—
it seems, as if he were all the while
hesitating, doubtful whether what he
is about is not bad business—fearful
of consequences, and "infirm of
purpose;" a Macbeth on a small
scale.

Has the reader ever seen the *fac-
similes* (or the *facula similia*) of the
signatures to the *Declaration of Inde-
pendence*? There he may study
characters from chirography. Look at
John Hancock's signature—
strong, bold, and decided—like his
character—it looks as if he had just
said "There it is, let the King of
England make the most of it!"
Then there is the polished courtly
hand of Charles Carroll, of Carroll-
ton, easy, graceful, and delicate. So
also is that of Rutledge, of the two
Lees, of Lynch, of Harrison, and
Nelson. How calm Lewis Mor-
ris seems to have signed an instru-
ment which jeopardized his exten-
sive paternal domains—so we see
we see the name of Francis Lewis,
graceful and yet strong—and Philip
Livingston above them stands in
stately pride. What a flourish
Franklin make under his name, as if
chuckling at the successful result of
those schemes of which he had been
a principal contriver.

The general character pervades all
these signatures, except that of Ste-
phen Hopkins who was palsied; it
is that of easy and distinct chirography.
Our fathers were not ashamed
of their names, and therefore
wrote them legibly. This is more
than can be said of their sons, for
nine out of ten, now-a-days, write
as if they had the pen between their
toes instead of their fingers.

Lord Byron's hand writing was
most abominable—Walter Scott's
would disgrace a school boy, and
Jeffrey's has long been the subject
of execration to printers and their
devils. Yet even in these you may
read the character of the writers,
(except Scott's which has no char-
acter, or rather is a mixture of all
characters,) the carelessness of By-
ron, and the hurried thought of Jef-
frey. They have set a bad exam-
ple; many a would-be *distingue*
thinks it a diagnostic of genius to
write so that it would puzzle Ed-
dipus to decipher his words. It is a
sad mistake—a man of genius is
none the worse for wearing the ap-
parent and manners of a gentleman
and, for clothing his words in grace-
ful and gentlemanly characters.

We have in our possession a let-
ter, written a few years ago, by Mr.
Canning. This great man seems
to have excelled in every thing—his
hand writing is very smooth, clear,
and polished—the eye runs over it
with ease and pleasure.

An easy hand is the sign of a
mind at ease—no man, whose con-
science is troubled, can write with
ease and freedom. When we re-
ceive a letter written in a cramped,
difficult and not-in-an-hour-to-be-de-
ciphered hand, we always suspect
that the man means to over-reach
us—we turn over his letter with
distrust and contemplate his signa-
ture with suspicion. Vice versa.
We can tell by the superscription of
a letter whether it is a dun, an invi-
tation to dinner, a request for a
loan, (although these things but sel-
dom) a challenge, (these never com-
e from us) or a new subscrip-
tion. (these come every day.) We
know a gentleman who stepped in
to a partnership that is worth three
thousand a year, because he surpas-
sed his competitor (his equal in ev-
ery other respect) in his hand writ-
ing—When shall we return our
services to these thousand a year
in a year we hope.

CHIVALRY.

*Extract from Mull's History of Chiv-
alry.*

Two parties of French & English
met by adventure near Cherbourg,
and, like valiant knights, each de-
sired to fight with the other. They
all alighted, except Sir Launcelot
of Lorrain, who sat firm and erect
upon his horse, his spear in his hand,
and his shield hanging from his neck.
He demanded a course of posting
for his lady's sake. There were
many present who right well un-
derstood him; for there were knights &
squires of the English part in love as
well as he was. All was bustle, and
every man ran to his horse, anxious
to prove his gallantry against the
noble Frenchman. Sir John Cope-
land was the first who advanced
from the press, and in a moment his
well-pointed ash lance pierced
through the side of Lorrain, and
wounded him to death. Every one
lamented his fate, for he was a har-
dy knight, young, joy, and right
amorous; and the death of a gallant
cavalier was always lamented by
his brethren in arms; for the good
companionship of chivalry was su-
perior to national distinctions.

This noble feeling of knightly
was very pleasingly displayed in a
circumstance that happened in France
during the year 1380. The Duke
of Brittany profited by the weakness
and confusion consequent on the
death of King John, & easily made
his peace with the court of the new
monarch. The Duke of Bucking-
ham, uncle of Richard I. of Eng-
land, had been acting as the ally
of the Duke of Brittany; but now
as the war was over, he prepared to
conduct most of his army home.
He had been joined by some knights
from Cherbourg, then an English
town, and in the martial arrange-
ments it was agreed that they should
return to their garrison; but they
were not allowed to wear their har-
ness during their march. The Con-
stable of France, who was then at
the castle of Josselyn, gave them
safe-conduct. After embracing their
good companions at Vannes, they
mounted their alfreys and commen-
ced their course. An hour's riding
brought them to Josselyn, and they
rested awhile in the town, without
the castle, intending merely to dine
there, and then depart. While they
were at their lodgings, certain com-
panions of the castle, knights and
squires, came to see them, as was
the wont of men of war, particu-
larly Englishmen and Frenchmen.

