The Examiner.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE AND NEWS.

"This is true Liberty, when Freeborn Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."---Eurpiides

VOL. XX.] CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1869. [NO. 301

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ALMANAC FOR JUNE, 1869.

MOON'S PHASES.

Last Quarter, 2d day, 3h. 9m., morn. S. E.
New Moon, 9th day, 11h. 40m., even. N.
First Quarter, 16th day, 10h 3m even, S. W.
Full Moon, 23d day, 9h 26m., evenn., S. E.

D. M.	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	Sun fast clock	Moon rises	High Water	day's Length
		h m	h m	s h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Tues	4 17.7	37 2 28	0 21	3 58	15 20	
2	Wed	17	38 2 49	0 49	4 47		21
3	Thur	16	39 2 9	1 15	5 39		23
4	Fri	16	40 1 59	1 40	6 28		24
5	Sat	16	41 1 49	2 3	7 20		26
6	Sun	15	42 1 38	2 30	8 9		27
7	Mon	14	42 1 27	3 0	8 58		28
8	Tues	14	43 1 16	3 32	9 46		29
9	Wed	14	44 1 4	4 9	10 34	15 30	
10	Thur	14	45 0 52	sets	11 19		31
11	Fri	14	45 0 40	9 9	morn		32
12	Sat	13	46 0 28	10 2	0 4		33
13	Sun	13	46 0 15	0 40	0 51		35
14	Mon	13	47 0 3	1 27	1 40		34
15	Tues	13	47 slow	morn	2 32		33
16	Wed	13	47 0 23	0 4	3 24		34
17	Thur	13	48 0 36	0 34	4 19		35
18	Fri	13	49 0 49	1 5	5 16		36
19	Sat	13	49 1 1	1 35	6 18		36
20	Sun	13	49 1 14	2 5	7 20		36
21	Mon	13	50 1 27	2 41	8 20	15 37	
22	Tues	14	50 1 40	3 29	9 16		37
23	Wed	14	49 1 53	rises	10 9		3
24	Thur	15	49 2 6	8 20	11 0		35
25	Frid	15	49 2 20	9 9	11 47		34
26	Sat	16	49 2 6	9 47	even		34
27	Sun	17	49 2 18	10 22	1 16		33
28	Mon	17	49 2 56	10 55	1 59	15 32	
29	Tues	17	49 3 8	11 17	2 41		32
30	Wed	18	49 3 19	11 41	3 23		32

R. REDDIN,
Attorney and Barrister-at-Law
CONVEYANCER, &c.
Office: -- Great George Street, Charlottetown.
(Near the Catholic Cathedral.)
September 3, 1866. tf

JOHN P. BRINE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
May be consulted at the Office of John T. Jenkins, Surgeon.
RESIDENCE:
Mrs. BOYER'S, Great George Street,
Nov. 16, 1868 tf

B. WILSON HIGGS
General Commission Merchant
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown. . . . . P. E. Island.
May 27, 1867. ly

BELL'S
TAILORING ESTABLISAMENT
QUEEN STREET
Charlottetown - - - P. E. Island
THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning thanks for the patronage with which he has been favored during the past year, and would respectfully inform his customers and the public generally, that he is still prepared to attend to all orders in his line of business with punctuality.
CUTTING
Parties desirous of having Garments or Patterns cut, can be accomodated at the shortest notice.
JOHN BELL
January 8, 1869.

JAMES F. WHITE
COOPER,
Tremain's Red Building, Queen's Wharf
Pitch, Pork, and Beef Barrels, constantly on hand.
300 PORK BARRELS will be sold if applied for immediately, Cheap for CASH or approved notes of hand.
Ch'town, P. E. I. }
August 3, 1868 } ly

MR W. H POPE
Begs to inform the Public that he has resumed
THE PRACTICE OF THE LAW.
OFFICE—A few doors below the Bank of Prince Edward Island.
Charlottetown, March 8, 1869.—1m

PAPER HANGING
4500 PIECES ENGLISH ROOM and HALL PAPER, in great variety.
For Sale Cheap
G. & S DAVIES,
London House.
April 26, 1869.