A French squire named John
Boucennell, discovered among the
stranger band a squire called Nicho-
las Clifford, with whom, on former
occasions, he had often exchanged
looks and words of defiance. Think-
ing that a very fair opportunity for
chivalry had presented itself, he
exclaimed, "Nicholas, divers times
we have wished and devised to do
deeds of arms together, and now we
have found each other in place and
time where we may accomplish it.
Let us now, in the presence of the
Constable of France, and other
lords, have three courses on foot
with sharp spears, each of us a-
gainst the other."

Nicholas replied, "John, you
know right well that we are now go-
ing on our way by the safe conduct
of my lord your constable. What
you require of me, there only, cannot
now be done; for I am not the chief
of this safe conduct. Be I am but
under those other knights, who are
here, I would willingly abide, but
they will not."

The French replied, "You shall
not excuse yourself by this means;
let your company depart, if they list,
for I promise you by sacrament, that
when the arms are performed be-
tween you and me, I will bring you
to Cherbourg with me, or I will
kill you no doubt of that."

Nicholas answered that he did not
mean to gain say his courtesy, but
that he could not fight, as he and
the rest of the English were jour-
neying without their armour.

This objection was readily an-
swered by the Frenchman, who pro-
ffered his own stores of harness;
and Nicholas, though extremely in-
disposed for a just, obliged to say,
that if the lords whom he accompa-
nied would not permit the encounter
there, he promised him, as soon as he
arrived at Cherbourg, and was ap-
proved of John's rival at Boulogne,
he would come to him, and deliver
him of his challenge.

"Nay, nay," quoth John, "seek
me respite; I have offered, and con-
tinue to offer, so many things so
honourable, that you cannot depart
and preserve your good name, with-
out doing deeds of arms with me."

The Frenchman then retired to
the castle, leaving the Englishmen
to dine in their lodging.

After dinner the travelling knights
repaired to the castle, to require
from the Constable a troop of caval-
iers to conduct them through Brit-
tany and Normandy to Cherbourg.
The subject of the challenge had
been much discussed by the French-
men, and as the execution of it ap-
peared to be within their own power,
they earnestly requested their leader
to forbid the further journey of the
Englishmen while the deed of arms
remained unaccomplished. The con-
stable readily the strangers exactly,
and then, offering the harsh-
ness of his words by the chivalric
courtesy of his manner, he said to
them, "Sirs, I arrest you all, so
that ye shall not depart this day;
and to-morrow, after mass, you
shall see deeds of arms done between
our squire and yours; and you shall
dine with me, and after dinner you
shall depart with your guides to
Cherbourg."

The English were right glad to
be summoned to a chivalric sport,
and, after drinking of the Constable's
wine, they took their leave, &
returned to their lodging.

On the next morning each squire
heard mass, and was confessed.
They then leaped on their horses,
and, with the lords of France on
one part, and the Englishmen on
the other, they rode altogether to a
fair plain, near the castle of Josselyn.

John Boucennell had prepared, ac-
cording to his promise, two suits of

harness, fair and good, and offered
the choice to Nicholas, but the Eng-
lishman not only waved his choice,
but with still further courtesy, as-
sisted John to arm. The French-
men, in return, helped him to don
the other suit of harness.

When they were armed they took
their spears, and advanced against
each other on foot. On approaching
they couched their spears, and
the weapon of Nicholas struck John
on the breast, and sliding under the
gorget of mail, it entered his
throat. The spear broke and the
iron truncheon remained in the neck.
The English squire passed onwards
and sat down in his chair. The
Frenchman appeared transfixed on
the spot, and his companions to him
in alarm. They took off his hel-
met, and drawing out the truncheon
the poor squire fell down dead.
Grief at this event was general; but
the sadness and sincerity in grief
were Nicholas and the Earl of
March, the former for having slain
a valiant man of arms, and the other
because John Boucennell had been
his squire. The Constable took all
the words of comfort to his noble
friend, which his kindness could
prompt, and then made the knightly
sports repair to the castle. In
those hospitable hall every disposi-
tion to palousy and revenge was
discarded. After dinner the Eng-
lish troop bade farewell to the noble
Constable, and under the gentle
knight, the Barrois of Barres, they
resumed their course to Cherbourg.

Hawking and Hacking in Persia.