To the Travelling Public,
THE SUBSCRIBERS would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened out, in this city a
FIRST CLASS HOTEL,
to which they have given the name of the
UNION HOUSE,
This Hotel is pleasantly and conveniently situated on the corner of
Queen and King Streets, Ch'town, P. E. I.
(The stand is well known as having been in the occupation of Mr J. G. Eckstadt.)
It is the intention of the Proprietors of the UNION HOUSE to furnish First Class accomodation to travellers, and do all in their power to render a stay in Charlottetown pleasant and agreeable.
A First Class Ice Cream and Oyster Saloon, and a Barber Shop, are kept in connection with the House.
The Union House is pleasantly situated near wharves, and steamboat landings, and will be found convenient for travellers in all respects.
All matters pertaining to the wants and convenience of Guests will be promptly attended to by the Proprietors.
O'NEILL BROTHERS
Ch'town Sept 28 1868 tf

PIPES! PIPES!! PIPES!!!
MEERCHAUM.
WARRANTED the Genuine ARTICLE, at the
UNION HOUSE.
Tobacco! Tobacco! Tobacco!
THE RALE TWIST, at the
UNION HOUSE
Cigars! Cigars! Cigars!
OF the FINEST FLAVOUR, at the
UNION HOUSE.
A Large Stock of the above Articles have been imported by the Subscribers, and will be sold, Wholesale or Retail, in bond or duty paid, at a small advance on cost.
O'NEILL BROTHERS.
Union House, Queen Street. }
May 17, 1869. 6w }
N. B.—Our Pipes are of the Best Quality; our Tobacco cannot be surpassed in this Market; our Cigars are second to none. Call one, call all, but don't all call together.
O'NEILL BROS.

GOLD & SILVER,
Watches, Clocks, Chains,
BROACHES, EAR-RINGS, PENCILS, BUCKLES, STUDS,
and a large assortment of
BLACK EAR-RINGS, BROACHES AND CHAINS.
ALSO—A varied assortment of SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES to suit any sight, for sale by the Subscriber, opposite the City Hall.
ROBERT SNEESTON, Watch Maker.
N. Side Queen Square, }
Ch'town June 15, 1868 } ly

A. HERMANS,
Bell-Hanger,
GUN AND TIN-SMITH,
Dorchester Street,
(next to Reading Room Building.)
BEGS to return his thanks to the general public for the liberal patronage extended to him since his commencement in business, and asks for a continuance of the same. He keeps constanty on hand
A neat Assortment of
Tinware, Kitchen Utensils,
&c., &c., &c.
ALL ORDERS in the above BUSINESS will be punctually attended to

EDWARD RYDER,
PAINTER, GLAZIER
AND
PAPER-HANGER.
Dorchester Street, a few doors South of "PAVILION HOTEL"
N B—All orders in the above line will receive prompt attention.
Ch'town, May 31, 1869.

A. McNEILL,
Reading Room Proprietor,
COMMISSION MERCHANT
AND
AUCTIONEER,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
May 31 1869. tf

H. HASZARD,
Commission Merchant,
GENERAL AGENT,
AND
AUCTIONEER
Upper Queen Street,
Charlottetown, - - - P. E. I.
N. B—Orders from abroad, and the country, will receive prompt attention.
April 26 1869.

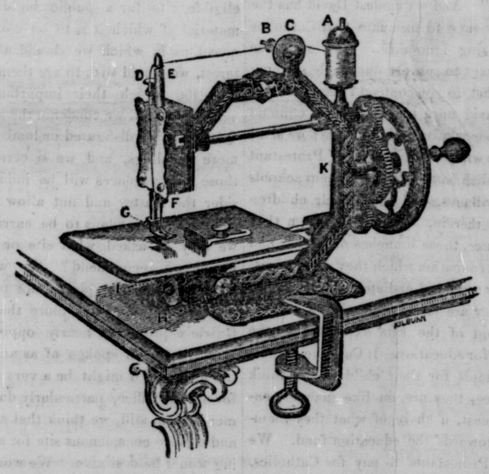
RUBEN TUPLIN,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AUCTIONEER.
AND GENERAL AGENT.
Margate, - - - P. E. Island.
REFERENCES:
Hon. D. Brenan, Charlottetown.
R. T. Holman, Summerside.
April 22 1869. 6m