The business proceeded to a large
plain in the desert, near the sea-
side; they took hawks and grey-
hounds; the former carried in the
usual manner on the hand of the hawk-
man; the latter led in a leash by a
boy or man, generally the same who
carries the hawks. When the an-
telope is seen, they endeavor to get as
near as possible to the animal, the
moment it observes them, goes off at
a rate that exceeds swifter than the
wind; the horseman are instantly at
full speed, having stopped the dogs
if it is a single deer, they at the same
time fly the hawks; but if a herd,
they wait till the dogs have fixed on
a particular antelope, the hawks
skimming along near the ground, soon
reach the deer, at whose head they
pounce in succession, and sometimes
with a violence that knocks it over.
At all events, they confound the animal
so much as to stop its speed in such
a degree, that the dogs can come up;
and in an instant men, horses, dogs,
and hawks, surround the unfortunate
deer, against which their united ef-
forts have been combined. The part
of the chase that surprised me most
was the extraordinary combination of
the hawks and the dogs, which thro'
out seemed to look to each other for
aid. This, I was told, was the result
of long and skilful training.

The antelope is supposed to be the
fleetest quadruped on earth, and the
rapidity of the first burst of the chase
I have described is astonishing. The
run seldom exceeds three or four miles
and often is not half so much. A
fawn is an easy victory; the deer often
runs a good chase, and the buck is
seldom taken. The Arabs are indeed
afraid to fly their hawks at the latter,
as these fine birds in pouncing fre-
quently impale themselves on its sharp
horns.

The hawks used in this sport are
of a species that I have never seen in
any other country. This breed, which
is Cherkh, is not large, but of great
beauty and symmetry.

Sometimes the antelope is hunted
by dogs only, several of which are
led to the field in a long silken leash,
and slipped in succession until the
game is over come by fatigue. The
Hubara, on the other hand, is pursued
only by hawks.

I accompanied a party to a village
about twenty miles from Bushan,
to see a species of hawking, peculiar
I believe, to the sandy plains of Persia,

on which the Hubara, a noble spe-
cies of bustard, is found on almost
bare plains, where it has no shelter
but a small shrub called gaezuck.
When we went in quest of them we
had a party of about twenty, all well
mounted. Two kinds of hawks are
necessary for this sport; the first the
Cherkh, (the same which is flown at
the antelope,) attacks them on the
ground, but will not follow them on
wing; for this reason the Boyce, a
hawk well known in India, is flown
the moment the Hubara rises.

As we rode along in an extended
line the men who carried the Cherkh
every now and then unhooded and
held them up, that they might look
over the plain. The first Hubara we
found afforded us of a proof of the as-
tonishing quickness of sight of one of
the hawks; he fluttered to be loose,
and the man who held him gave him
a whoop, as he threw him off his hand
and set off at full speed. We did the
same. At first we only saw our hawk
skimming over the plain; but soon
perceived a distance of more than
a mile, the beautiful speckled Hubara
with its head erect and wings out-
spread, running forward to meet his
adversary. The Cherkh made several
unsuccessful pounce, which were
either evaded or repelled by the buck
or wings of the Hubara, which at last
found an opportunity of rising, when a
Boyce was instantly flown, and the
chase party were again at full gallop.
We had a flight of more than a mile,
when the Hubara alighted, and was
killed by another Cherkh, who at-
tacked him on the ground. This bird
weighed ten pounds. We killed sev-
eral others, but were not always suc-
cessful, having seen our hawks twice
completely beaten, during the two
days we followed the fine sport.

The Hubara usually weighs from
seven to eleven pounds. On its head
is a tuft of white and black feathers;
the back of the head and neck are
spotted black; the sides of the head
and throat are white as well as the
under part of the body; the breast is
also colored; the feathers of the
wing are greenish brown speckled
with black; the bill of a very dark
grey; and on each side of the neck is
a large and handsome tuft of feathers
black and white alternately.

From the New York Statesman.

Literary.—The New Monthly
Magazine for July, contains a notice
of the two late tales of Indian
life from the respective pens of the
Viscount Chateaubriand and our
countryman Cooper; and in draw-
ing a contrast between the two au-
thors, the latter is warmly, yet, at
the same time, very judiciously com-
plimented. The work of the ac-
complished Frenchman is character-
ized as being at the height of poeti-
cal romance—that of the American
as presenting an instance of practi-
cal truth, literal almost to coarse-
ness; the first as giving the picture,
not indeed divested of its own
characteristic attributes, but as seen
through the medium of a sensitive
mind; colored with the hues of fan-
cy, and embellished with illustrations
derived from the stores of observa-
tion and learning—the last as pre-
sented the naked and healthful as-
pects of nature, set only in the light
of common day, full of vigour, ani-
mation and rude greatness.

After dropping the contrast, how-
ever, Mr. Cooper's peculiar merits
are more minutely and critically ex-
amined. His power of simple de-
scription is considered to be unrival-
led, surpassing even that of Sir
Walter Scott; and while he is wan-
ting in that sympathy with the beau-
tiful, and in the delicacy humor,
and chivalrous grace, which belong
to the novelist of Scotland, his pic-
tures of scenery are pronounced to
be more vast, more vivid, and more
true. His works are the effusions
of a man accustomed to the mightiest
forms of nature, not for the sake
of any associations, which the force