R. A. FELLOWES,
VETENINARIAN.
Attends professionally to accidents, and the Diseases incidental to
Horses, Horned Cattle, Sheep, Dogs,
and all domestic animals.
Rochford Square, }
May 10, 1869. } isl pat 3m

KING SQUARE HOUSE.
SPRING IMPORTATIONS.
The most extensive Stock of General
DRY GOODS, HARDWARE & GROCERIES,
WE HAVE YET THE PLEASURE OF OFFERING, IS NOW ABOUT COMPLETED.
We offer extra inducements in Quality and Price!
WE ASK AN INSPECTION OF SAME FROM INTENDING PURCHASERS.
A good article of Grey Cottons at 6d per yard.
A splendid lot of Dress Goods, commencing at 7½d per yard.
May 19 1869. 6m BEER & SONS.

INAUGURATION.
J. W. FALCONER
HAS JUST OPENED A
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
IN CONNECTION WITH HIS
DRY GOODS STORE.
He has received from GLASGOW, via Halifax, the best selected Stock of
CLOTHS, FURNISHING GOODS AND TAILORS' TRIMMINGS
Ever exhibited in this City.
CUSTOM WORK!
Having secured the services of **Mr. JAMES McLEOD,** who is universally acknowledged to be the best Cutter in Charlottetown, he is now ready to manufacture all kinds of suits to please all "classes and conditions of men"
Gentlemen about to be married. Do you want an exquisite wedding suit?
Gentlemen already in fetters. Do you want to wear clothes at once becoming and easy?
Gentlemen in business. Do you want a smart business suit?
Gentlemen of all professions, and gentlemen of no profession, or any other man who wears clothes. Do you wish to procure such as will suit your circumstances?
Then apply to the Superintendent of the New Tailoring Establishment.
Please call and examine our Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Nothing will be neglected to give you satisfaction
☞ PLACE—Next door to W. & A. Brown's Dry Goods Store, South Side Queen Square.
J. W. FALCONER.
Ch'town, May 15, 1869.

THE CELEBRATED
COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE!
IMPROVED AND PEFERCTED.
For Elegance of Finish it has no Rival, High Price or Low!
SIMPLE, DURABLE, COMPACT AND CHEAP.



It will sew anything that can be sewed on any high priced Machine in the land, just as nicely and just as rapidly. It will sew from Swiss Muslin up to Beaver Cloth, at the rate of twelve hundred stitches per minute.
This Machine has a new style of feeding apparatus, which makes the Machine Self-guiding. The cloth, without the aid of either hand, will run nearly as true as when guided by Barnum's Self sewer. This is one reason why this Machine is so easily managed by children. A girl with one hand can use it more successfully than she could ordinary Machines with two hands.
This Machine will Stitch, Hem, Fell, Tuck, Quilt, Cord, Bind, Braid, and Embroider in a most superior manner
Printed instructions, German or English, Screw Driver, Hemmer, Oil Can, Four Needles, and Table Clamp, accompanying each Machine without extra cost.
HENRY A. HARVIE,
Ch'town, May 10, 1869. tf Sole Agent for P. E. Island.

HANOVER
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NEW YORK.

CASH CAPITAL, - - -	400,000.00
SURPLUS, - - - - -	250,682.28
Total Assets, 1st January, 1869,	$650,68223
B. S. WALCOTT, President.	J. REMSEN LANE, Secretary.
Total Cash Receipts in 1868, - - -	$486,888.00
Gross Expenditure, " - - - -	$424,990,00

INSURANCE effected on STORES, DWELLINGS, CHURCHES, Stock of all kinds, BREWERIES, GRAIN, Vessels in course of construction, &c., &c, at rates consistent with safety.
Particular attention given to "Time Risks" on detached private DWELLINGS and FARM BUILDINGS, at reduced rates, for terms of 2, 3 and 5 years.
Further information furnished, on application to
FENTON T. NEWBERY,
General Insurance Agent,
(At the Office, Water Street, lately occupied by Mr. D. M. Harrington.)
Charlottetown, April 19. 1869.

BRYAN BLONDAY;

OR,

The Blue Ranger of the Mohawk.

CHAPTER VI.

As they came within sight of the crossing they saw a horse struggling violently in the water and presently a human form arose to the surface, and in faint, strangling accents, vociferated, "Help!"

'Great God!' exclaimed Peter, 'Some one has missed the ford, and is drowning in the deep water!'

Bryan said not a word, but hastily divesting himself of his upper garments, he rushed into the stream. He soon reached the spot where he had seen the form of the drowning man, but it had disappeared.

It soon became visible again, and Bryan plunged into the deep water after it. He seized it just as it was sinking, and struck out for the shore with his burthen.

'Bravo!' shouted Peter, who remained upon the shore, in consequence of his inability to swim.

Bryan exerted himself most lustily, and, after a long struggle, reached the shore nearly exhausted.

Peter took the stranger in his arms, and after bestowing him upon the soft green sod, commenced using the only means of resuscitation at hand.

Bryan could hardly maintain his standing position.

Peter worked with his patient most faithfully, and by and by, had the satisfaction of seeing him revive. Thus, for the first time, he looked earnestly into his face.

He exclaimed in surprise:—

'Can it be possible, Bryan!'

'What?' asked the youth.

'This is the Attorney!'

'What Attorney?'

'The one I have mentioned to you! He drew drew up Abram Van Kempen's will. It is certainly him.'

And Peter renewed his rubbing and rolling, after sending Bryan to secure the horse. It was indeed Fozzle.

More than an hour elapsed before the Attorney could speak. The landlord was provided, luckily, with a flask of brandy, that he had designed to present to Bryan at parting, and he hastened to administer to his patient a portion of its contents.

Under its influence he revived rapidly.

'A narrow escape!' he said, looking gratefully at Peter.

'Narrow enough! In fact it would have been no escape at all but for the exertion of that youth yonder!'

'What youth?,

'He with the horse.'

Bryan approached, leading the Attorney's animal.

'Is this the young man?' asked the Attorney, gazing admirably upon the dripping form of Bryan.

'Yes. He brought you to the shore.'

'What is his name?'

'Bryan Blonday.'

The stranger started.

'He is a noble youth!' he exclaimed. 'When I arrive at the settlement of Van Kempen's castle he shall be rewarded.'

Bryan was engaged in putting on his garments, but he overheard this discourse. When he had completed his dressing, he said, turning to Peter and the stranger:

'Now, gentlemen, I must leave you! Good bye, Peter: and you— he said, turning to the stranger, 'I hope, will experience no inconvenience or mischief from your early bath!'

Bryan moved toward the ford.

'Hold!' cried the Attorney; 'let me reward you for your generous services. You are deserving.'

'I ask no reward.'

'I am determined,' said Fozzle; 'these generous actions are not over numerous, and deserve substantial marks of approval. You have saved my life.'

Fozzle drew a heavy purse from his pocket and extended it towards the youth.

A faint smile lingered for a moment around Bryan's lips, and he replied:

'You mistake me entirely, sir. You are welcome to the favor I have rendered you. Money could not have purchased it. I am neither a mendicant or a mercenary.'

And without waiting further reward, he entered the stream, and moved onward.

Both Peter and the Attorney watched him until he landed upon the opposite bank. Then he entered a rude road, leading up the river, and disappeared in the wood.

'A singular young man?' exclaimed Fozzle.

'But few would have refused the tempting offer.'

'He is proud,' said Peter. 'I do not mean the low, paltry pride, such as Hans Van Kempen is possessed of—but he is noble and generous, as he is proud.'

'He is truly a man before his boyhood is passed.'

'That is true,' continued Peter—'My heart bleeds for him, for I know his own is sad enough this morning.'

'How so?'

And Peter hastily sketched the difficulties that had driven Bryan Blonday from his home.

Fozzle seemed deeply interested in the narration.

'I am deeply interested in the affairs of this youth; indeed I have every cause to be. At present I can only think of reaching your inn and exchanging these dripping clothes for some more comfortable. I must know all about my young preserver.'

'We shall hear of him, without doubt,' said Peter. 'He will make no common soldier.'

The landlord assisted the Attorney to mount his horse, and they proceeded towards the settlement.

They arrived at the inn in due time, Fozzle proceeded to make such changes in is dress as seemed most befitting. Peter proceeded to his kitchen to order a substantial breakfast for his guest, and to relate to his better half the daring achievement of his special favorite, Bryan Bonday.

We have already stated that Hans Van Kempen most anxiously counted the lapse of time within which it was specified that all the inhabitants of the settlement should take the oath of allegiance to his majesty's Government. Bryan did not present himself, and every day his hopes that he would not grew stronger and brighter. It seemed that his rival was obstinately bent upon placing himself in his power.

'All I ask,' he would cry to himself, 'is the slightest pretext. Then I will remove the impudent beggar!'

Hans forgot that Harman was hanged upon a gallows of his own construction.

At length the time expired. Without a moments delay, Hans proceeded to his library to order the arrest of the obstinate Whig. He collected a body of his servants, placed one of his confidential tenants at their head, and dispatched them to bring Bryan before him at once.

To the servants this was an extremely unpleasant task. With them the youth was a favorite, but they dared not refuse their master, and they accordingly proceeded with the tenant.

The inn of Peter Schnapps was the first place visited. The landlord was questioned with regard to the whereabouts of the youth, but Peter, surprised at the advent of his menial force, and suspicious of an evil design against Bryan, answered them with hesitation, and evasively.

'None of this,' exclaimed the leader of the Tory police. 'We are not to be trifled with. We are acting under the authority of Hans Van Kempen, the Patroon.

'And who the devil is Hans Van Kempen, and what do I care for his authority, you impudent dog' exclaimed Peter, his wrath breaking through all the bounds of discretion. None of your braggadocio here, or I will pitch you out of the house, if you serve the devil. I am my own master.'

'And you refuse to answer us, then?'

'Answer what?'

'Where is Bryan Blonday?'

'I tell you that I know not.'

'Is he not a member of your household?'

'No.'

'This will do,' said the tenant, turning to his companions, who were rejoicing over the spirit exhibited by Peter. 'We will proceed to the cottage of Fielding, and when we return to the castle, we will not fail to report the conduct of Peter Schnapps to the Patroon. Perhaps he will regret it.'

Peter was employed in rinsing a drinking glass as the tenant made this announcement, and nothing but the recollection that the vessel had cost one shilling and sixpence sterling prevented him from hurling it at his head. As it was, he contented himself with exclaiming in an under tone:

'Perhaps he will, and perhaps he will not. Some persons are not scared at owls, and I'm one of 'em.'

The constabulary moved off towards the cottage of the laborer, and again renewed the enquiries for Bryan.

Neither Fielding or his wife, knew aught of the youth.

'Then we shall be compelled to search your dwelling,' said the tenant.

'Search at pleasure,' replied Fielding.

The servants refused to assist in an invasion of the premises; but the tenant, anxious to secure the favor and good will of his master, was determined to succeed in arresting his man, and he proceeded alone to ransack the cottage.

The search was fruitless, no trace of Bryan being discovered.

'Have you a knowledge of his lurking place?' asked the tenant, approaching the laborer.

'I have not.'

'When did you see him last?'

Fielding hesitated.

'Answer.'

'I do not remember. It is several days since.'

'Let us return to the castle,' said the important officer. 'I have no doubt but the Patroon can devise measures for his capture.'

And the unsuccessful expedition moved off to the castle, where Hans was impatiently awaiting their arrival.

'Where is the prisoner?' he asked, when the tenant made his appearance alone.

'He cannot be found.'

'*The Devil!*' cried Hans; 'and why not?'

'We could get no trace of him from any one.'

The Patroon was fearfully enraged.

'Is he not about the settlement.'

'Not unless he is concealed.'

'D—n the cur. I'll secure him yet. I'll hunt him even from the caves of the earth, and if any one connives at his escape, they shall be hanged upon a tree.'

The tenant reported the conduct of Peter Schnapps, adding several incidents by way of embellishment.

'Aye! curse that Schnapps,' vociferated Hans; 'he has taken the oath and enrolled himself, but a more bitter whig never breathed. He must be watched, and if it only happens that he is the accomplice of Bryan, the crows of the valley shall feast upon his carcase.'

'Shall I proceed further in my attempts?' asked the officer.

'Not now,' replied Hans. 'I will first adopt some other measures. When I require your services, I will inform you.'

The tenant departed.

Again Hans resumed his writing materials, and in a short time penned the following new

PROCLAMATION:

Whereas Bryan Blonday, a determined and malicious Whig, has refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Government of His Majesty, or to enroll himself as a minute-man in the service. This is to give notice, that I will pay a reward of two hundred and fifty pounds to any person or persons who will arrest the said Blonday and bring him before me.

Any person detected in harboring, or assisting the said Bryan to escape, will be subjected to the severest punishment personally, and suffer from a confiscation of property.

HANS VAN KEMPEN.

'I will try the power of gold,' said the Patroon.

Copies of this proclamation were soon posted in conspicuous places through the settlement.

CHAPTER VII.

Whilst these denunciations were being thundered against Bryan Blonday, in the settlement of Van Kempen's castle, the youth was diligently pursuing his way toward Fort Stanwix.

The foresight of the inn keeper's wife had provided him with quite a supply of provisions, and the little groves along his path, and the bright streams that flowed into the river, furnished him with resting places and a most grateful beverage.

Just at night on the second day of his lonely journeying, he reached a wild and rocky dell, where the river tumbled and foamed over a gentle declivity, and where it seemed that his path must end, for the rocks and hills seemed to close upon it at a little distance beyond him.

The romantic beauty of this spot, and the hoarse roar of the waterfall, the dashing of the spray, and the grandeur of the forest about him, had peculiar and resistless charms for Bryan, and he resolved to halt for the night. He selected a thicket for a lodging place, spread the remains of his provisions before him and seated himself.

His repast was not of long duration, and after it was concluded, he threw himself at length beside the road, to survey at his leisure the attractive scenery by which he was surrounded.

Imperceptibly to him, the roar of the cataract died away—the rocky hill side became dim and indistinct—the setting sun illuminated the glittering spray in vain, for his heart and his mind were at Van Kempen's castle filled with the matchless charms of his mistress.

It was a most delightful reverie. The youth forgot his exile—forgot his heaviness of heart, his loneliness, and his sorrows, and he was again happy in the love of Viola Fordham.

The sharp crack of a rifle, followed by a wild yell, banished the sweet dream and he again awoke to the realities around him.

He hastily crawled within the shelter of the thicket.

For a few moments after the discharge of the rifle, all was still, but then the yelling was resumed, and the firing once more commenced.

'That sounds like a battle,' said the youth; 'if that is the case, I am upon dangerous ground.'

If he had any doubts regarding the noise, they were soon dispelled, for the yelling, shouting, and firing became continuous.

'It is upon the hill above me!' he said; 'I will climb its side, and examine the combatants!'

He left the thicket, and commenced the ascent of the rough and precipitate mountain. His path was not only toilsome, but dangerous, for, at almost every step, fragments of rock rolled from beneath his feet, and thundered in the vale below. The twigs and bushes, with which he sustained his clinging form, had but an insecure root in the narrow fissures in which they grew.

He reached the summit, however, and a scene of strife was at once opened to his view.

Near the edge of the hill, a group of some fifty or sixty horses were secured to the trees, and beyond them a herd of cattle were galloping and bellowing through the wood. Still further on, he could discover armed men concealed behind logs and trees, watching their opportunities to fire upon their opponents, some of whom were vainly endeavoring to collect and stop the frightened cattle.

'What can it mean?' said the youth, concealing his body as well as he could. 'There are two parties certainly, but I cannot distinguish one side from the other.'

The skirmish, for it scarcely deserved any other name, was continued, but at length it became apparent that the darkness would put an end to it. Bryan determined to stay and witness the result, scarcely hoping that one of the parties might be composed of his own political friends.

Whilst these hopes were animating his mind, the party beyond the horses rushed from their covers, and Bryan thought he detected long knives in their hands. They yelled and shouted furiously as they ran, but the dim twilight soon obscured their forms from his view.

He could judge from the sounds, however, that a hand to hand encounter was progressing. There was the hurried trampling of feet, the clash of weapons, and occasionally a groan and execration. This continued for half an hour,

Then the tumult died away, and Bryan heard foot-steps approaching his place of concealment.

It proved to be the conquering party, and the riders of the steeds we have mentioned. The first words they uttered caused an emotion of joy in the young man's heart.

'Perhaps, this General St. Leger and his d—d Indians will fast a little time, if they depend upon the supply of American beef. What do you think, Captain Drake.

'I endorse your opinion,' replied the man addressed as Captain Drake. 'If we intend to enjoy the beef ourselves, we must halt here for the night, and collect them in the morning.'

'That's of course. We can lay where we are.

The advancing party reached the trees where their horses were secured, and Bryan determined to discover himself. He judged from the conversation that he had heard, that they were Whigs, and he in consequence felt no fears for his reception. He crawled from behind his log, and presented himself.

'Who is this?' asked Captain Drake, coming to a halt.

'A stranger,' replied Bryan.

'Whig or Tory.'

'A Whig.'

'That's the kind! Just the kind. Where do you hail from?'

'Van Kempen's castle.'

'The devil you do! Whigs are scarce that way.'

'Yes, but true, when you find them.'

'I hope so. Where are you bound?'

'In search of service.'

'What service?'

'The service of my country.'

'That's right my hearty! You could not have come out at a better time. Soldiers are scarce.'

'So I have heard.'

'But you look young for war.'

'I am nineteen.'

'That will do. Now tell us your name.'

'Bryan Blonday.'

'The devil! An old acquaintance.'

'And how can that be?' asked Bryan, greatly surprised. 'I have not been much of a traveller, and I am sure I never saw you at the settlement.'

'True enough, perhaps,' said Captain Drake, smiling; 'but honest Peter Schnapps told me all about you long ago. Did you never hear of the Blue Brotherhood!'

'Indeed, I have!'

'Well, now you see a part of them. If you are disposed you may join us. Tarry with us until morning, and we shall visit our present camp.'

Bryan needed no pressing to comply with this invitation. He accepted it at once. He was also delighted with the fortune that had brought him in contact with the Blue Brotherhood one of the most famous partizan bands that war had produced.

The soldiers speedily started a fire, for the sun had set, and the twilight deepened into night. Within the reach of its genial warmth and when the light flamed full upon the features of his companion Bryan seated himself to examine their appearance more closely than he had yet been enabled to do.

The Blue Brotherhood, at least that part of them that he saw before him were men in the prime of life, hardy, daring, and reckless. Their leader, Captain Drake, was the oldest man in the group, being, as near as Bryan could judge from appearances, nearly, if not quite fifty years of age.

His face was perfectly browned by exposure to the winds and sun, but it was a firm and expressive one. The once black hair was sprinkled profusely with grey, and the huge whiskers that completely concealed the cheeks, were also streaked with the same indications of age. The light of the keen eye, however, was not dimmed, nor was the square, compact and heavily moulded form, bent in the least, or seemingly robbed of one particle of its youthful activity.

By the side of the Captain, sat his lieutenant, a much younger man, yet more muscular in his developments, and far more reckless in his general demeanor.

A conversation of about an hour conducted upon the principles of bar-room equality, soon gave Bryan a just idea of the character of his associates. They were a high spirited, brave, and determined set of men, entirely destitute of polish or refinement, yet possessed of noble and generous feelings, and honest in their attachments to the cause of liberty.

Bryan felt that he should be delighted with service in the company of such noble looking men.

After the evening had somewhat advanced, the soldiers, with the exception of some sentinels that were posted in the wood to prevent a surprise, rolled themselves in their blankets and sought repose. A blanket, from an extra supply on hand, was furnished Bryan, and he, with the rest, crawled under the shelter of a bush and courted sleep.

The night was far spent before he lost himself in the oblivious arms of slumber.

The first beams of the morning sun awakened him. Fires were blazing all around him, and the soldiers were preparing for their breakfast. He was invited to join the Captain's mess and was soon regaling himself with the substantial food of the camp.

'As soon as we collect the cattle that have strayed into the woods, we shall march to our

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